







THE ENGLISH GAZETTE.  
1885.







THE  
ENGLISH ANNUAL

FOR

MDCCCXXXV.

EDITED BY

THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

LONDON:

PUBLISHED BY

BULL AND CHURTON, 26 HOLLES STREET,  
CAVENDISH SQUARE.

LONDON :  
BRADBURY AND EVANS, PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.  
(LAD<sup>R</sup> T. DAVISON.)

## ADVERTISEMENT.

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## KENSINGTON PALACE.

—within the hollow crown  
That rounds the mortal temples of a king  
Keeps Death his court; and there the antick sits  
Scoffing his state and grinning at his pomp;  
Allowing him a breath, a little scene  
To monarchise, be feared.

KENSINGTON PALACE, so called from its contiguity to the village of that name, stands within the parish of St. Margaret, Westminster. It was formerly the seat of Sir Heneage Finch, afterwards Earl of Nottingham, and Lord Chancellor of England; whose son, the second Earl, sold it to King William III., soon after his accession to the throne. This palace was the frequent residence of King William and his royal consort; of Queen Anne, and of George I. and II.

Since the death of the latter monarch, Kensington Palace has ceased to be the residence of our kings, and the several suites of apartments have been appropriated to the occupation of the junior branches of the royal family. It is now occupied by the Princess Victoria, heir presumptive of the British throne, and by her mother, the Duchess of Kent.

Kensington Palace is a large irregular edifice, built at various periods. King William added the division of the south front, which forms the King's Gallery, of which Sir Christopher Wren and Nicholas Hawksmoor were the architects. The eastern front, the cupola

and the west drawing-room, were built by George I.; from the designs of Kent, a man of great and various talents, but by no means celebrated as a painter, a branch of art into which he sometimes unhappily deviated.

The great staircase was painted by this artist, and exhibits a group of several portraits, among which are to be found his own, those of Mustapha the Turk, and Ulric, a Polish page, both employed in the service of George I., and of Peter the wild boy\*.

The palace contains a good collection of paintings by the old masters, and many valuable and interesting portraits. Catalogues of them have been, at various times, printed, but the arrangement has been frequently altered. In 1818, King George IV. ordered the whole to be re-arranged, and an accurate catalogue taken under the superintendence of Benjamin West, the then venerable President of the Royal Academy.

The state apartments, which are twelve in number, have been suffered to remain in the same condition, and have continued unoccupied, since the death of George II.<sup>o</sup> Of these, the cube-room, the King's gallery, and the Queen's gallery, are the most worthy of notice. The first of these is in dimensions thirty-seven feet square; the second, ninety-four feet by twenty-one; and the last, eighty-four feet by twenty-one.

\* Peter was discovered in the woods near Hamelin, in Hanover, perfectly wild, and incapable of speech. He was brought over to England, where he remained till his death, which occurred in 1785, at the age, as it is conjectured, of about ninety years.

## LAMENT OF THE POET SAVAGE.

• BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

“Savage was so touched by the discovery of his real mother, that it was his frequent practice to walk in the dark evenings for several hours before her door, in hopes of seeing her as she might come by accident to the window, or cross her apartment with a candle in her hand.”

JOHNSON'S LIVES OF THE POETS.

### I.

HAVE ye looked out across the wide green sea,  
With all its mountain billows raging round ;  
And gazing on it, gathered bitterly  
Unto yourselves the memory of the drowned ?  
While others gazing with you, in that sound  
Heard nothing but the ocean's ceaseless roar,—  
Have ye in every wave beheld a mound  
O'er one who hath no grave ; whence float to shore  
Fond fancied words from him whose lips shall breathe no more ?

### II.

So o'er my gaze across the world's wide sea  
Sad memory still her veil of darkness flings,  
Dims with her clouds my soul's full ecstasy,  
And drieth up joy's gushing natural springs.  
So, though to others Time some comfort brings,  
For me it hath no voice, no soothing balm ;  
Still wearily my spirit droops its wings,  
Shrinks sickening from the crowd-awarded palm,  
And yearns for one wrecked hope which hath destroyed its calm.

### III.

Oh, to forget it ! but for one bright day,  
An hour—a happy moment ; oh ! to sleep  
And dream not of it ; to arise and say,  
Lo ! here is morning, and to feel no deep

And sickening consciousness of cause to weep  
 Weigh down the waking soul : to smile nor fear  
*The shades that round my couch their vigil keep.*  
*Will haunt ev'n then, and murmur in mine ear,—*  
*How canst thou smile when we, the doubly lost, are near.*

## IV.

Blow, ye wild breezes, o'er my native hills,—  
 Bend, ye wild flowers, beneath their gladsome breath,—  
 Gush on in beauty, founts whose music fills  
 The voiceless air,—the taint of sin and death,  
 Th' eternal curse that all must bow beneath,  
 Rests not on you : Forth on its endless quest,  
 It sweeps o'er sunny bank and desolate heath,  
 To find a home within the human breast,  
 A feared, and loathed, and scorned, but never banished guest.

## V.

The beautiful things of earth ! how have I loved  
 To feed my spirit in its silent trance  
 When lone, but free, my eager footsteps roved ;  
 (With each new charm that met my wandering glance :)  
 The sky—the trees—the flowers—all things which chance  
 Or my own seeking brought ; but that is past !  
 Never ! oh never more my heart shall dance,  
 Sending its crimson torrent warm and fast  
 To veins whose rushing tide flows cold and slow at last !

## VI.

Deserted—scorned—abjured—ere yet I knew  
 What such desertion was ; my form, my name,  
 My very being known but to a few,  
 And by those few remembered with deep shame,  
 As an eternal blot upon the fame  
 Of those who fearing not to sin, did yet  
 Fear the upbraiding eyes whose scorn could tame  
 Proud hearts that quailed at every glance they met,  
 And having loved in sin, could nature's love forget.

## VII.

Thus rose life's faint and clouded light to me,  
 And yet I had a heart, whose fervent love,  
 Whose power to suffer all things patiently,  
 Whose boundless hope that still for mastery strove,  
 In value might have proved itself above  
 The sacrifice affection made to fear ;  
 But never may that heart its fondness prove ;  
 Mine is the bitter disregarded tear,  
 The blight which wastes the soul from weary year to year.

## VIII.

Mother unknown, but not the less adored,  
 How hath my soul gone forth in search of thine !  
 How hath my wild and eager spirit poured  
 In its lone watchings on the face divine  
 Of heaven's blue midnight, prayers that might incline  
 The Powers above to hush this passionate storm  
 Of ruined hopes, and bid me cease to pine  
 With feverish longing for thy fancied form,  
 Quelling within my heart its never-dying worm.

## IX.

What wild far thoughts—what unrecorded dreams  
 Of thy bright beauty ; of thy gushing tears ;  
 When, in forsaking me, some dying gleams  
 Of tenderness—some faint half buried fears  
 Of what might be thy fate in after years,  
 Awoke within thy soul, and bade thee weep,  
 Shrouding the pained and heavy eyes which gazed  
 On thy deserted infant's quiet sleep ;—  
 Across my lonely heart have learnt at times to sweep !

## X.

How have I prayed to Him the Holy One  
 Who still hath guarded thy forsaken child—  
 To lead my steps where thine before had gone,  
 And let me feed my soul with visions wild,



Of how thine eyes had looked—thy lips had smiled :  
 To leave me even renounced—abjured by thee,  
 Beneath ~~the~~ illumined lattice, where beguiled  
 By present thoughts and feelings, silently  
 Thou dwellest now without one wandering thought of me.

## XI.

That I might see thy shadow in that room  
 Glide to and fro upon the marble wall,  
 And from my station in night's circling gloom,  
 Watch thee, and dream I heard thy footsteps fall  
 Lightly in that (to me) forbidden hall ;  
 Conjure thy low sweet voice by fancy's art,  
 Shed wild and burning tears unseen by all  
 Whose chilling gaze forbid those drops to start,  
 And feel a strange joy swell within my rapturous heart.

## XII.

Oh ! Mother, youth is vanished from thy life,  
 The rose of beauty faded from thy cheek,  
 Little to thee this world of guilt and strife,  
 Thy fame—men's scorn—are shadows faint and weak ;  
 And yet thou wilt not let me hear thee speak  
 Words frozen back by woman's struggling pride.  
 Thou wilt not let me in thy bosom seek  
 The rest for which my heart hath vainly sighed ;  
 This—this was all I asked—and this thou hast denied !

## XIII.

Lone hath my life been ; lone, and very sad ;  
 And wasted is the form thou wouldst not know ;  
 And some have cursed, and some have deemed me mad,  
 And sorrow hath drawn lines upon my brow.  
 Ah who would cheer me half so well as thou ?  
 Who could so soothe my feverish dreams of pain ?  
 Yet never for my sake thy tears shall flow.  
 Unheard, unheeded, still must I complain,  
 And to the hollow winds pour forth my woe in vain.

## DRAGONETTI.

BY G. H. CAUNTER.

“Bella Venezia, che tanto genio produsse!”

No man has done more towards the attainment of true expression in instrumental music than the celebrated individual whose name stands at the head of this article. When Dragonetti first astonished the musical world by his miraculous, and still unrivalled powers on the double-bass—an instrument, the compass of which was considered so limited as wholly to incapacitate it for the utterance of melody—the stringed instruments had but recently made that wonderful advance towards perfection which separated Viotti from his precursors Geminiani and Giardini. During the previous century, the violin had taken precedence of the numerous tribe of viols which encumbered rather than adorned the art, and all of which, with the sole exception of the tenor-viol, the form of which has been changed, have since fallen into disuse. The violin, however, as employed by Corelli, Tartini, and the violinists their contemporaries, was extremely limited in its powers, being applied only to the production of the same effects as the harpsichord, except in slow movements, where the long notes could receive from the bow a continuity of sound equal to their full value. Bowing was then a mere distinction between slurred and detached notes; the beautiful tones of the fourth string were seldom called into use; and no sound was attempted beyond the compass of the first position of the hand. Still, the effects required of the violin were of great

difficulty, and demanded no mean display of skill; but being foreign to the character of the instrument, they were, when obtained, neither striking, brilliant, nor pleasing. The numerous compositions of Corelli for this instrument are now almost forgotten, except in England, where old and deeply-rooted prejudices still assign to them a rank to which, when compared with the more perfect productions of the modern schools, they are by no means entitled. It cannot, however, be denied, that, amid their stiff and formal counterpoint, and the prim severity of their old-fashioned melodies, they have a purity and sweetness of harmony, in beautiful analogy with the scenes by which they were inspired. But if in listening to a trio by Corelli, as executed by the two Lindleys and Dragonetti, the gentle murmurings of the double-bass and the sweetly-breathing strains of the two violoncellos, melting in the pianissimo into aërial indistinctness, throw over the mind a luxurious spell of repose in the fragrant noontide air, near the lulling ripple of the brook, and under the shade of wide-spreading foliage,—we cannot help associating with these impressions, the bag-wig, embroidered coat, and diamond buckles of the seventeenth century.

The graceful, simple, and flowing melodies of Geminiani and Giardini were more true to nature, and led to a more appropriate and impassioned style; but being still deficient in force and accuracy of expression, they generated the affectation and mannerism characterising those feeble and now forgotten productions, which, under the names of symphonies, concertos, and concertantes for the violin, deluged Germany and France towards the close of the last century. Like a mist dispelled by the summer sun, these tasteless compositions melted into nothing before the genius of Viotti, who

may be termed the father of modern violin playing. The concertos of this master evince an intellectual power and true poetic feeling, to which few of his successors have attained, and which still render those pieces standard models of composition for the violin. Each in itself constitutes a complete poem; and never does Baillot, to this day, shine more in the expression of sublimity and pathos—in which he excels all modern violin players except Paganini—than when executing Viotti's concertos, which he always selects in preference, for the full display of his own splendid powers.

When the violin became the prevalent stringed instrument, none other was found sufficiently powerful to form an adequate bass to it. The ordinary bass-viol was so weak in tone, that it required two, and sometimes three, to cope with a single violin. To obviate this defect, various experiments were tried, which ended in the construction of a huge, clumsy instrument, termed the bass-violin, or *violone*, played by being placed across the breast, and supported on the ground by a long pivot. Its first string being tuned in unison with the fourth or G string of the violin, it was a full tone lower than the modern violoncello. But as size alone does not constitute force, it was found to fall short of the effects required of it; and a further improvement produced the violoncello now in use. The *violone* was next increased to the double-bass,—such as it still exists in France and in those parts of Germany and Italy, where Dragonetti's improved double-bass has not yet been adopted.

These were the elements with which, so far as regards stringed instruments, Haydn, then at the Prince of Esterhazy's, formed the famous orchestra which led to the composition of his beautiful symphonies, and gave

the first impulse to the genius of instrumentation which has since so fully developed its powers under the inspirations of Mozart, Beethoven, Winter, Weber, Meyerbeer, Spohr, and a host of German composers of transcendent merit, still unknown to the British public.

At Dragonetti's birth these things were in progress, and their fame was spreading through Italy. But Italy, though the land of song, was not that of instrumental effect. The beauties of Italian melody were weakened for want of accompaniment;—the noblest conceptions, unaided by those local associations which none but Italians could feel, and to them supplied the place of appropriate instrumentation, became ineffective from the want of proper colouring, of striking contrasts, of the soul-kindling beauties of orchestral light and shade. The meagre orchestras of Italy, almost powerless in wind instruments, could express nothing more than that sketchy or incipient colouring which indicates only the intention of future development and finish. Thus were the finest productions of that age lost to posterity. None but the identic genius of Cimarosa could impart the beauties of modern instrumentation to his own noble master-pieces; and could he rise from the tomb and do this, no music in modern times would be found to equal the broad, flowing, and majestic strains of that immortal composer.

No one has felt the power of such strains more strongly than Dragonetti. They were associated in his mind with the noble monuments of his native Venice—with its marble palaces, and its canals, and its Piazza di St. Marco, and its Campanile. The architectural beauties of the sea-girt city, the gondolas so strongly connected with his earliest impressions, and that giant dike

which forces the Adriatic to approach in humble gentleness its sovereign mistress and wedded bride, had stamped poetry upon Dragonetti's mind, long ere the development of any determinate bent in favour of music. And this accounts for the decided taste, amounting almost to passion, which he has always evinced for the sister arts of painting and sculpture, together with his sensitiveness to the more elevated workings of genius upon the imagination. Dragonetti received his musical inspirations in the open air, surrounded by the glories and recollections of the most magnificent of cities shining forth in noble splendour, whether in the vivid beauty of its mid-day tints—or at even-tide, when the sun hides his lustre behind a curtain of the richest purple and gold—or when, in the loveliness of a Venetian night, without a cloud, and the sultry atmosphere fanned by gently cooling airs from the Adriatic, the broad moon in beautiful contrast with the dark blue ether, throws her pale light, in strongly marked lines and angles, upon the tops of the buildings, and vibrates in undulating beams along the gentle ripples of the canalazzo. A mind like Dragonetti's, worked upon by such scenes, soared beyond the sketchy and imperfect representations given by the Italian composers. Music was to him a power of pouring forth the ardent feelings of his soul, and strength and effect were to him the indispensable concomitants of such power.

It may appear strange to some that Dragonetti should have selected so apparently uncouth an instrument as the double-bass, for the utterance of his musical inspirations. But it must be recollected that force and energy were the leading characteristics of his mind; that the powers of his own native harmony fell far short of those

wondrous effects of which he had heard, of which he felt the possibility, and which formed the subject of his waking dreams;—and finally, that the double-bass, as expressing the fundamental part of harmony, might with justice be considered an agent capable of directing, to a certain extent at least, the new powers which his imagination had conjured forth in aid of his art. It was doubtless with feelings and under impressions such as these, that Dragonetti studied the double-bass, increased its capabilities, discovered such a variety of new effects, and succeeded in giving that thrilling and marvellous accentuation which he so appropriately terms the “pronunciation of music.”

Having attacked and overcome the more rugged difficulties of his instrument, and acquired the power of producing those broad masses of effect, deep, vigorous and lucid, he applied himself to give a new character and wider range to the double-bass, from which he soon elicited those exquisitely delicate and breathing strains, so bright, so intellectual, so full of tenderness and pathos.

The streamy and bright melodies which Dragonetti seems to tear from the bowels of this unwieldy instrument, extend to the highest musical diapasons; and his powers of execution are such, that he can conquer the most difficult violin passages, and impart to them all the intellectual graces of his own peculiar style\*. His tone,

\* When Dragonetti was about twenty years of age, Viotti arrived at Venice, and having heard of the young musician, paid him a visit. After the first greetings, Viotti looked round the room, and perceiving a music-stand, with Hoffmeister's duetts for two violins open upon it, inquired of Dragonetti whether he played upon the violin? The latter replied in the negative. “But you surely do not play these duetts upon the double-bass?” “I attempt

in vocal effects, or *cantabili*, is produced by a half pressure upon the strings, forming a sort of artificial harmonic, which, in some of the higher scales of the violoncello, may be used with great effect and advantage. The sounds which Dragonetti thus draws from the thick strings of the double-bass, are full, mellow, and sonorous—entirely free from woolliness—like nothing ever heard before; and equally adapted for the expression of the deepest passion, the most thrilling tenderness, or the brightest gleams of joy and happiness. The variety of accent imparted by his bow, thick and clumsy as it seems, is quite miraculous, and appears even more incomprehensible than the most extraordinary efforts of Paganini on the violin. An eloquent writer, who has recently produced the very best work extant on the philosophy of musical expression, thus alludes to it: “He is the greatest master who has at his command the greatest variety of expressions of the bow. Of all living artists, no one has evinced such consummate skill in this particular as Dragonetti. Although his instrument, the double-bass, is a giant among violins, he has so conquered its unwieldiness, and destroyed its roughness, that, in

them,” was Dragonetti’s modest answer. “Well, then,” said Viotti, taking up a violin, and placing himself at the music-stand opposite to the first violin part, “let us try one.” Dragonetti accordingly seized his double-bass, and executed the part of the second violin with such exquisite precision, delicacy, and truth of expression, that at the end of the first movement, Viotti, in admiration and astonishment, turned the music-stand, and begged Dragonetti to play the first part. In relating this anecdote to a friend of the writer of this article, Viotti added, “I was in doubt whether I ought not to break my bows, destroy my instruments, and forswear violin playing for ever, when I found that all the difficulties of bowing and fingering, which had cost me the labour of my life to overcome, had been conquered by a stripling of twenty, and that too on so uncouth and unwieldy an instrument as the double-bass, upon which he gave them with the most enchanting grace and elegance.”



the middle of the thunder he creates, he can chain you by the exquisite softness of his bow. A singular taste is shown in the manner in which he approaches a note, the effect of which is heard before he actually strikes it. Nor is this all; the manner in which he sustains and quits it, is equally tasteful and expressive. His extraordinary powers are more strikingly shown in his single accompaniment of the voice—then we hear the pianissimo of his lower notes, which fill the mind with depth and vastness\*.”

The instrumental deficiencies of Dragonetti's native country were ill calculated for a proper development of his genius, which had not full range until he went to Vienna, which city he visited twice, and spent twelve years of his life there. On his arrival among the Germans, he struck them with wonder and admiration, advanced as they already were in instrumental music; and to him are they indebted for many of the finest effects which now characterise their school. Even the immortal Beethoven has stated to the writer of this article, that his having heard the giant violin of his friend Dragonetti, led him to imagine those magnificent effects of bass in some of his grand symphonies, and those slidings upon one string which impart so beautiful and spiritual a character to his chamber music.

It is much to be regretted that Dragonetti never felt disposed to establish his fame as a composer. With his warmth and energy of mind, deep-feeling, and brilliancy of imagination, he would produce works of astounding effect. Some have doubted his powers of invention; but there can be no doubt on the subject. The man

\* Gardiner on the Music of Nature, p. 215.

who can impart such originality to the works of others, and so fully identify them, in endless variety, with his own peculiar genius, cannot be incapable of producing. Besides, we personally know, that he has inspirations of surpassing merit, that the creations of his imagination are as original and full of elevation as his exquisite performance on the double-bass; and we do hope that when his earthly career is run, he will leave that behind him which shall stand as an imperishable monument of his fame, when all recollection of his skill as a performer shall have passed away, and even its remotest tradition be lost, like a receding sound, in the gradual indistinctness of time.

The encouragement given to talent in this country, attracted Dragonetti hither; and a residence of nearly half a century among us, has fixed him as a denizen of our soil. It may, however, be matter of surprise to some, that, with such a man to direct us, instrumental music generally should have progressed with us in so small a proportion to the improvement it has undergone on the continent; more particularly when,—and this is no loose assertion,—all the beauties of expression and accentuation which characterise modern violin playing may be traced to Dragonetti. Foreign artists have flocked from all parts to hear this wonderful man, and catch a spark of inspiration from his genius: our own professors alone have remained cold and unmoved. Yet, in overcoming mechanical difficulties, the latter are inferior to none; our Linley, our Mori, and some others, are unequalled in this respect, as well as in strength and beauty of tone; but there is a want of high intellectual cultivation, a deficiency of warmth and poetry in most of our performers; and in some a vulgarity of style quite appalling to a refined and elevated taste.

To account for this inferiority in taste of our native professors to foreign performers, may seem a difficult task. Superficial reasoners have attributed it to our not being a musical people. This is a palpable error. Let the feeling but be developed, let the germ but be nurtured and brought to maturity by works of pre-eminent merit, and it will be found that we are positively a musical people. Did the Athenians acquire in a day their refined taste in the arts? Was it not a work of progressive ages, and effected only by gradual cultivation, as the arts improved? The first Athenians were as tasteless and as little alive to the beauties of art, as their descendants became celebrated for the refinement of their taste. Works of genius in art—that poetry of the imagination applied to the imitation of things seen, heard, or felt—can claim identity with no particular country or climate, and may be duly appreciated in all; but a just perception of true beauty can be acquired only by its perfection being first brought to bear upon the physical senses. Give us this perfection, we shall appreciate it, and spurn all that is weak and tasteless. That we can distinguish the difference is evident from the enthusiasm with which the German operas have been received in this country.

One of the greatest drawbacks upon the development of musical genius in England is the *too professional light* in which the art is viewed by our native professors. Harassed, and worn out by daily teaching and almost daily fiddling in the imperfect orchestras of our national theatres, they lose their taste for music, and seem to escape from it with the same delight as a hired mechanic would terminate his diurnal task of manual labour. The mind takes no part in the efforts of their bows and

fingers, and when called upon to pourtray the conceptions of a great master in his orchestral combinations, but too many of these performers bring to the task listlessness and indifference, if not disgust. They feel no pleasure in what they are doing, no enthusiasm, no thrill of delight, no energy and warmth, which can alone impart to their performances power, and beauty, and intellect.

But this is not the case in Germany, Italy, or France. In these countries, musicians are imbued with a devoted love of their art, for its own sake. The few hours of leisure afforded them by their strictly professional pursuits, are spent in the enjoyment of its fascinations. In England, professors play exclusively for the gratification of others; in the countries just mentioned they meet among themselves, and develop, for their own personal gratification, the resources of musical science; each, under the thrill of inspiration, acts in concert with his fellows; and nothing earthly—nothing partaking of the dross of matter, of the base and grovelling feelings of human nature, is mixed up with the wholly spiritual character of these assemblies.

They who have not assisted at such meetings, can form no adequate idea of the intellectuality which pervades them, nor imagine that to them the world is indebted for those noble efforts of genius with which no composer of our own country has yet been able to compete, even at the humblest distance.

Besides all this, music seems to hold a too subordinate rank at our national theatres; and our incomplete orchestras appear intended to meet only the caprice of the one shilling gallery, containing the least intellectual portion of the community, who often assume supreme

authority over the band whilst waiting for the play to begin. How often are we shocked and disgusted at hearing, at Drury-lane and Covent-garden, the most beautiful of Haydn's symphonies, which seem to be the standard pieces at these theatres, of Mozart's overture to the Zauberflöte, or some other noble *chef d'œuvre*, barbarously mutilated by orchestras that would disgrace a third-rate town in Germany? If music has no analogy with the play, if it is intended only to fill up the time till the curtain rises and perhaps makes it break off in the middle of a piece, it had much better be omitted. The lovers of this delightful art would then be spared the pain of listening to the most execrable parodies of their favourite masters; and we should be in a less degree the laughing-stock of other nations for that want of musical taste which they impute to us, and which, it must be confessed, we give them some grounds for supposing.

It may readily be imagined, that with the state of things I have attempted to describe, without a school of music of our own, and entirely dependent upon other countries for that high order of instrumental composition which we possess not ourselves, the splendour of even Dragonetti's talents should be unable to dispel the dark and murky vapour which hangs over native genius, and excludes from it light and life. It is, however, an undoubted fact that, within the last ten years, the national taste has made a prodigious stride; the reform of old errors and old systems must follow as a necessary consequence; and Dragonetti may yet live to see his adopted country in full career towards that musical excellence, to which his own powerful genius has so greatly contributed to impel the other nations of Europe.

Dragonetti is in the enjoyment of a green old age. Already has his span of life exceeded that of ordinary men; but he still retains the power and energy of mind, together with the giant physical strength of his maturest manhood. Though for many years past he has left off solo playing in public, his powers of execution are not in the slightest degree impaired, and the mighty thunder of his bow is still heard with undiminished effect. He has done more for his art, in the development of musical expression, than any among his contemporaries; and he has the satisfaction, during his life-time, of seeing that musical accentuation, which he himself created, repeated in a million of echoes, upon every known instrument, save the one whose inimitable powers he alone has reduced to subjection.

## ORIGINAL VERSES,

BY THE LATE M. G. LEWIS.

ON THE FAILURE OF H. R. H. THE DUCHESS OF YORK'S EFFORTS  
TO RECLAIM A WORTHLESS OBJECT OF HER CHARITY.

THE wretch to guilt and misery flies,  
And royal Frederica sighs  
O'er gracious plans defeated;  
Yet think not, Princess, for yourself,  
(Though lost be that unworthy elf),  
Your object not completed.

For long ere this, to heavenly climes,  
Your wish to turn his soul from crimes,  
Has made its blest ascension;  
And in that book which angels read,  
The page which should have held your deed,  
Is filled with your *intention*.

## GENEALOGICAL MEMOIR<sup>6</sup> OF THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

THE HONOURABLE MRS. NORTON is grand-daughter of RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN, and daughter of the late Thomas Sheridan, Esq. by Caroline, eldest daughter of Sir James Campbell, of Ardkinglass. Mrs. Norton's husband, the Honourable George Chapple Norton, is next brother to Fletcher, present Lord Grantley.

THE NORTONS derive from the baronial house of Conyers, which established itself in England at the conquest. Roger Coigniers, espousing Margaret, only daughter and heir of Richard Norton, of Norton, had a son

Adam, who, in conformity with the custom of the times, assumed the surname of his maternal family. This Adam wedded Alice, daughter of Sir Thomas Nonwick, sometimes called the Great Forester, and had two sons :

Richard, ancestor of the Nortons, of Yorkshire ;

John, from whom those of Suffolk descended.

Richard Norton, the elder son, married Elizabeth, daughter and co-heir of Sir John Tempest, Knt., and by her had a son, Sir John Norton, Knt., whose great grandson,

Richard Norton, of Norton, Esq., one of the council of the north, in the reigns of Henry VIII. and Edward VI., served the office of high sheriff for the county of York, in the reign of Elizabeth. In 1569, however,

this Richard Norton joined Charles Neville, Earl of Westmorland, Thomas Percy, Earl of Northumberland, and other insurgents in the north of England, who published a manifesto, declaring "that they took up arms with no other design than to re-establish the holy religion of their ancestors, to remove evil councillors from the Queen, to restore the Duke of Norfolk, and other faithful peers, who were confined and deprived of their honours, their liberty and the royal favour; and that they attempted nothing against the Queen, to whom they vowed a most constant fidelity and affection." The malcontents were soon suppressed, and the chiefs convicted of high treason, and attainted: among those Richard Norton, and his brothers Christopher, Marmaduke, and Thomas. It is supposed that the connection of the Nortons with the Nevilles led the former into the insurrection. Wordsworth's "White Doe of Rylstone, or the Fate of the Nortons," records this event, and several ballads upon the subject may be found in Dr. Percy's Collection. Richard Norton espoused, first, Susanna, fifth daughter of Richard Neville, Lord Latimer, and, secondly, Philippa, daughter of Thomas Kapps, Esq., of London. He had issue only by the former marriage, of which,

Edmund, the third son, dwelt at Clowbeck, in the North Riding of Yorkshire, and his descendants, upon failure of issue of his eldest brothers, became the principal branch of the family. He died in 1610, leaving, with other issue, a third son,

William, who settled at Lawley, near Ripon, in Yorkshire, an estate still enjoyed by the family. His grandson,

Welbury Norton, Esq., of Lawley, a justice of the



*peace for the county of York, married Catherine, daughter of Thomas Norton, Esq., of Langthorne, in the same county, and had, with other issue, a son,*

Thomas Norton, Esq., who became possessor of a considerable estate at Grantley, Yorkshire. He married Mary, daughter and co-heir of Thomas Fletcher, Esq., by whom he had

Thomas Norton, Esq., of Grantley, father of

FLETCHER NORTON, Esq., of Grantley. This gentleman having applied himself successfully to the study of the law, was appointed solicitor-general, 14th December, 1761, received the honour of knighthood in 1762, and was raised to the attorney-generalship in December, 1763. Sir Fletcher, having a seat in the House of Commons, was elected to the Speaker's chair, upon the resignation of Sir John Cust, in 1769. This responsible and distinguished office he filled with increased reputation, and the following memorable speech marks the high tone of his character. In 1777, when the Civil List debts were paid a second time, and the sum of 618,000*l.* granted for that purpose, amidst the necessities of a disastrous war, the Speaker thus addressed the throne, on presenting the bill for the royal assent:—"In a time, Sire, of public distress, full of difficulty and danger, their constituents labouring under burdens almost too heavy to be borne, your faithful Commons, postponing all other business, have not only granted to your Majesty a large present supply, but also a very great additional revenue, great beyond all example, great beyond your Majesty's highest expenses; but all this, Sire, they have done in the well-grounded confidence that you will apply wisely what they have granted liberally." Some objection having been made to the mode of this address, the

Speaker boldly declared, "that he could no longer continue in that chair than he was supported in the free exercise of his duty." Mr. Fox, having moved a vote of approbation, it received the unanimous assent of the House. Sir Fletcher afterwards supported Mr. Dunning (Lord Ashburton) in his celebrated motion, "that the influence of the Crown had increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished." Upon his retirement from the Speakership, in 1782, Sir Fletcher Norton was elevated to the peerage, by patent, as LORD GRANTLEY, BARON OF MARKENFIELD, IN THE COUNTY OF YORK. His lordship was also a member of the Privy Council, recorder of Guildford, and LL.D. He wedded Grace, eldest daughter of Sir William Chapple, Knt., one of the judges of the Court of King's Bench, and had issue, besides two sons who died unmarried,

William, his successor,

Fletcher, born 16th November, 1774, a Baron of the Exchequer in Scotland, who died 19th June, 1820, leaving, by his marriage with Caroline Elizabeth, only daughter of James Balmain, Esq., the following issue, who rank as the children of a baron, by warrant of precedence, dated 15th November, 1831; 1, Grace Charlotte, married to Sir Neil Menzies, bart. 2, FLETCHER, present peer. 3, Caroline Elizabeth. 4, GEORGE CHAPPLE, of whom presently. 5, Mary Ellen. 6, Augusta Ann. 7, Charles Francis, M. P., captain 52nd foot, married Maria Louisa, daughter of Major-Gen. Sir Colin Campbell. 8, James Grace, died 13th November, 1813, Countess of Portsmouth. •

His Lordship died 1st January, 1789, and was succeeded by his eldest son,

WILLIAM, second baron, who married Anna Margaretta, daughter of Jonathan Midgley, Esq., of Beverley, in the county of York, but dying without issue, 12th November, 1822, the honours devolved upon his nephew,

FLETCHER, third and present baron, high steward of Guildford, born 14th July, 1796, married 26th July, 1825, Charlotte Earle, second daughter of Sir William Beechey, knight. His lordship's brother,

THE HONOURABLE GEORGE CHAPPLE NORTON, barrister at law, born 31st May, 1800, represented the town of Guildford in parliament from 1826 to 1830, and is at present recorder of that borough. Mr. Norton married, as above stated, CAROLINE ELIZABETH SARAH, second daughter of the late Thomas Sheridan, Esq., and has issue,

Fletcher† Spencer Conyers, born 10th July, 1829.

Thomas Brinsley, born 15th November, 1831.

William Charles Chapple, born 26th August, 1833.

## SHAKSPEARE'S KNOWLEDGE OF HIS OWN GREATNESS.

BY THE LATE WILLIAM GODWIN, ESQ., JUNIOR.

OF all the popular fallacies that are rife in the world of letters, in my opinion there is not one so fallacious as that which asserts that Shakspeare was ignorant of his own greatness; and yet, like other errors that I could name, it is, now enwrapped in the venerable gaberdine of antiquity, on the rusty reputation of which it passes from mouth to mouth unquestioned and unresisted. It may on this account be perhaps thought presumptuous in me to venture for a moment to attempt to overturn the dictum: but in fighting this battle, I take Shakspeare himself for my Ithuriel spear, and Nature for my Palladian shield; and, like an errant of old, trust that the weakness of my arm may be more than counterbalanced by the potent magic that has been expended on my panoply.

Truth is mighty, and will prevail. I am sure that the assertion of our Poet's unconsciousness is contrary to analogy and to reason: I believe that it is contrary to the facts that remain to us of his life. If I can prove these two positions, the field will be won.

The great, and indeed the only argument urged in support of the sophism I have to combat, is the fact that Shakspeare published no edition of his plays, but risked them to the care of chance and of posterity. The logic that has been built upon this datum is, that if the poet had been conscious of the ineffable splendour with which

he has illumined his dramas, it was in the course of things impossible, that he could be content to let them pass down the stream of time without tending their outset under the guardianship of his own paternal eye.

This argument I admit to be plausible on the first glance; but when we come to examine it, we shall find that it omits a world of facts, and that it is adverse to the laws of nature and of truth.

In the first place, it is a matter of record that Shakspeare re-wrote many of his plays—amongst which may more particularly be mentioned, *Hamlet* and the *Merry Wives of Windsor*. That is not the act of a man who writes merely for profit, and with a view to supply the popular demand of the day. It rather betokens a painstaking examination of the original document; a consciousness that the full energy of the mind has not been lavished on its formation; and a resolution “to lay on load” and forward it to that pitch of excellence which lies germinating within the brain of the author.

In the second place, this sophism takes no account of the fact that Shakspeare was not only an author, but a manager. In our own day, Mr. Morris of the Haymarket, will give a dramatist an extra sum to secure the non-publication of a play, in the expectation that that stipend will be repaid him by bringing to his theatre those to see who would, in the event of publication, have been satisfied with staying at home to read. But if this is a business-like policy in the present age, how much more so was it in the time of Elizabeth, when, to the great mass of the people, the playhouse afforded almost the only intellectual food within their reach? It may be said, that this argument is only effective so long as Shakspeare remained a manager, and that there was

nothing to prevent his giving his plays to the world, so soon as he had retired from the theatre, and taken up his abode in his native town. This, I acknowledge, would be sound reasoning, if we were quite safe as to one or two facts.\* But when we remember that our poet derived his chief profits from his managership, it becomes a self-evident proposition, that when he retired from that office, the good-will of it was valuable as a property, and was sold accordingly to his successor: this brings us to the next step: he who succeeded naturally inquired — whence arose the profit? — and again it becomes self-evident, that much of it must have been derived from the exclusive possession of the manuscript dramas of the poet. Is it not, then, more than probable, that these very manuscripts became a matter of barter, and that Shakspeare was bound down by agreement to non-publication? — There is also another consideration which may suggest itself to our mind. Shakspeare was by no means an old man when he retired to Stratford, or when he died, which happened in a few years afterwards. On the contrary, he was in the very vigour of intellectual existence; and it seems to be no great stretch of the imagination to suppose that it was within his intention to devote his Avonian hours to the perfecting of those works which, from his previously re-writing so many, I am justified in saying he had most nearly at heart. My own idea is, that, it being extremely probable that his hands were tied for a certain time by agreement with his managerial successor, he was waiting for the lapse of that period, when death overtook him, and deprived the world of that final polish to the cluster, the intrinsic diamonds of which he had already bestowed.

In the third place, even supposing I am wrong in my conjecture, that Shakspeare deemed it a matter of business not to print his dramas while he was a manager, and that subsequently he ~~was~~ prevented by bond from their publication, it by no means follows, that their non-publication arose from any doubt as to their merits. Rather than pin our faith 'on such an abortion of the truth, it will surely be more easy to imagine the constitution of his mind to have been such, that, rolling in its own inexhaustible mines, it was lavishly careless of the veins already exposed to the world, conscious that the great source from which all these were derived was still undrained. The greatest prodigals are those who deem their treasure unconsumable; and because a man is careless of his greatness, it does not follow that he is ignorant of it. Themistocles, being requested at a feast to play on the lute, replied—"I cannot fiddle, but I can make a small town a great city:" and so Shakspeare, perhaps, for ever wrapt in the consciousness of his power to convert a score of blank leaves into an immortal drama, contented himself with leaving his immortalities in the hands of the world, persuaded that they contained that within, which would force mankind to struggle for their preservation.

In the fourth place, the argument that is presented to us in support of Shakspeare's ignorance of his own strength, entirely omits all notice of the fact furnished by Shakspeare himself in his sonnets. With respect to dramatic productions, it is to be observed, that they afford an author little or no opportunity of speaking in his own person: it is true, that he may put his own ~~real~~ sentiments in the mouth of one of his characters; but from that moment they become the sentiments

of this imaginary person, and there is no mark by which we can more specifically identify them with the creed of the poet himself. We shall therefore for the most part look in vain for Shakspeare's opinions in Shakspeare's plays: syllogism and sophism to a certain extent may guide us; but at all events our conclusions (and scanty they will be) must be the deductions of argument, and not the dogmas of fact. But when we come to the sonnets, we find ourselves in a very different situation. Here the poet speaks in his own person, states his own opinions, and pours forth the language of his own heart; and more especially is this the case with Shakspeare, as his sonnets, we are told, were rather written for the luxury of private friendship than for the strictness of public observance\*. If, then, we there find our poet over and over again proclaiming that his verse shall be immortal and his muse everlasting, is it not monstrous to assert, in the teeth of his own words, that this was a man who lived and died in ignorance of his own scope of intellect? Am I right? or am I wrong in my statement?—Let us turn to his sonnets. In the 18th sonnet, these are the last six lines:—

But thy eternal summer shall not fade,  
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest;  
Nor shall death brag thou wander'st in his shade,  
When in eternal lines to time thou growest:  
So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,  
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

\* "As the soul of Euphorbus was thought to live in Pythagoras, so the sweet witty soul of Ovid lives in the mellifluous honey-tongued Shakspeare: witness his Venus and Adonis; his Lucrece; his sugred sonnets among his private friends."—*Meres' Wit's Treasury*, 1598.



The whole of the 55th sonnet is dedicated to the same thought :—

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments  
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme ;  
But you shall shine more bright in these contents,  
Than unswept stone, besmear'd with sluttish time.  
When wasteful war shall statues overturn,  
And broils root out the work of masonry,  
Nor Mars's sword nor war's quick fire shall burn  
The living record of your memory.  
'Gainst death, and all oblivious enmity  
Shall you pace forth ; your praise shall still find room,  
E'en in the eyes of all posterity  
That wear this world out to the ending doom.  
So till the judgment, that yourself arise,  
You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes.

The last six lines of the 81st sonnet are perhaps still more strong :—

Your monument shall be my gentle verse,  
Which eyes, not yet created, shall o'er read ;  
And tongues to be, your being shall rehearse ;—  
When all the breathers of this world be dead,  
You still shall live (such virtue hath my pen)  
Where breath most breathes, e'en in the mouths of men.

After these examples it will be unnecessary to quote others in the text ; and I therefore content myself with referring to them in a note\*. I think the three I have already given are amply sufficient to show that Shakspeare fully appreciated his own genius, and knew that he had a right to exclaim

Oh, let my books be then my eloquence†.

\* See also sonnets xvii. xix. xliii. liv. lx. lxiii. ci. cvii. and cxvi.

† Sonnet xxiii.

Thus much, then, for the facts that are omitted in the arguments of those who would contend that Shakspeare was ignorant of his own greatness. I have now to endeavour to show that it is a position adverse to the laws of nature and of truth.

Self-appreciation is an essential part of our rational existence, as is manifest when we observe how every mental passion, more or less, owes its origin to that very principium. One man seeks revenge, because his self-consequence has been injured; a second is ambitious, because it will add to his self-consequence; a third boils over with hatred towards a fellow-being, because he stands between him and his self-consequence. And yet Shakspeare, who knew all this better than any man that ever breathed, is of all others selected as the one who had no self-appreciation; he, who is the Simeon Stylites of the literary world, and has built for himself a pillar whereon his fame resteth in elevation eternal, is represented by this sophism as grovelling in the dust. So far from this forming any portion of my creed, I believe that

While yet a child, and long before his time,  
He had perceived the presence and the power  
Of greatness\*.

There is another point of view in which this argument seems to be irresistible. It is "familiar as household words" to remark of any of his greatest plays—Hamlet, for instance—that every time we read it we discover fresh beauties in it; but it is clear as an axiom, that all these (not to say many more, as yet undiscovered) were manifest to the poet the moment he wrote them. It is

\* Wordsworth.

on these beauties that we build our adoration ; and on these, therefore, must he have built a consciousness of his own greatness, unless we are to pronounce him to be, as Goldsmith by Horace Walpole in the last century, "an inspired idiot."

A philosopher of the present day, in speaking of self-complacency as necessary for the perfect fruition of the seeds of our mind, illustrates his argument with the case of Columbus's discovery of America, and Homer's composition of the Iliad. I will quote his concluding remarks, as they seem to me to bear with great effect on the matter now before us. Having shown that it was impossible for Columbus to retract without disgrace from his undertaking, after he had once drawn the eyes of Spain to his proposal, the writer observes—

“ It is not so in writing a poem. The author of the latter may stop wherever he pleases. Of consequence, during every day of its execution, he requires a fresh stimulus. He must look back on the past, and forward on what is to come, and feel that he has considerable reason to be satisfied. The great naval discoverer may have his intervals of misgiving and encouragement, and may, as Pope expresses it, ‘ wish that any one would hang him.’ He goes forward, for he has no longer the liberty to choose. But the author of a mighty poem is not in the same manner entangled, and therefore to a great degree returns to his work each day, ‘ screwing his courage to the sticking-place.’ He must feel the same fortitude and elasticity, and be as entirely the same man of heroic energy, as when he first arrived at the resolution to engage. How much, then, of self-complacency and self-confidence do his undertaking and performance imply !

"I have taken two of the most memorable examples in the catalogue of human achievements : the discovery of a new world, and the production of the Iliad. But all those voluntary actions, or rather series and chains of actions, which comprise energy in the first determination, and honour in the execution, each in its degree rests upon self-complacency as the pillar upon which its weight is sustained, and without which it must sink into nothing\*."

If this argument is sound, Shakspeare must be eminently included in it; and my only quarrel with the doctrine, is, that it does not go far enough. It seems to me that self-complacency extends far beyond those actions "which comprise energy in the first determination, and honour in the execution." Instinct teaches all created things their peculiar superiority; the peacock spreads his golden fan; the swan disports his graceful neck; and the nightingale makes the woods all melody with his tuneful voice; and so, if we ascend to mankind, we perceive that each embeds himself in his own individual excelling. He, therefore, who excels the most, carries his self-complacency with the greater elevation. Think you Phidias tooled his Parian marble with the same dull sensations that the pauper breaks his Kentish rag to pave the public highway? or did Raphael stand before his easel in the same spirit in which a bricklayer whitewashes a ceiling?

Rely upon it, Shakspeare knew his own greatness even more than we know it. The raciness of Falstaff, the soliloquies of Hamlet, and the third act of Othello,

\* Godwin's Thoughts on Man.

were precious to his soul ; and self was not absent when he exclaimed,

“ The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,  
Doth glance from heav'n to earth, from earth to heav'n ;  
And, as imagination bodies forth  
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen  
Turns them to shape, and gives to airy nothing  
A local habitation and a name.”

One word in conclusion. In thus endeavouring to relieve the poet from a charge of dull unconsciousness ; in thus endeavouring by Shakspeare's own words to prove Shakspeare's knowledge of his own greatness, I trust that I have not fallen into the error of which Macbeth speaks, and been imitating

“ Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself,  
And falls on the other—”

My object has been to release our poet from the popular fallacy of being ignorant of the rank of his own marvels, and not to embarrass him in “ Vanity Fair.” To those, therefore, who would harp on the latter, in revenge for being driven from their stand on the former, I would suggest this opinion of Lord Bacon : “ Neither had the fame of Cicero, Seneca, and Plinius Secundus, borne her age so well, if it had not been joined with some vanity in themselves : like unto varnish, that makes ceilings not only shine, but last. But all this while, when I speak of vain glory, I mean not of that property that Tacitus doth attribute to Mucianus—*‘ Omium, quæ dixerat feceratque, arte quâdam ostentator :’* for that proceeds not of vanity, but of natural magnanimity and discretion ; and in some persons is not only comely, but gracious\*.”

\* Bacon's Essays.

## BREAKFAST ON A HUNTING MORNING.

BY VISCOUNT CASTLEREAGH.

“My dear Annie, surely you do not think of going down to a seven o’clock breakfast! How can you be so foolish?” And as Emily Drummond spoke, she carefully twined round her fingers one of the dropping gold ringlets of the little bride, Annie Rothsay, whose hurried and agitated hand had made four unsuccessful attempts on that very curl. “Yes, I shall; I must; I shall not see Rothsay the whole day if I don’t.” “You will see him at dinner.” “Yes, at eight o’clock in the evening,” responded the bride, in a tone of mournful and offended reproach. Emily Drummond was not married; and, what was worse, she was not in love; and though Lord Rothsay was a charming young man, she could not comprehend the misery of not seeing him for twelve hours. She was ruminating on this point, when a sudden bustle beneath the window caused an increased hurry in Annie’s movements. The deep voice of some refractory hound, the crack of the huntsman’s whip, the confused voices of several gentlemen, a loud laugh from the master of the pack (strongly resembling the triumphant chuckle of Robert le Diable); the shrill yelping of three lap-dogs, astonished and jealous of the canine intruders—the trampling of horses—the scolding of butlers—the subdued swearing of grooms—and, above all, “the hurrying tramp of booted feet;” all spoke one short and most important piece of intelligence to Annie. “There, the hounds are come—Rothsay’s going!” she exclaimed.

“Oh, Benson, never mind the flowers;” and snatching the roses destined for her girdle, she ran lightly down the stone staircase, followed by Emily. Heaven rewarded her industrious imitation of the rising of the lark, by showing through the door which the servant flung open on her approach, her beloved Rothsay in a scarlet hunting coat; his mouth full of toast and butter, his plate full of partridge-bones, and his thoughts so full of the day’s sport, that he did not even see his idol enter. The first person who became aware of the addition to their party, was a little red-faced, quiet-looking man, also in a red hunting coat; he was sending out his grey eyes on a voyage of discovery for some cold\* beef, having eaten, like the locust, every thing within his immediate reach, including five hot rolls, three partridges, three new-laid eggs, half a loaf of bread, a dish of ham sandwiches, and two plates of buttered muffin. When, instead of the much-desired beef, his eye caught the forms of the young Lady Rothsay and her companion, he became like a little bird fascinated by two rattlesnakes. He shrank to the very verge of his chair; he sank in his seat as though the joints of his spine had fitted into one another like a telescope, and he had been suddenly shut up; he reddened—he turned deadly pale; at length, with a shivering sigh, he touched the elbow of another gentleman who sat next him in a green hunting coat, and pointing backward with his thumb, exclaimed, “Look there!” His companion did look, and wiping his mouth, made a sort of bow, and sat down with a face full of consternation. In a moment every one became aware of the presence of the hostess. Rothsay introduced his bride with a triumphant smile; the gentlemen bowed, stammered, pinched the table-cloth, and looked out of the

window; Lady Rothsay laughed, blushed, shook back her ringlets, and adding two spoonsful of honey to one of salt (unconscious of the admixture), sat down to breakfast. Nobody spoke. But were I disposed to write in any descriptive style besides my own, I should copy a certain translation of Faust, and say—

“ How the world goes round !  
 Clatter, clatter—crunch, crunch.  
 Do you hear the sound ?  
 How the silent creatures munch ?  
 Fowls and pheasants—one—two—three.  
 Nothing’s left for you and me !”

Without one other glance at the lovely Annie or her friend, each gentleman applied to his breakfast as if it had been the duty England expected him to do; and when at length a scarcity of provisions, together with an utter inability to contain more, convinced them it was time to depart, they rose simultaneously, and filed off.

“ Then rose from earth to sky the loud farewell,  
 Then *slunk* the timid, and stood still the brave.”

The little red-faced man, whisking himself into a fit of desperate courage, jumped from the low window on the lawn. The fat master of the pack (who looked as if he ought to have been put on French castors, in order to facilitate his moving) clapped Annie on the shoulder, and expressed a hope, accompanied by one of the Robert le Diable laughs, that Rothsay would come back without breaking his neck, or being otherwise injured. The gentleman in the green coat made another bow similar to the one performed at breakfast; and a handsome, lounging lad, son to a neighbouring squire, accompanied his farewell nod with a peculiar smile, which meant as much as Lord



Burleigh's shake of the head, and said, "Though you are Lady Rothsay, and a beauty, I wouldn't give sixpence for your approbation; I'm independent; my father's a country gentleman; Nancy Dawkins is in love with me; and my uncle has the best fox hounds in the county." There are a set of men who consider women only in two lights, viz. formidable or contemptible—slaves, to administer to their comforts and pleasures, or d—— bores and restraints upon their sports and occupations. To this set your "fox hunter proper" belongs; and to this set belonged most of the gentlemen who breakfasted at Moin-Rothsay that morning.

"Oh! Emily, I'm very weary;" murmured Annie, as the last receding red-coat was lost in the distance, and the sound of Merriman, Rover, Adelaide, Cormorant, &c., became inaudible to their ears. "I knew you you would love; have some breakfast comfortably, now they're gone;" and Emily Drummond's hand was already on the bell-rope, to order a replenishment on the stripped board. "No," said the little bride, turning with disgust from the breakfast-table; "no, I'm not hungry; let us go out and walk; perhaps we may see Rothsay from the hill. How I hate breakfast on a hunting morning!"

F. C.

# ON THE LOSS OF THE ROTHSAI CASTLE STEAM BOAT, 1831\*.

BY THE LADY EMMELINE STUART WORTLEY.

UNKNOWN ! unclaimed ! tossed, as with other weeds,  
To silent earth, and what heart feels or heeds ?  
And yet perchance these torn chill ashes were  
To kindred bosoms exquisitely dear.  
Perchance ! Ah, surely never yet on earth  
Lived *one* uncherished from his very birth.  
No, this pale dust hath once most precious been,  
In eyes that viewed not life's last frenzying scene,  
When the fierce rushing night brought dread and death,  
Stifling the latest prayer and latest breath.  
Now the cold sea to the cold earth returns  
These relics wan, o'er which no fond one mourns !  
The stranger on their stranger tenements  
Casts a sad gaze, and momentarily laments ;  
Then with a sorrowing mien he turns away,  
With hurrying steps, to leave th' unshrouded clay.  
Yet, stranger, turn again. Hast thou not known  
What 'tis to love a something all thine own ?  
Give to these hapless ones a few meek tears,  
Lost in the beauty of their golden years.  
Look on these pale fair forms, these broken flowers,  
Once bright as rosebuds in spring's vernal hours ;  
Adopt these desolate orphans of the grave,  
Bear them afar from the dull moaning wave ;  
Gather with kind and reverential hands  
Their sacred ashes from the tide-worn sands ;  
Consign them to some calm unstormy tomb,  
Where broods a tender and a tearful gloom ;  
Where breathes no tempest gust to shake their rest,  
But south winds sweep the green-sward's flow'ring breast.

\* Two beautiful sisters were lost in the Rothsai Castle.

Oh, how unlike their death-bed—yon mad sea—  
Where all was awe and conquering agony !  
Yet if high Love and heavenly Faith were there,  
Thou wert expelled, wert exiled thence, Despair !  
If that same Love that tamed the storms of old,  
The Love almighty, breathed where thunders rolled,  
Oh how the tempests in their hearts were stilled,  
The heaven and earth to those wild terrors thrilled ;  
Softer than warblings of the mother dove  
Pierced through their souls the whisperings of that love.  
Oh let us hope, ye fair and nameless dead,  
Deep blessings o'er your fearful doom were shed ;  
And that 'twas given to ye when doom'd to part,  
To die, soul linked in soul, and heart to heart,  
With your beloved ones ! bless'd even *thus* to share  
That hour's immeasurable hope or fear.

## THE WEST INDIAN.

SQUIRE HARBOTTLE, of the Lodge, was one of the strangest humourists in the county. Having strictly circumscribed his desires to country life and rural pursuits, it is not wonderful that he derived all his ideas from thence; consisting of a small stock of feelings and opinions, which, as they were of the exclusive kind, and admitted of no innovation, were probably the very same that had employed the intellectual faculties of his grandfather, and been used as hereditary property from time immemorial.

Among these crude doctrines was one upon which the squire insisted with a vehemence quite apoplectic, and in whose behoof and maintenance he had oftentimes well-nigh destroyed the table, and his own knuckles into the bargain. It was this: that unless a man were well acquainted and properly conversant with the sports of the field; unless he delighted in gymnastic exercises of all descriptions, and devoted himself with all the fervour of an idolater to the mantling bowl and the circulation of the bottle, he could not fairly be esteemed a human being. Upon these points he had not only pinned his faith, but sewed it with the needle of strong belief; and it would have been as safe to doubt the legitimacy of the Hanover succession, or the justice of the corn laws, as to argue with the squire upon the soundness of his premises in the promulgation of the above doctrine.

It was, accordingly, a matter of much perplexity and concern to Mrs. Harbottle and her daughter Emily, well

knowing these obstinate and irrevocable convictions, how the addresses of Mr. Merton would be countenanced by the squire. Mr. Merton was a young West Indian, of large fortune, who, during the last London season, had been introduced to Emily; had succeeded in creating what is usually termed "a reciprocal passion," and had, in consequence, been invited by Mrs. Harbottle to spend a few weeks at the Lodge. That lady justly conceived that there could not possibly be discovered a better match in the whole circuit of the West End, or in the vast regions of probability; but in the ardour of her projected negotiation, had altogether forgotten or overlooked the fulminations of the squire, which threatened utter destruction and disgrace to her scheme. From that oracular authority, in the meanwhile, no farther consolation was to be obtained than such as could be extracted from sayings and intimations of this nature: "He would see what was to be made of the young fellow"—"Ten to one he was a milk-sop;" and invidious reflections of the like character.

Mr. Merton arrived, at length, at the Lodge, and was received by the squire with an anticipatory paternal grasp of the dexter hand, which he verily believed had paralysed his whole frame. But, in spite of so cordial a greeting, Mr. Harbottle encouraged mental reservations of his own, by no means flattering or propitious to his new visiter. "Not at all like my young friend Burley of the Grange," thought he; "the lad doesn't weigh more than ten stone, and Burley is sixteen at least; and then he's so thin! slender, egad, as the stipend of a pinched annuitant, or the expectations of a sixth son under the law of primogeniture. He won't do for a son-in-law—that's certain."

Merton was, in truth, a young gentleman of the finest taste and the most elegant accomplishments, but by no means likely to conciliate the squire by a forward or presuming exhibition of proficiency in the peculiar practices or feats, with which the old gentleman had been prone to invest his imaginary idols. But recently arrived from the West Indies, he had not yet divested himself of those habits of luxurious indolence and enjoyment common to the natives of those islands; and he could no more reconcile it to his inclinations to assume the gloves with a pugilistic veteran, or to dive into the mysteries of the third bottle, than to encounter a triumvirate of Titans, or to see Silenus himself under the table. It may readily be conceived, then, that the two gentlemen were, at first sight, far from feeling that perfect cordiality and good-will towards each other, so little expected, but so anxiously hoped for by the ladies.

As they sat over their wine, however, after the retirement of Mrs. Harbottle and her daughter, the squire conceived it to be a favourable opportunity of sounding the West Indian touching these indispensable acquirements, which he preceded by an elaborate and critical survey of his victim. "Why, you don't drink, my good sir," said he, thrusting the decanter towards him; "no evading the bottle; fair play, you know," and he tipped a wink of meaning. "No, sir," replied Merton, "I am but a poor drinker at all times." "Ah! poor drinker—I thought so," growled the squire, with a glance of pity, "but it's the fashion, I hear, to drink nothing now-a-days, and you, of course, follow the fashion." "No, indeed," said the West Indian, "fashion is but a—" "I suppose," interrupted Harbottle, "you never put on the gloves, eh?" "Put on the—I wear gloves certainly,"

answered the other, with an inquiring smile. "Wear gloves!—pshaw!" shouted the old gentleman testily: "Put on the gloves, I say; exercise yourself in the old English diversion of sparring—in the manly and athletic course of self-defence!" "My dear sir, I never do put on the gloves, I assure you," said Merton, gravely, with a voice that would have graced a confessional. "You don't hunt, I presume," asked the squire, drumming his fingers upon the table, as he elevated one eyebrow and directed an oblique look at his companion, which seemed as though his voice proceeded from his eye: "You don't hunt?" "I have never been used to hunting, I confess." "Ah! very well; I see how it is:" and a bitterly sardonic grin deformed the features of the squire.

"Look ye sir," said the squire, after a long pause, "I have a daughter—Emily. Emily is a fine girl." "Miss Emily Harbottle," said Merton, with a rapturous emphasis, "is indeed a young lady, not only of the greatest beauty, but of the most elegant taste, and the most exemplary principles. Might I but hope?" "No, no, you must not hope, sir, by any means," quoth the squire, doggedly; "unless you are prepared to make yourself master of those requisite accomplishments, without which, the king himself should sue in vain for her hand." "What, sir," cried the youth, despatching a bumper down his throat, and falling back in his chair; "what, sir, would you have me grovelling under your table nightly?—Would you have me saturate myself with wine, till my visage put on the imperial purple during the unhappy reign of my existence?—Would you have me drown myself, like Clarence, in a butt of Malmsey, before you could deem me worthy of your daughter?" and he swallowed a second glass. The

squire nodded assent. "Would you delight to see me," he continued, "rushing madly over your acres, like the wild huntsman of Bohemia, or the hero of Mr. Wordsworth's 'Hartleap Well,' or coursing through the air, like him of 'The Wondrous Horse of Brass?'" "Why, yes; I should like to see it very much," said the squire, complacently. "Would you qualify me for marriage," proceeded the novice, "by breaking every bone in my body? by pounding me more ruthlessly than physical pain was meted out to Don Quixote, under the tender batons of the wool-staplers? or by educating pastime from my person, whereto the tortures of Phalaris, in his Brazen Bull, were but soft and exquisite delights?" "Nothing less, I assure you," roared the squire in a transport, raising himself in his chair, and rubbing his hands with delight; "These are the conditions, my dear boy, and so you may make choice instantly." Whereupon, the old gentleman betook himself to his evening slumber, and the unhappy Merton again had recourse to the decanter, till, sooth to say, it refused to yield a drop more.

Having at length made his way into the drawing-room, and seated himself by the side of Mrs. Harbottle, the youth fetched a deep sigh, and began to speak volumes, of which the following is but a brief abstract: "Madam, that I feel the most pure and unconquerable affection for your daughter, is altogether undeniable: but her worthy father, now under the benign influence of Morpheus, in the parlour below, has (jocularly I cannot but hope) been pleased to mark out for me a course of studies which will, I feel, be impracticable." "Ah! your father has been insisting on these ridiculous conditions, my dear," said Mrs. Harbottle, addressing her



daughter. "I feared as much." An imploring glance from the tea-urn too plainly intimated that Miss Emily partook of her mother's chagrin. "Well but, madam," said Merton, fervently, "is there no way of evading these preposterous articles of treaty?" "I fear not, indeed," was the reply; and the heads of both ladies were shaken despondingly. "I shall certainly commit suicide," murmured the young man, musingly; "involuntary suicide, with the double-barrelled gun which the squire has recommended to my use; or be cast carelessly from the mare which he has tendered to my acceptance; or be offered up at the shrine of Bacchus with a liver complaint, as yellow as

— 'Autumnal leaves that strew the brooks  
Of Vallombrosa.'

"Well, well, it cannot be helped. And then, who knows but that the squire himself may break his neck in the meanwhile? or be taken off by a timely apoplexy? That's an encouraging hope at all events." And here the young gentleman fell into a profound reverie.

"At early day-break the next morning, Merton was aroused by a vociferous hallooing, and the wild blast of a horn beneath his window; in the midst of which, the super-human voice of the squire broke upon his ear, rummoming him, without delay, to the chase. With a heavy heart, he proceeded to obey; and crawling down stairs, was at once conducted to a furious quadruped, whose locomotive propensities, even before he was well in the saddle, seemed to foretell disastrous downfall and disgrace; and intimated by anticipation, that compound fractures and dislocations of the neck were by no means unfrequent to those adventurous cavaliers, who should

make up their minds, or rather their bodies, to mount her. But Merton, "albeit, unused to the hunting mood," was by no means disposed, at that moment, to dissolve the partnership then subsisting between himself and the four-legged pest which was capriciously gambolling over the country; and, accordingly, contrived to attach himself as closely to the animal as an expectant heir to an expiring curmudgeon, or a bereaved bankrupt to a sudden windfall; and made himself, as it were, a part and portion of the beast with all the certain security of a Centaur, to the infinite delight of the squire, whose rapturous encomiums at the conclusion of the day, upon the manner in which he had acquitted himself, drew tears of delight into the eyes of Emily, and caused the old lady's face to mantle with satisfaction.

And now more than a month had elapsed, and the West Indian had been regularly introduced into the vestibule of the various arts, to which it was deemed expedient that he should devote his attention; and, in spite of the athletic strength and robust constitution of the squire, he had more than once contrived to bear away the palm of merit from his competitor. In truth, the severe exercises, in which he was now for the first time a participator, had not only recruited his frame, but had given an impetus, before unfelt, to his constitution; and it was with rather a degree of satisfaction than otherwise, that he obeyed the matutinal mandates of the squire. It is true, there were several particular bye amusements not altogether recognised by the votaries of fashion, which (and he hugged himself in the conviction) were perfectly unknown to his aristocratical friends; and if he did occasionally hear corks drawn at incredibly short intervals, and cheerfully assist in the absorption of the

fluid at such times liberated, who was the wiser? Not he, certainly.

But it was deemed high time by the ladies that these delights should have an end. They thought, and with reason, that the too implicit adherence to the squire's whims and phantasies would not only furnish forth a bad precedent, but superinduce a fatal habit in the young man himself. The elder lady knew full well that,

“ If vice by custom grow not into nature,”

it is an unsightly graft, nevertheless: and Miss Emily said, half upbraidingly, that “ Henry was grown strangely partial to papa;” and began to believe, quite seriously, that he was likely to grow strangely inattentive to herself. But the old gentleman would hear of no terms of accommodation. He averred, that he had not half done with the boy yet. He protested that his marriage would be his ruin, and declared he would not hear a word about it, under penalty of breaking off the match altogether. “ What is to be done?” urged the youth, expostulating at a private conference; “ I solemnly aver that I have done everything in my power to conciliate Mr. Harbottle's esteem, and to deserve his friendship. I have broken the knees of his horses; I have more than once, during our gymnastic exercises, caused him to adopt an involuntarily horizontal position; and I have seen him descend under the horizon of the table in all the glowing glory of a setting sun. Can I do more? I will, if you wish it, dislocate the necks of his hunters; I will at one blow destroy the squire; I will at one sitting swallow the vast contents of his cellarage. What can be more reasonable and complying?”

These terms, it must be confessed, appeared reasonable

and consolatory enough; at least so far as they afforded evidence of our lover's unchanging affection; and each party was fain to wait patiently for a few weeks longer, till some more auspicious opportunity of compelling the squire to the spirit and letter of his agreement should occur.

But the squire grew more inflexible daily. He had become attached to his young friend, and foresaw plainly that his union would cause an instant and final cessation of the agreeable course of amusements and companionship, without which, he verily believed, he should not be able to exist. He sought, therefore, to put off the evil day to an indefinite period, and was impracticably impatient of any allusion to the subject.

It was at length become too evident to Merton, that steps must be taken forthwith, to check the overweening self-willedness of the squire; and that such remonstrances should be made, as would effectually conduce to the end he had originally proposed to himself in his visit to the Lodge.

Preparatory, however, to the discussion of the matter, he took the opportunity one morning, when they were exercising themselves in the elegant diversion of sparring, to deliver such a blow at the old gentleman's ribs as could by no ingenuity be likened to anything more nearly than to the effort of a giant furnished with a sledge-hammer and having enjoyed for a few moments a bird's-eye view of his prostrate antagonist, our gratified gymnast betook himself leisurely to the breakfast table.

Immediately after the conclusion of that meal, a propitious silence having presented itself, the youth lifted up his heart and voice, and with much gravity delivered himself as follows:—"Squire Harbottle, I beg you to

bear in mind the purpose for which I came hither.”

“What do you mean, my dear fellow, what are you aiming at?” said Harbottle, in surprise. “My meaning, squire, ought to be instantaneously obvious—your daughter, sir.”—“Nay, nay, my good lad, not a word about it, I insist;—a lad of your spirit—I am surprised!” “Mr. Harbottle,” said Merton solemnly, “the institution of marriage needs no defence from me; all civilised nations have consented that such an institution is indispensable; I am a candidate for admission into that honourable community.” “Pshaw! stuff! vile cant!” shouted the squire, “it mustn’t be—I tell you I won’t permit it.” “Let me refresh your memory by a recital of your own conditions,” resumed Merton, in a gradually enlarging voice; “’sdeath, sir, I must not be trifled with. Am I not a Milo in strength?” “You are, indeed,” groaned the squire, embracing his ribs with much tenderness. “Am I not a perfect Nimrod in hunting?—was there ever such a dare-devil in the county as myself?” “Never, I admit it.” “Was not Bacchus a young gentleman of regular habits compared with me?” “He was, he was.” “Well, sir, then what do you mean?” “Why,” said the squire, coaxingly, “I mean that you won’t be foolish enough to marry my girl yet; there’s plenty of time—she’s young—” “And I am young,” cried Merton, in a frenzy, “which you shall discover to your cost. Hark’ee, sir, you have raised a demon you will vainly endeavour to quell. It is now my turn to triumph. I shall stop here for life. You have warmed me at your fire, and I shall sting you to death by way of quittance. You thought me a worm—I’m a boa-constrictor. I shall exterminate your stud; I shall make an end of you; no vineyard shall supply my convivial demands; I shall

burst your double-barrelled gun in an attempt to blow into an infinite variety of atoms the butler; I shall—" "Hold, hold!" cried Harbottle, in alarm; "the man's mad! what do you want?" • "Your daughter!" raved Merton. "Take her," said the squire, promptly; "where is the girl; why, if the jade has not been laughing behind the window all the time, step in, you wicked toad. What do you say?—will you have this furious fellow?" "If you wish it, papa, I cannot make any objection," said Emily. "And so now we are all satisfied, I suppose," said the squire, with the air of a man who has acted conscientiously. "And now, Mr. Harbottle," concluded his wife, entering the room, "you have done a sensible thing for once in your life." The squire thrust his tongue into his cheek significantly.

About a week after, there was an unusual stir at the Lodge, and a bridal party proceeded to the church with becoming solemnity, where a reverend gentleman in a red face was calmly waiting to officiate; and there was the usual rejoicing and merriment in the neighbourhood upon the occasion.

## NEW SCENE IN WILLIAM TELL.

BY JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

COMMUNICATED BY THE AUTHOR.

INSCRIBED, WITH GRATITUDE, TO MISS ELLEN TREE, AS THE SPIRITED "EMMA"  
IN "WILLIAM TELL," AND THE PATHETIC "JULIA" IN THE "HUNCHBACK."

## ACT V. SCENE I.

*Tell's Cottage.—Melchtal asleep upon a couch, at the head of which  
EMMA is watching. EMMA. (rising, and coming forward.)*

I never knew a weary night before !  
I have seen the sun a dozen times go down,  
And still no William,—and the storm was on,  
Yet have I laid me down in peace to sleep,  
The mountain with the lightning all ablaze,  
And shaking with the thunder,—but to-night  
Mine eyes refuse to close ! The old man rests :  
Pain hath outworn itself, and turn'd to ease.  
How deadly calm's the night ! What's that ? I'm grown  
An idiot with my fears. I do not know  
The avalanche ! Great Power that hurls it down,  
Watch o'er my boy, and guide his little steps !  
What keeps him ? 'tis but four hours' journey hence :  
He'd rest ; then four hours back again. What keeps him ?  
Erni would sure be found by him—he knows  
The track, well as he knows the road to Altorf !

MELCH. Help ! (*in his sleep.*)

EMMA. What's the matter ? Only the old man dreaming :  
He thinks again they're pulling out his eyes.  
I'm sick with terror ! Merciful powers ! what's this  
That fills my heart with horrible alarm,  
And yet it cannot see,

MELCH. (*waking.*) Where am I ?

EMMA. Father !

MELCH. My daughter, is it thou ? Thank heaven, I'm here !  
Is't day yet ?

EMMA. No.

MELCH. Is't far on the night?

EMMA. Methinks, about the turn on't.

MELCH. Is the boy

Come back?

EMMA. No, father.

MELCH. Nor thy husband?

EMMA. No.

MELCH. A woful wife and mother have I made thee!

Would thou had'st never seen me.

EMMA. Father!

MELCH. Child?

EMMA. Methinks I hear a step!—I do! (*knocking.*) A knock!

MELCH. 'Tis William!

EMMA. No, it is not William's knock. (*Opens the door.*)

I told you so! Your will.

*Enter STRANGER.*

STRAN. Seeing a light,

I e'en made bold to knock, to ask for shelter,

For I have miss'd my way.

EMMA. Whence come you, friend?

STRAN. From Altorf.

EMMA. Altorf! Any news from thence?

STRAN. Ay! News to harrow parents' hearts, and make  
The barren bless themselves that they are childless!

EMMA. May heaven preserve my boy!

MELCH. What says thy news?

STRAN. Art thou not Melchtal—he whose eyes 'tis said  
The tyrant has torn out?

MELCH. Yes, friend, the same.

STRAN. Is this thy cottage?

MELCH. No; 'tis William Tell's.

STRAN. 'Tis William Tell's—and that's his wife—Good night.

EMMA. (*Rushing between him and the door.*)

Thou stirr'st not hence until thy news be told!

STRAN. My news? In sooth 'tis nothing thou would'st heed.

EMMA. 'Tis something none should heed so well as I!

STRAN. I must be gone.

EMMA. Thou seest a tigress, friend,

Spoil'd of her mate and young, and yearning for them.

Don't thwart her! Come, thy news. What fear'st thou, man.



What more has she to dread, who reads thy looks,  
And knows the most has come. Thy news? Is't bondage?

STRAN. It is.

EMMA. Thank heaven it is not death! Of one—  
Or two?

STRAN. Of two.

EMMA. A father and a son?  
Is't not?

STRAN. It is.

EMMA. My husband and my son  
Are in the tyrant's power! There's worse than that!  
What's that is news to harrow parents' breasts,  
The which the thought to only tell, 'twould seem,  
Drives back the blood to thine!—Thy news, I say!  
Wouldst thou be merciful, this is not mercy!  
Wast thou the mark, friend, of the bowman's aim,  
Wouldst thou not have the fatal arrow speed,  
Rather than watch it hanging in the string?  
Thou'lt drive me mad! Let fly at once!—

MELCH. Thy news from Altorf, friend, whate'er it is!

STRAN. 'To save himself and child from certain death,  
TELL is to hit an apple, to be plac'd  
Upon the stripling's head.

MELCH. My child! my child!—  
Speak to me!—Stranger, hast thou killed her?

EMMA. No!  
No, father. I'm the wife of William Tell;  
Oh but to be a man! to have an arm  
To fit a heart swelling with the sense of wrong!  
Unnatural—insufferable wrong!  
When makes the tyrant trial of his skill?

STRAN. To-morrow.

EMMA. Spirit of the lake and hill,  
Inspire thy daughter! On the head of him  
Who makes his pastime of a mother's pangs,  
Launch down thy vengeance by a mother's hand.  
Know'st the signal when the hills shall rise? (*To Melchtal.*)

MELCH. Are they to rise?

EMMA. I see thou knowest naught.

STRAN. Something's on foot! 'Twas only yesterday,  
That, travelling from our canton, I espied  
Slow toiling up a steep, a mountaineer

Of brawny limb, upon his back a load  
 Of faggots bound. Curious to see what end  
 Was worthy of such labour, after him  
 I took the cliff: and saw its lofty top  
 Receive his load, which went but to augment  
 A pile of many another.

EMMA. 'Tis by fire!

Fire is the signal for the hills to rise!—(*Rushes out.*)

MELCH. Went she not forth?

STRAN. She did—she's here again  
 And brings with her a lighted brand.

MELCH. My child  
 What dost thou with a lighted brand?

(*Re-enter Emma with a brand.*)

EMMA. Prepare  
 To give the signal for the hills to rise!

MELCH. Where are the faggots, child, for such a blaze?

EMMA. I'll find the faggots, father. (*Exit.*)

MELCH. She's gone  
 Again?

STRAN. She is—I think into her chamber.

EMMA. (*Rushing in.*)—Father, the pile is fir'd!

MELCH. What pile, my child?

EMMA. The joists and rafters of our cottage, father!

MELCH. Thou hast not fir'd thy cottage!—but thou hast!  
 Alas, I hear the crackling of the flames!

EMMA. Say'st thou, alas! when I do say, thank heaven?  
 Father, this blaze will set the land ablaze  
 With fire that shall preserve, and not destroy it.  
 Blaze on! blaze on! Oh, may'st thou be a beacon  
 To light its sons enslav'd to liberty!  
 How fast it spreads! A spirit's in the fire;  
 It knows the work it does.—(*Goes to the door and opens it.*)

The land is free!

Yonder's another blaze. Beyond that shoots  
 Another up!—Anon will every hill  
 Redden with vengeance. Father, come! Whate'er  
 Betide us, worse we're certain can't befall,  
 And better may! Oh, be it liberty—  
 Safe hearths and homes, husbands and children. Come,—  
 It spreads apace. Blaze on—blaze on—blaze on! (*Exeunt.*)

## MY COUSIN GEORGIANA.

BY J. W. THOMS.

“Oh she loved the bold dragoons,  
With their broad swords, saddles, bridles, &c.”

OLD SONG.

“She’ll be a soldier too; she’ll to the wars.”

SHAKESPEARE’S HENRY IV.

THERE was not a finer woman in England than my cousin Georgiana. She had a dark eye and a white hand, a good figure, pretty ankle and well turned arm; and in consequence of the latter gift of nature, had patronised Dizzi and Bochsa, until her performance on the harp might have excited the admiration and envy of King David himself. When I add, that Georgiana possessed a very respectable independent property, my readers will, I am sure, place implicit credence in my assertion, that, had I not been aware of her positive determination never to marry a civilian, I should long since have sought to convince her of the euphony of my patronymic, and have used my best powers of eloquence to induce her to change her maiden denomination of Georgiana Dashwood, into the more musical and matronly one of Mrs. George Frederick Augustus Higginbottom.

But I knew her predilection for the “dear delightful military,” and, therefore, to spare her the pain, and myself the mortification consequent upon a refusal, I did not *pop*.

Her admiration, of the “gallant defenders of their country,” as she called all the military of her acquaintance, whether regulars, militia, volunteers, or yeomanry, was in fact a passion. She talked of them, she dreamed of

them, she lived but for them. Her inclination was evident in her conversation, in her costume, and more especially in the fitting up of her boudoir, where, in the place of puling love-sick poets, and pastoral valleys sacred to love in cottages, battle pieces and grim-visaged warriors graced the walls.

It was indeed the *beau idéal* of the boudoir of a colonel's lady, and such Georgiana hoped one day to see it. Consequently, her flirtations were innumerable and incessant; her list of lovers was but another version of the army list; an army list, as it were, upon the peace establishment. But I will do Georgiana the justice to say, that she was discreet in her advances; that she displayed good generalship in her attacks on the hearts of the warriors. In fact, the intensity of her admiration was regulated by the rank of its object; her love for a captain was great, but for a major, *major*.

What an event in the life of our martial-spirited heroine was a field day! • What a day to be marked with a white stone, was a review. Then, as regularly as if she belonged to the staff of the general in command, •

“ The lady left her peaceful dwelling,  
And rode her forth a colonelling.”

And after a long and sportive warfare with the heroes under review, in which eyes, sighs, sandwiches, and champagne, were marshalled against crosses, orders, and Waterloo medals, she returned home to dream of little Cupids rendered decent by uniforms, and furnished with epaulettes instead of wings, and regulation small-swords instead of arrows.

Year after year passed in this unprofitable way, and in spite of the ingenuity with which her plans were laid,

Georgiana regularly returned to her winter quarters, *without succeeding in the grand object of her campaign—namely, winning a husband.* The subalterns were afraid to look up to her, the colonels and staff officers too proud to look down upon her, and for some seasons she remained without an offer. At length an Irish major, who claimed acquaintance with her on the strength of having served in the fortieth, whilst her cousin Charles was in the thirty-ninth, ventured to throw himself at her feet in the character of her avowed admirer, and would certainly have been accepted, and raised by the hand of the modern Bellona, but that, with the peculiar modesty so inherent in natives of what O'Connell *once* called “the first flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea,” he accompanied his protestations of love by inquiries, which the lady deemed too minute, into the nature of her property. Georgiana's delicacy was offended (a fact which excited considerable surprise in the mind of the major) and accordingly she reversed the order in which the word of command is generally given, and before the bold Milesian had completed his “address,” in hopes to “stand at ease” in the good opinion of the fair damsel, she commanded him first to “halt,” and then to “march” out of the house.

The major was disappointed, and so, to tell the truth, was the lady. The fates seemed to wage war against her wishes.

“So to a coat of regimental red  
She never *was*, but *always to be* wed.”

And she was <sup>1</sup>one and thirty, or to use her own expression, she had had “her majority” ten years, before she got the command of a husband and a household.

When she did, spite of all her protestations never to marry a civilian, the fortunate winner of her hand was not a soldier. She had failed in fixing the affections of one of those avowed slayers of their fellow-creatures, and was fain to accept the addresses of a somewhat kindred spirit, who busied himself only with intestinal wars, and received his commission not from the Horse Guards, but from Lincoln's Inn Fields. In short, Georgiana Dashwood, the maid who loved the military, condescended as a *dernier ressort* to marry a surgeon.

Many and merry were the jokes which were perpetrated on the occasion, at the different mess-tables throughout the kingdom, as soon as the Post and the Court Journal communicated the news. But one alone shall here be immortalised.

"So Georgiana Dashwood is married at last," said a pert cornet of the ———, then quartered at Brighton. "What regiment?" inquired one of his lisping and well-mustachoed *compagnons de guerre*, to whom our heroine's propensities seemed familiar.

"No regiment," was the reply; "although she always said she would marry a soldier, a surgeon is the lucky man."

"Faith, then," said Georgiana's old attaché, the Irish major, who happened to be present; "faith then, hasn't she kept her word, by marrying *one of the lancers*?"

## SUMMER.

BY WILLIS GAYLORD CLARK.

THE Spring's fair promise melted into thee,  
 Fair Summer, and thy gentle reign is here :—  
 Thy emerald robes are on each heavy tree,—  
 In the blue sky thy voice is rich and clear ;  
 And the free brooks have songs to bless thy reign—  
 They leap in music midst thy bright domain.

The gales that wander from the unbounded west,  
 Are burthened with the breath of countless fields ;  
 They teem with incense from the green earth's breast  
 That up to heaven its grateful odour yields,  
 Bearing sweet hymns of praise from many a bird  
 By Nature's aspect into rapture stirr'd.

IN such a scene, the sun-illumin'd heart  
 Bounds like a prisoner in his narrow cell,  
 When through its bars the morning glories dart,  
 And forest-anthems in his hearing swell :  
 And like the heaving of the voiceless sea,  
 His panting bosom labours to be free.

Thus, gazing on thy void and sapphire sky,  
 Oh, Summer ! in my inmost soul arise  
 Uplifted thoughts, to which the woods reply,  
 And the bland air, with its soft melodies,  
 Till, basking in some vision's glorious ray,  
 I long for eagles' plumes to flee away.

I long to cast this cumbrous clay aside,  
 And the impure, unholy thoughts, that cling  
 To the sad bosom, torn with care and pride ;—  
 I would soar upward on unfetter'd wing,  
 Far through the chambers of the peaceful skies,  
 Where the high fount of Summer's brightness lies.

## SHAKSPEARE'S VIOLATION OF THE UNITIES.

BY WILLIAM GODWIN, JUN.

IN choosing this subject I am somewhat apprehensive of having two accusations brought against me;—the one, that the question is for profounder heads than mine;—the other, that the labour is already, to a certain extent, done to my hands.

But with respect to the first, although none can be more conscious than myself of the danger of touching on the same ground as that which has been so well argued by Schlegel, and Metastasio, and De la Motte, I have the same feeling, on this matter, which Hazlitt expresses on the more general subject of Shakspeare's dramatic powers, when he states that, as a countryman of the poet, he felt pained that it was necessary to refer to a German critic for the fullest inquiry into Shakspeare's qualities. With respect to the second, I will only say that, if it be true, as Schlegel remarks, "that the Unities have given rise to a whole Iliad of critical wars," I may the better hope to be forgiven for offering to run a single tilt in defence of Shakspeare's violation of them.

The Unities, according to the modern scholiasts, are those of action, time, and place:—these they pretend to derive from Aristotle; but with how much reason, I shall have occasion, by-and-by, to inquire. Before I come to that question, however, it may be as well to ascertain what these unities mean, more especially as there has been considerable dispute in the world of letters as to the signification of the unity of action—



those Unitarians, who fight under the same banner in other respects, frequently not being able to agree upon this, the very premises of the argument\*.

Aristotle's definition of the unity of action is this:—  
 “ We assume that tragedy is the imitation of a perfect and entire action, which has a certain magnitude; for there may be a whole without any magnitude whatever. A whole is that which has a beginning, a middle, and end. The beginning is that which is not necessary after another thing, but which, from its nature, has something after it, or arising out of it. The end, on the contrary, is that which in its nature is after another thing (either necessarily or usually); but after which there can be nothing. The middle is that which is itself after another thing, and which has another thing after it.”

Now, considering how much intellect has been expended in Quixoting the windmill of a unity of action out of this *materiel*, it is a great pity that the passage I have just quoted should so strongly exhibit the qualities of inaccuracy and vagueness, as to operate as a most fatal drawback to its gospel. In the first instance, the Stagyrice sets out by informing us that “there may be a whole without any magnitude”—a new discovery, whether in ethics or mathematics, and one that comes with but an ill grace from the tutor of Alexander, who wept at Philip's victories, lest the whole should be vanquished, and no magnitude left for him on which to exercise his prowess†.

\* Boileau has been much celebrated for giving his definition of the unities in one line:—

“ Qu'en un lieu, qu'en un jour, un seul fait accompli.”

† Schlegel makes a sort of apology for this blunder, by observing, “ Aristotle immediately states in explanation that he means, by the magnitude, what is essential to beauty; a certain measure, which is neither so small as not to allow

Nor is the vagueness less apparent, for immediately after telling us that a whole has no magnitude, he follows it up by giving the twin brother of this inessential nothing a beginning, a middle, and an end; and concludes the argument by a tripartite definition—a sort of logical Cerberus—for the purpose of proving that the beginning, the middle, and the end, are the beginning, the middle, and the end.

But the edifice that has hereon been erected is far more extraordinary. In this passage, say the Unitarians, lie the germs of the dogma—that unity of action consists in taking one act, and one agent of that act, and producing one effect, the natural offspring of that previous unity of action. But if this constitutes the real unity of action (for which, in its true sense, no one is a more strenuous advocate than myself), I wish to know what interpretation they propose to put on the words of Aristotle, which in the *Poetics* follow close on the former quotation?—"With respect to the essence of the thing, the composition will be the more beautiful, the more it is extended without prejudice to its comprehensibility." If the unity of action of these critics admits of only one act, and if their unities of time and place limit the scene to one revolution of the sun and one circumscribed spot of the earth, this second passage from the *Poetics* is a mere absurdity;—for how can the essence of the thing be extended, when the very frame-work is pinched into

us to distinguish its parts, nor so extensive as to prevent us taking the whole in at one view. This is, therefore, merely an external definition of the beautiful, derived from experience, and founded on the quality of our organs of sense, and our powers of comprehension:—"all which means, that either the definition has proceeded on mistaken grounds, or that that which was intended to be a definition, is afterwards recalled by the author, and declared to be no definition at all.

the most Lilliputian admeasurement? But, on the other hand, when this opinion is examined with an unprejudiced eye, and when it is weighed by its own intrinsic intention, does it not rather come upon us in the shape of a Sibylline leaf, as though the Greek philosopher had a foretaste of the creative power of our English poet; so finely has that described and this performed the very core of "the essence of the thing." Look at Macbeth and at Lear!—is the comprehensibility of the design injured by the extension of the subject?—Or, rather, is not the high and subtle purpose of the author actually made more comprehensible by that very extension, of which these false Aristotles so loudly complain.

The other two unities insisted on, are those of time and place; and these also are said to be derived from the same Greek lawgiver. But Aristotle, in fact, lays down no rule for a strict unity of either time or place. Every word that he has on the subject is this:—"Tragedy endeavours, as far as possible, to confine its action within the limits of a single revolution of the sun, or nearly so." And yet, upon such slender ground as this, Voltaire insists that a drama must, in scenic imagination, occupy no more time than it does in fact; while Dacier, following on the same side, makes a still bolder assertion, and pronounces, "A tragedy, to be perfect, ought not to occupy either more or less time in its action than in its representation; for only then can it be in exact resemblance of the truth. The Greek tragedians have always practised this\*."

Some one, I forget who, has a pleasant remark, that for a person to be accounted wise in this world, it is only

\* "Une tragédie, pour être parfaite, ne doit occuper ni plus, ni moins de temps, pour l'action que pour la représentation; car elle est alors dans toute la vraisemblance. Les tragiques Grecs l'ont toujours pratiqué."

necessary to look grave and say nothing. It is a pity that Dacier did not act on this hint; for never was there a more lamentable blunder made than to say—"the Greek tragedians have always practised this." I shall presently have occasion to show, when I come to speak of the Greek Trilogies, that, theoretically, they never have done so: but even practically, and taking each Greek play by itself, the violation of this doctrine of Dacier is by no means of rare occurrence. In the *Trachiniæ* of Sophocles, we have a most remarkable instance—stronger, perhaps, than can be found in any English classic play. At verse 632 in the *Trachiniæ*, Lichas sets out to carry the poisoned robe to Hercules upon the Cenæan promontory, and at verse 734, Hyllus arrives with an account of its terrific effects; so that here, during the recital of 102 lines, we have a journey of 120 miles performed, besides an allowance for such a lapse of time as may have been consumed in the enacting of the tortures of Hercules, and the death of Lichas. After so strong a specimen as this, it will not be necessary to quote other cases; and I shall therefore content myself with referring those who are curious on the subject to "*Metastasio's Treatise on the Poetics of Aristotle*," where a considerable number of examples are given, and where the commentator observes—"To be convinced that the Greeks never thought of subjecting themselves in their dramatic imitations to this newly invented, impracticable measure of time, it will be enough to open any of their tragedies, even almost by chance\*."

Thus, then, it appears that these French critics (for

\* "Por esser convinto che mai non han sognato i Greci d'esser soggetti nelle loro imitazioni drammatiche a cotesta novellamente immaginata, impracticabile misura di tempo, basta aprirli quasi a caso dovunque si voglia."

they are the chief dignitaries of this false church of poetry), who seek to countenance their own narrow arguments with the mask of the Greeks, are holding out false colours to lure those whom a veneration for the ancient godheads of tragic genius would render loth to do other than bow before the shrine. It is not, however, by false attributes that a true religion makes its impressions; and these modern schoolmen, who have been groping about amid the Poetics of Aristotle, culling a sentence here and a sentence there, to be glossed over with their own conclusions, may be likened to Lord Peter, who, when he could not find "shoulder-knots" in his father's will, picked the word letter by letter from various parts, till the whole of its spelling was complete\*.

But the Unitarians tell us that they have reason on their side, as well as authorities. Let us see, then, whether the former weighs more in the balance than the latter. Their two great arguments in favour of the observance of the unities are, that they tend to preserve the necessary probabilities of the play, and that they concentrate the mind of the audience, so as to enable them to enter more entirely into the intention of the poet.

I will take the latter of these arguments first, because it is capable of the shorter answer; and if I should succeed in extracting the sting of it, there will then only remain the former to demand our attention. †

\* These dramatic Unitarians have the pleasantest way of thriving in their arguments. They say, if unity of time is necessary, unity of place must be. I grant it. But our "lively neighbours" jump to the second position without being at the trouble to prove the first. They steal the *argumenti principium*, and then cry "Io Pœan," with as much justice as Colonel Blood might have called himself King of England when he stole the crown and sceptre from the Tower.

I fully admit that the circumstances of every drama should extend no further than the mind of the auditor is able to embrace; but it is quite another thing to say that the unities form that precise limit. No one objects to Boccaccio's *Decameron*, or to Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, on the score that they contain narratives that extend in their duration beyond the time occupied in reading them: the only question is, whether the tale is so clearly developed, and so carefully disencumbered of useless details, as to present an unbroken and comprehensible chain of events to the reader, tending to prepare the way for the catastrophe. I am of course aware that a distinction may be taken between the narrative and the dramatic forms of composition: but, though there is such a distinction, it is not admissible here, where I am only speaking of the convenience of duration, and merely endeavouring to show that a drama may extend beyond its period of representation without distracting the attention of the auditor. The question of the propriety of such extension belongs to the argument founded on the probabilities. Let me also mention the instance of an epic poem. There the Unitarians themselves admit that time may be made to fly at the poet's bidding, and that the roll of years is no detriment to the skill and merit of the author. Why then is the poet of the drama placed under a ban from which his brother of the Epos is exempt? Why is the one confined to the earliest buddings of time, while the other is allowed to revel in its maturest and most luxuriant foliage? The Unitarian answer to this is, that it is necessary to engage the understanding of the audience; but when we consult our own recollections, and there find an acknowledgment of how truly we have been able to follow the many-year course of king Macbeth's ambition—the gradually

developed sorrows of England's ancient sovereign, and the slow and unwilling conversion of Othello from love to jealousy, we can hardly, in looking at this matter-of-fact proposition, which the Unitarians would wrap in Aristotle's shroud, do otherwise than exclaim with Æsop's fox, "What pity 'tis that so fine a mask should have so little brains."

But the main argument of those who stickle so much for the unities, and the only one much deserving of attention, is that they tend to preserve the necessary probabilities of the drama. By confining the dramatist, they say, to just so much time as his production itself will fill up, we have presented to us a living picture of so many incidents, all of which may be true, because they naturally proceed from one action, are confined to one place, and occupy the very time that elapses while we are gazing on them.

But if this position is good for any thing, it is a position which ought to prevail throughout; and those who insist on the unities, should likewise be as clamorous for a strictness of language, and for a real unity of place and time. To what would this bring us? Strictness of language would banish for ever the lofty flights of poetry with which the dramatist heretofore has loved to overcome his audience, and excite their special wonder: a real unity of place would exclude from these northern shores the classic tales of Greece and Rome—the gallant chivalry of sunny Spain, and the love-awakened strains of luxurious Italy: and a real unity of time would for ever shut against each succeeding age the dramatic annals of the past; for a strict accordance with verisimilitude would require, not only that the speech of a lord should be such as the Marquis of Londonderry might utter—

not only that a play produced in London should have its scene of action laid in London—but also that the date of the story should be coeval with the period in which it was represented. Nor let it be said that there is aught of exaggeration in this; or, at least, if there is, it is the Unitarian's exaggeration, not mine. Indeed, it may be generally remarked, that there is a terrible want of consistency in the doctrines of these champions of precision, who, like the critic in *Tristram Shandy*, decide upon the merits of genius by the second-hand of a stop-watch: and, although it may be said, in answer to the observations I have just made, that, because one sin has been committed, that is no justification for the commission of another; at least I have a right to contend, that those who are such violent enthusiasts for the proprieties, have no right to stop short in the middle of their career, and slink away from the just sequel of their self-imposed labour.

But still the question remains—Is any thing added to the necessary probabilities of a drama by the observance of the unities? Is the credence of the auditor augmented by finding the action of the play confined to one spot, and brought within the parenthesis of a few hours? To ascertain this, we must advert to the sensations attendant on the representation of a play. The visiter to a theatre confessedly enters the building for the purpose of beholding a fiction, and having the feelings of others, for the most part, imaginary persons, made corporal to his senses. He, therefore, comes with a certain allowance already set forth in his mind, while the dramatist, on the other hand, has prepared his offering under a certain warranty of faith guaranteed by the other party. This warranty, though tacit, is binding; and as



Dr. Johnson has well observed with respect to the play of Antony and Cleopatra, if the spectator is content to be taken in the first instance out of England into Alexandria, it is no very difficult task for him afterwards to submit to be transported from Alexandria to Rome. The danger, I confess, appears to me to be on the other side, lest we should unnecessarily check the full invention of the poet\*. The imagination of man, when instinct with the true soul of poetry, loves to revel wild amid all *that the extreme outline of nature can allow*; and therefore to say unto him on a rule of art, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no further," while the encouraging smile of nature is beckoning him onward, is placing the law of man in opposition to *her* law, without whom no poetry can exist, and no truth be elicited. Development is the right hand of nature: she rejoiceth in delineating the fine and minute fibres of a leaf; she delighteth in particularising the feathers on the wing of a sparrow; and in like manner the dramatist, her votary, seeks to give expression to each delicate ramification of the human passions. But this the unities forbid: their observance hurries us to the effect to the detriment of the cause; and for this reason, as long as morals are dependent on causes, morals, the aim of all just dramatic writing, must suffer. They are but idle Rosicrucians who would draw gold from this alembic of the unities, instead of seeking it in its indigenous mines of nature and of truth.

Having thus run through the arguments of those who would insist on the necessity of the observance of the unities in dramatic writing, it may be proper, before I

\* Diderot's observation on this point is worthy of our attention: "Plus d'unité, peu d'action, point d'intérêt."—*Poésie Dramatique*.

conclude, to point out how far unity has been preserved by the Greek tragedians, and how far our Shakspeare has observed the same principle.

The great difference between a dramatic and any other work is, that the former has but a moment wherein to make its several impressions; while the latter, coming before us in the shape of a book instead of a scenic illusion, may be studied at leisure, and considered and reconsidered before a final decision is pronounced. The primary object of the dramatist, therefore, must always be to shape his details in such a manner, that they may appear to form the natural links of an easy chain of circumstances, so that the spectator may never be at a loss to understand at the very moment of action what each object is intended to convey. This being the case, care must be taken that the persons introduced on the stage have a direct or sinister bearing towards the crisis that awaits us at the last scene, and that they all tend towards the prime landmark of the representation. This is what I understand by unity of action; and this unity has been observed by no one more sincerely than by Shakspeare, with the exception, perhaps, of his English historical plays, where he has rather aimed at giving an animated and amusing sketch of some of the principal events of each king's reign. But this unity of action consists of two parts; a unity of *de facto* action, and a unity of mental action; and, as far superior as the mind is to the body, so far is the unity of mental action superior to the unity of *de facto* action; besides which, the former necessarily includes the latter, though the latter may exist without the former.

It is in this mental unity of action that Shakspeare shines so illustriously, astounding the reader by the

subtlety and vast comprehension of design with which he conducts the purpose of the soul from its earliest birth to its final consummation. Take, for instance, *Timon of Athens*—one of the most purely intellectual of all his plays. That which is falsely called the “poetical” justice of the drama, may be said to terminate with the watery feasting to which he invites the mouth-friends of his prosperity. But the poet’s object was to pourtray the disgust of a sensitive mind at the falseness of the world; and, in the richness of his imagination, he has gone on filling the cup of character, even to its very epitaph. And yet, if this play was to be submitted to the Boileaus or the Voltaires, we should no doubt be told that it violated the unity of action; forgetting that we have precisely the same thing in the *Antigone* of Sophocles; there the *de facto* action of the piece is the funeral honours which *Antigone* resolves to pay her brother’s corpse, in spite of the interdict of the tyrant *Creon*; but the mental action is the firm purpose of her soul, which is displayed as fully after she has succeeded in rendering the funeral rites as before. Nor let it be said that *Antigone* was a play of doubtful quality; for we have it on record, that the Athenians were so pleased with it, that on its first representation they presented Sophocles with the government of Samos, and caused the tragedy itself to be represented thirty-two times in succession.

The same remark holds good with all Shakspeare’s finest productions. In *Macbeth*, the single mental action is the Scot’s ambition—not the murder of the rightful king: in *Hamlet* it is the morbid madness of the Prince of Denmark—not the death of the traitor uncle: in *Julius Cæsar*, it is the patriotic integrity and regenerative ardour of Brutus—not the destruction of the

Roman usurper. And yet, in all these instances, though months or years are occupied, the audience has no time to count their lapse, but is hurried irresistibly onward by the mystic wand of the magician until the crisis is accomplished.

I have already alluded to the trilogies of the Greek dramatists; and they will, on this occasion, be useful to us for the purpose of ascertaining how far a real observance of the unities obtained in Athens. According to the accounts which have reached us, the dramatic poet, who contended for the prize, was required to produce three dramas for the same day, each of which was acted in succession, and the judgment taken on the whole. The consequence of this was, that though each separate drama of the trilogy had a distinct plot of its own, the whole three were, nevertheless, connected together, by means of a common fate pervading the result of each. Thus, in the only perfect trilogy that the devouring hand of time has spared us—the Orestiad of Æschylus—are combined the three dramas, Agamemnon, Electra, and the Eumenides: the first of these delineates the murder of Agamemnon by his wife Clytemnestra and her paramour; the second, the murder of Ægisthus and Clytemnestra by Orestes, her son; and the third, the pursuit of Orestes by the Furies for the murder of his mother; and the final expurgation of the matricide by the gods. Here, therefore, though we have three distinct *de facto* actions, we have only one mental one, which is the power and determination of the gods to punish the crimes of men. The death of Agamemnon is attributed, by Clytemnestra, to his own sacrifice of his daughter Iphigenia; the death of Clytemnestra and Ægisthus is in avengement of the death of Agamemnon;

and the torture of Orestes by the Furies is in retribution of his having raised his hand against his mother's life; till, at the close of the trilogy, a nice line is drawn in favour of the son, who by one and the same act proved both his piety and his wickedness. I have already shown that it is a mistake to say that the Greeks preserved the unities of time or place.' We here see that, through the medium of a trilogy, the unity of action, commonly so called, was equally infringed; and I therefore think that we may now come safely to the conclusion, that our own arch-poet Shakspeare can no longer justly be said to be in collision with the most illustrious of his predecessors on the question of the unities.

Such other differences as there may be between them, it is no part of this essay to dilate upon; and I would therefore merely observe, that to say there can be no improvement upon the Grecian model, because we borrow our form and outline from it, is as preposterous as to say that the Greeks themselves could not improve upon the Egyptian style of architecture, because from that country they took their earliest hints in the formation of a column, or the moulding of a cornice. The mind of genius is progressive: it almost intuitively imbibes that which is already extant; and then launches into new creations of its own. No one says the Thespian cart was the acmé; no one asserts the vagabond stage, rife with a monkish mystery, was the consummation. Why, then, are we to pronounce that that which was an improvement upon these, may not in its turn be improved?

Above all, let us beware how we clog the aspirations of genius with the fetters of foregone rules. No man can lay down laws for the track of a comet: it performs its own incalculable course, in spite of the *dicta* of

astronomers. Even so does genius; and those who would inflict rules upon it, beyond the one single law of nature, are of that unimaginative order, who would make poetry a science;—as there are those who would shackle music, and prevent a Freischutz;—or dogmatise painting, and discard a Rembrandt.

Shakspeare is not for such men as these. Let them make their laws for Phaeton—not for Phœbus. Our poet is peculiarly and in his own right the child of nature\*. He felt that the soul of man does not reckon by minutes; but as the eye sees all, and the ears hear all within their orbit, so the soul can embrace the largest circle of any individual passion. Let these Unitarians, if they will, pass Plato's law of banishment on our dramatist!—he shall be led forth from their rectangular precincts, garlanded with flowers more sweet than even those his own Ophelia gathered, and carrying in his train the true and the honest-hearted, as Coriolanus was followed by the optimates of the city, when sent into exile on an unjust sentence. Let these prosaic scholiasts cry "Athens to the rescue!" till they are hoarse. The poets of Athens will not battle on the side of those who use their ancient and valuable authorities as Ulysses did the Æolian bag of winds—opening but a corner to waft them forward, well knowing that the discovery of the whole would drive them at one burst back to the point from which they started. The Greeks, it is true, discovered the spring of the drama, which may be likened to the head of the Nile: in their time, and since, onward it came rolling, like that river, through fertile

\* "If ever any author deserved the name of an original, it was Shakspeare. Homer himself drew not his art so immediately from the fountains of nature."—*Pope*.

and luxuriant lands ; till at last it remained for the arch-navigator Shakspeare to arrive at the very Delta of the stream, and to hurry his readers impetuously into the vast and boundless ocean of all that is poetical and sublime.

“ Pride of his own, and wonder of this age,  
 Who first created, and yet rules our stage ;  
 Bold to design, all powerful to express,  
 Shakspeare each passion drew in every dress :  
 Great above rule—and imitating none—  
 Rich without borrowing—Nature was his own.”—MALLET.

## L I N E S,

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE HELIOTROPE.

*E così la Belta**Rapidissimamente, oh Dio ! Sen va.—LEMENE.*

THE rose upon her cheek was red ;  
 And on its faithless tint relying,  
 Though languor came and vigour fled,  
 We little dreamt that she was dying.

We bore her to the Tuscan shore  
 Where Arno rolls—a stream of gladness !  
 But Alps and Ocean traversed o'er,  
 Still added sorrow to our sadness !

Yet long, unblanched, upon her cheek  
 The rose of England loved to linger ;  
 But well the hectic's glowing streak  
 Told where Decay had set her finger.

Devoted beauty !—days went by—  
 Sad days !—that but matured the canker,  
 Yet found her still with cloudless eye,  
 Like Hope reposing on her anchor !

So when autumnal suns arise,  
 And nature's radiant form is lightest,  
 The leaf is clothed in richest guise,  
 And withers while the tint is brightest !



## MEMOIR OF THE HON. MISS GARDNER.

THE Hon. Miss Charlotte Susannah Gardner, is only daughter of Lord Gardner, and niece of Lord Carrington.

Theophilus Gardner, of Coleraine, in Londonderry, was father of Captain William Gardner, who commanded a company in the army of King William III., in defence of that city. His son and heir, William Gardner, Esq., married Elizabeth, daughter of Valentine Farrington, Esq., M.D., by whom he had twelve children.

The gallant Admiral, Allan Gardner, born 12th April, 1742, their fourth son, was created a baronet in 1794; and for his eminent naval services, particularly in the memorable battle of the 1st of June, 1794, was raised to the Irish peerage, by the title of Baron Gardner of Uttoxeter, in 1800: in 1806, he was created Baron Gardner of Uttoxeter in Stafford, in the Peerage of the United Kingdom.

Baron Gardner married, 20th May, 1769, Susannah Hyde, only daughter and heir of F. Gale, Esq., by whom he had issue,

Allan Hyde, second Lord, a warrant issued for whose creation to the dignity of Viscount of the United Kingdom was published in the Gazette, but his Lordship dying in 1815, before the patent had passed the Great Seal, it never took effect. His Lordship married the Hon. Charlotte Elizabeth Smith, third daughter of Lord

## THE FORCED MARRIAGE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "ISLAND BRIDE."

THE evening was dark and chill. Gertrude Fielding strolled pensively along the avenue that led to her home, a neat parsonage house in the parish of —, of which her father was the vicar. Ideas at once ominous and dispiriting poured rapidly through her mind as she approached the door. A throe of the fiercest anguish was felt at her heart when she directed her thoughts onward to the morrow, which was to see her a bride—but of whom? Of a man whom she loathed, yet had consented to espouse, in order to evade the frightful alternative of a father's curse.

Her affianced suitor was a bachelor of immense wealth, but old, ungainly, and without a single virtue to balance these two latter disadvantages; while she was poor indeed, but young, beautiful, and innocent. Her sordid parent had readily embraced the offer of a wealthy debauchee, calculating, in the selfishness of his ambition, that such a connexion would confer upon himself an importance from the coveted enjoyment of which his narrow means had hitherto debarred him, and prove at the same time a stepping-stone to the advancement of his younger children, of whom he had several, and of which his quiver was not yet full. Poor Gertrude was to be immolated upon the altar of interest, a shrine upon which far worse than pagan sacrifices are frequently offered. She looked forward to the moment which was to unite her to a withered but wealthy sensualist, with

Carrington, and has issue, Allan Legge, present and third Lord.

Hon. Charlotte Susannah, born 29th December, 1810, the subject of our present memoir.

## SONNET.

“ *Se lamentar augelli* ”—PETRARCA.

BY ALICIA LEFANU.

IF birds, complaining sad, or verdant leaves  
That softly whisper to the summer air,  
Or the deep murmur of the lucid waves,  
(Stretched on a fresh and flowery bank) I hear  
For *her* the lay my pensive bosom weaves  
Whom earth conceals—who gilds the heavenly sphere—  
I see, I hear her still, for still she lives,  
Responsive still, my sighs can reach her ear—  
“ Ah ! why before thy time consume away ? ”  
With pitying look she cries. Why ever stream  
Thus thy sad eyes, to cureless grief a prey ?  
Weep not for me, nor for this mortal frame ;—  
Now, basking glorious in eternal day  
Those eyes I seem'd to close with endless rapture beam.

a feeling little short of feverish disgust. She repaired early to her chamber, her temples throbbing, and the whole mass of her blood bounding through her frame, as if the "great deep" of the heart was "broken up" and a deluge was pouring through every vein, and threw herself upon her bed with a sigh so deep and poignant, that it seemed as though the very soul had been suddenly forced from the fair tenement in which it was enshrined, by one fierce convulsion of concentrated agony.

The stars were bright in the heavens, but her destiny was dim and clouded. They appeared only as heavenly mockers of earthly woe. She had ceased to weep, to sigh, to murmur. Her sufferings were too acute for tears, for sighs, for murmurings; hers were the silent, unseen, absorbing agonies of despair. She did not sleep, or, if her senses were for a moment "lapped in oblivion," frightful dreams interrupted her slumbers, and she started from her pillow with the perturbation of bewildered horror, which too plainly told the intensity of her soul's emotions.

On the following morning, pale and unrefreshed, with forebodings that struck like so many ice-bolts through her heart, she descended to the parlour, where a tolerably splendid breakfast was provided for those friends who had been invited to the wedding, and who shortly after assembled. The bridegroom was the last to make his appearance, but his bodily infirmities might have been fairly pleaded as his excuse; still he did not take advantage of a plea so extremely natural in an aged beau, though not very flattering either to his bride's choice or to his own discretion. Gertrude was dressed without a single ornament except a white rose in her hair, which she wore at the express desire of her mother;

and though the suitor had presented her with sundry jewels and various expensive trinkets, they remained in their cases, to her worse than valueless, as they were mementos of a sacrifice that would taint the pure spring of her existence, and make it henceforth gush from its troubled fountain, charged with the bitters of "gall and wormwood." Her eyes were dim with weeping. She saluted her friends mournfully, while her father affected a boisterous mirth that strikingly contrasted with the deep solemn gloom which was fixed upon his daughter's cheek, like an icicle upon the opening primrose.

When the bridegroom was announced, Mr. Fielding darted towards the door to assist him from his carriage, from which he descended with some difficulty, and a few grimaces, and then hobbled into the room with all the decrepit agility of threescore and six, augmented by a life of early debauchery and continued indulgence. He was dressed with the elaborate gaiety of a confirmed "man of the town;" his legs, which from the inclination of his head towards the horizon, formed almost a right angle with his upper man, were forced into a pair of light web pantaloons that showed to a miracle the prodigious preponderancy of skin and bone over flesh and blood. He shuffled towards the bride with a disgusting chuckle of delight, and courteously kissed her forehead; but she shrank from his contaminating touch with an instinctive loathing, and was about to evade the revolting caress, when her father's frown checked her. She passively submitted to the endearments of the senile representative of manhood with whom she was doomed to link her destiny.

The marriage ceremony was performed by the bride's father. Pale, yet with a firm step and calm self-posses-

sion, she approached the altar, but when she was required to repeat the solemn declaration of conjugal fidelity and affection, her voice faltered, and, in spite of the natural energy of her resolution, she could scarcely articulate the customary obligation. She had, however, wound up her lacerated spirit to a pitch of determination which enabled her to go through the awful ceremony, though as soon as it was finished, the tension of her mind, which had been too high, was instantly relaxed, and, overcome by her feelings, she fell back upon the cold stones of the chancel. The poor emaciated bridegroom hobbled about in a paroxysm of distress, attributing to any cause but the right, what he termed her extraordinary emotion. A little water and hartshorn soon restored the unhappy Gertrude to consciousness and to misery. With a trifling exertion of her moral energies she shortly recovered her self-possession, signed for the last time her maiden name in the parish register, and left the church with a heart less heavy than when she entered it, as the die was now cast, and the climax of agony had been endured.

She returned to her father's house, took a melancholy farewell of her family, and entering a splendid carriage drawn by four blood bays, set off with her venerable husband for his magnificent mansion in a distant county. It was anything but a lively journey. The exertion of travelling seemed to affect the old gentleman greatly, for he had only arrived the night before at the town of —, about six miles from the vicarage of his bride's father, and so long a journey had sadly discomposed his shattered and attenuated frame. In spite of his professed joy at the possession of a young and beautiful wife, he frequently complained of fatigue, of stiffness in his limbs, and

expressed a querulous desire to be at his journey's end; while Gertrude, little disposed to take part in a conversation of any kind, much less in one which had his inconveniences alone for its subject, and feeling besides little sympathy for the dilapidated piece of humanity to which parental authority had forced her to ally herself, sat silent, and absorbed in a reverie of moody anticipations. The husband, not suspecting the cause of her silence—for his vanity was always a sad bar to his judgment when his own qualities, of whatever kind, whether mental or physical, were the objects of it—attributed her reluctance to assert her woman's privilege to timidity, or to that maidenly bashfulness natural, as he 'deemed, to a girl educated in the country, and therefore utterly unfamiliar with the usages of fashionable life. But his guess was immensely wide of the mark, for neither timidity nor bashfulness were features in Gertrude's character. As they travelled with extreme expedition, on the evening of the next day they arrived at the end of their journey, when the bride was ushered into the splendid mansion of which she was to be the future mistress, and which rivalled in magnificence the noblest establishments in the kingdom.

Time soon wore off the edge of disquietude, and by degrees Gertrude, now Mrs. Delorme, became reconciled to her condition. That she could be happy was impossible, but the pangs of mental suffering became at length so blunted, and her sensibility so deadened, that, though she had ceased to enjoy, she had also ceased to suffer. Her life was one dull, dead calm, neither convulsed by the desolating storm, nor refreshed by the gentle breeze. Her only hope of amelioration to the uniform insipidity of her condition lay in the prospect

of an eventful release from the easy, indeed, but spiritless bondage to which she was for the present doomed. Her eye was never lighted by a smile, and that lovely glow which used to spread such a rich suffusion over her fair cheek had ceased to mantle there, while the sober melancholy, nay the almost severe gravity, of her aspect, was looked upon by her husband in the uxoriousness of dotage, as an indubitable manifestation of that conjugal discretion, which, to a man of his advanced years, was in a wife a thing "most devoutly to be wished."

Old Delorme had a nephew, of whom he professed to be extremely fond, the son of an only sister long since dead, from whom he inherited a good property, and looked forward to his uncle's decease for a considerable augmentation, which his venerable relative had always led him to expect. He was a remarkably handsome youth, of gentle manners and easy address. His habits were regular, and he was much respected by his friends. His uncle reposed the greatest confidence in his discretion and integrity, scarcely did any thing without consulting him, and relied upon his honour as implicitly as he did upon his own sagacity. The presence of this youth, though at first by no means a welcome circumstance to the deadened feelings of Mrs. Delorme, at length seemed to chequer the gloominess of her condition with a faint ray of satisfaction, and dissipated by degrees that morbid heaviness of thought and reflection to which, upon her arrival at her new abode, she had unreservedly given way. Her spirits, however, had been too violently shattered ever to resume their wonted elasticity. They were not, after a dislocation so terrible and complete, to be brought back again into their former channel of easy, unapprehensive gaiety; nevertheless young Theodore's



presence afforded some relief to the dull uniformity of a scene, where, to her warped and saddened spirit, everything was overspread with the sullen hue of misery; indeed her situation would have scarcely been endurable but for his presence; still she felt a void in her existence which she knew not how to fill up. She was occasionally visited by her parents and sisters, yet she was anything but happy. Her husband grew more and more peevish as his days increased and his infirmities multiplied, until he became perfectly intolerable. Will it be wondered at that she looked forward to her release from such a state of domestic thralldom with a restless and impatient anxiety?

Gertrude at length gave promise of becoming a mother; this, however, seemed to awaken no joy in the old man's bosom; all the springs of sensibility were dried up within him, and left it a barren wilderness, prolific only in the rank growth of cankered passion and swinish selfishness. His heart was callous to any refinements of feeling; not that the frost of apathy had so completely chilled it as to render him insensible to the blessings of an heir; but he appeared to be the prey of dark suspicions, which though he did not indeed openly express them, were more than indicated in his manner and conduct. He was so morose and sullen, that his wife approached him as seldom as possible, which only augmented his constitutional peevishness and irritability. She was, however, happily soon released from the torments of his jealousy. He died suddenly one evening of apoplexy during a debauch, in which he was accustomed but too frequently to indulge, leaving her a widow after she had been just five years a wife. All her late husband's property was left to her, his nephew not being so much as named in the will.

Here, indeed, was a change in her destiny, but the worm had gnawed at the root of her happiness too long for it ever again to shoot forth with its former strength and luxuriance. It was a scathed trunk, alive, indeed, but blasted. She was left mistress of thirty thousand a year at the age of four and twenty, with an only child; still she was not happy. The fountain of joy was tainted at the source—the canker of grief had reached the very core of her heart. A blight seemed to have passed over her womanhood. The smile had faded from her cheek with its bloom, and she had ceased to find any relish either in society or in domestic enjoyments. She looked upon her child with an indifference, bordering upon apathy, which spoke not much for her maternal solicitude, nor the acuteness of her sensibility. This had been so seared, as to leave her almost callous to the more exquisite sympathies of her sex.

Theodore had quitted the house as soon as his uncle died, and the widow was left to that seclusion which was now no longer unwelcome to her, but which, though preferred, under certain states of mind, to the bustle of intercourse, has nevertheless no charms to soothe a warped spirit, but only “ministers to a mind diseased” its own gloom and asperity. She soon became dissatisfied with the stately mansion in which she had been so long immured, surrounded as it was with all that wealth could purchase to render it delightful, but which to her never presented any thing save one continued scene of “splendid misery.” She determined, therefore, to quit the country, where scenes of continued and bitter recollection had become odious to her, and take up her final residence abroad.

It appeared strange to every one, that so young and lovely a woman should shut herself out almost from

human intercourse, and resolve to exile herself from her family and friends in the very prime of youth, and while her beauty, though faded rather from sorrow than the influence of years, was still predominant. But the secret springs which actuate human motives and determinations are frequently inscrutable, even to ourselves; and Mrs. Delorme, if it were in her power, appeared not disposed to resolve a question which was evident to no mind but her own. A mystery seemed to hang over the youthful widow, which no one was able to unravel, and in spite of the surmises that grew every day more and more rife in the neighbourhood, she ordered notices to be circulated announcing the immediate sale of the estate and family mansion of her late husband. In the course of a few weeks they fell into the hands of a new proprietor, and the young widow with her child left this country for the south of France, to seek in a foreign land that repose of spirit which had been so long denied her in her own. But, alas! she found it not. The wound had gone too deeply beyond the surface to be cicatrised—the desolation had been too complete to be removed under a brighter sun. There was evidently some secret cause of discontent, of melancholy, of wretchedness, which no one could penetrate, and upon which she was herself gravely and solemnly silent. The increasing austerity of her manner had something in it more awful than repulsive, and she excited the sympathy of all, though she sought the confidence of none.

Nismes was the place finally fixed upon by her for her future destination, as it was more retired and less visited by her countrymen than other towns. Here the same asperity of character, by which she had lately been distinguished, continued, and in fact visibly increased

with her years. She declined all communication with her relatives, to whom it was reported, and by them believed, that soon after she settled abroad her child had died, and she had devoted herself to a life of religious seclusion. She was never seen to smile. Her boy grew rapidly, and as he advanced in years, gave promise of a quickness of capacity that might finally lead to distinction. Though she appeared to treat him with sufficient indifference, she nevertheless paid particular attention to his education. He had all the advantages that the town and neighbourhood in which she resided could supply. He was a handsome youth, buoyant in spirits, and determined in character, which his mother did not discourage; in fact, whether from indolence or indifference was not evident, she sought not to divert the natural bias of his disposition, but left it to the direction of its own impulses, and thus the qualities of the mind and heart, both good and evil, grew unchecked by parental discipline into rapid and varied luxuriance; so that he acquired an ardour of temperament which frequently hurried him into rash adventures, though he as frequently gave proofs of the generous warmth of his feelings by the most sanguine displays of benevolence.

Henry Delorme finished his education by availing himself of the last benefit of a German university. He was now a young man of one-and-twenty, vigorous in constitution, of acute understanding, and of a generous, though somewhat indomitable disposition. He absolutely adored his mother, who, in his partial judgment, was incomparable both in mind and person. She was now three and forty, still handsome, in spite of the secret sorrow to which she had appeared to be so long a prey. The mind's disease was not communicated to the frame; it was merely indicated in the latter by an habitual

paleuess and grave repose of the features, from which they were never seen to relax. She saw no company, and though she affected no sort of austerity, she could *not conceal that she felt it*, and there continued that *unaccountable mystery in her whole deportment*, which gave rise to the perpetual whispers of curiosity, and even provoked the surmises of superstition. Such as had been at first anxious to court her society, at length shunned it altogether, from an idle apprehension that the "dark lady," as she was called, for she always wore mourning, might have a nearer communion with "black spirits and white, blue spirits and grey," than was altogether seemly in a good Christian. Harry's home was, therefore, somewhat dull; but so ardent was his attachment to his mother, that he overlooked every personal inconvenience for the sake of administering to her comfort, and endeavoured to relieve the uniform dulness of his home by all those "appliances and means" which a tender solicitude suggests to an affectionate heart.

About this time an accident occurred, which, in its issue, led to the explanation of Mrs. Delorme's habitual reserve, and mysterious gravity of deportment. One day she was walking—

"As was her custom in an afternoon,"

in a retired part of the town, accompanied by her son, when, upon turning the corner of a street, she suddenly and unexpectedly met Theodore Mackenzie. At the sight of one whom she was so little prepared to meet, she started; her lips became ashy pale, and she nearly fainted in her son's arms, who bore her to a neighbouring shop, where, after a while, she recovered, when he accompanied her home. Though she soon resumed her wonted serenity, it was evident that she had been deeply

agitated. Henry, knowing her inflexible reserve, and her nervous irritability, when any attempt was made to dissipate it, forbore to question her, though he was painfully anxious to ascertain why the sight of an apparent stranger should have produced such a powerful effect upon her usually imperturbable temperament. He was extremely uneasy, and the more his mind dwelt upon the circumstance, the more anxious did he feel to resolve the question. It was something higher than mere curiosity that actuated his feelings. Affection for his parent was the mainspring of every action which had any reference to her, and knowing that to ask an explanation from her would render her uneasy, and probably excite her anger, he determined at once to seek the party who had been the cause of her disquietude, and demand the explanation from him. With this view, without the least intimation of his intention, either by word or gesture, he repaired to the principal hotel of the town, where he ascertained that a Colonel Mackenzie had arrived the preceding day; and upon being ushered into that gentleman's apartment, he immediately recognised in him the person, at the sight of whom his mother had become so strangely agitated. Upon seeing Harry, there appeared to be a supercilious expression on the Colonel's countenance, while his manner was neither courteous nor conciliatory. It has been already said that young Delorme was naturally impetuous, and that his mother was at once the pride of his heart, and the centre of his affections. The most transient thought that conveyed the least imaginable imputation upon her, would have been to him, at any time, an excitement and an agony, but doubly so at this moment, when he felt that some disagreeable mystery hung over the parent on whom he so fondly doted, which she was evidently anxious to conceal.

Upon observing the cold and scornful smile which curled Mackenzie's lip, as he haughtily motioned to his visiter to be seated, Harry Delorme paused, and fixed his dark eye steadfastly on his, while every drop of blood rushed from his face, and left it pale as marble. Mackenzie quailed not at the glance, but returned it with a look of still more withering scorn. Young Delorme could no longer control the passion which he had hitherto but imperfectly smothered, and demanded, in no very measured terms, an explanation of what had just occurred to the lady with whom he had been in company.

"What right have you to ask that question?"

"I am her privileged protector," was the reply.

"Her privileged protector!" This was no sooner uttered than Harry, roused by the tone of bitter sarcasm in which it was delivered, paused not a moment, but struck the offender violently in the face. The interview terminated in an agreement to meet on the instant at a convenient place in the neighbourhood, and settle their dispute at the point of the sword. There was little time for preparation, and as both were greatly excited, no explanation was either demanded or given, and both repaired to the appointed spot, actuated by the most hostile determination. Delorme spoke not a word to the friend who accompanied him, yet the heedless celerity of his progress, the dark flush upon his cheek, and the wild glare of his eye, but too plainly indicated his untractable sternness of purpose. His mind was absorbed in the contemplation of what might be the terrible issue of the encounter. Harry Delorme was an expert swordsman; and, as he had been the person challenged, he had a right to a choice of weapons; but when the parties reached the ground, upon Colonel

*Mackenzie representing his utter want of skill in the management of the sword, his adversary agreed to decide the matter with a pair of pistols with which the challenger was provided. He knew himself to be a tolerably expert shot; and, therefore, considered that he could not stand much at a disadvantage with his opponent.*

The ground was now paced by one of the seconds, while the principals seemed to eye each other with that mute, calm scrutiny, too silent for words, and too terrible for description. Nine paces were at length measured, when the parties took their respective stations. At the word fire, both discharged their pistols, when Colonel Mackenzie fell instantly dead. He did not utter a groan; the ball had entered the right temple, and passed quite through the brain. The moment Harry saw the fatal issue of his rashness, he was overcome with sudden remorse. In an instant all his resentment subsided, his heart melted, tears streamed over his cheeks, and he would have sacrificed any thing, but his parent's honour and his own, to have restored the unhappy man who had so wantonly provoked him to this deed of blood. He felt that the rashness of a moment would render him miserable for life, and, moreover, that this rashness had prevented the explanation which he so anxiously sought, and was now only to be obtained from her who alone could make it, but from whom he felt the most invincible reluctance to seek it. He went home in a state of mind to be conceived only, not described. By this time the evening had set in, and his mother had been somewhat uneasy at his absence. She perceived upon his entrance that he was agitated, but with her usual indifference merely remarked that she had expected him home earlier, then left him to his reflections and his remorse.



The fatal event was, of course, soon known, and it shortly reached the ears of Mrs. Delorme that her son had killed an officer in a duel. She instantly entered his chamber, where he was seated upon the bed, bathed in tears. There was a slight quiver on her lip, and a hurried movement in her gait as she entered, which struck her son as a thing so unusual with her, that he started from the bed, hurried to her side, and eagerly demanded the cause of her visit.

"Harry," she replied, with that sort of deep deathly calmness which precedes the earthquake, "I hear you have been the principal in a fatal duel."

"Alas, mother, it is but too true!"

"What is the name of the unfortunate man?"

"Colonel Theodore Mackenzie."

At the mention of the well-remembered name, the countenance of Mrs. Delorme became ghastly—every drop of blood receded from her lips—her eyes fixed upon her son's with an expression of speechless horror, when, after the pause of a few moments, in which the whole mass of his blood seemed frozen in his veins, she exclaimed, in a voice of terrific solemnity—"THEN YOU HAVE MURDERED YOUR FATHER."

## PARIS ON THE MORNING OF LOUIS THE SIXTEENTH'S EXECUTION.

TRANSLATED BY MRS. HEMANS, FROM THE BASVIGLIANA,—THE  
MOST CELEBRATED POLITICAL POEM OF MONTI.

Hugh Basville, envoy of the French Revolutionary Government, was put to death at Rome by the Pope, for an attempt to excite sedition. The subject of Monti's poem is the condemnation of Basville's spirit to traverse France, under the guidance of a chastising angel, and contemplate the misfortunes and reverses to which he has contributed. He is supposed to enter Paris, with his immortal guide, at the moment preceding the Execution of Louis XVI.

THE air was heavy, and the brooding skies  
Looked fraught with omens, as to harmonise  
With his pale aspect. Through the forest round  
Not a leaf whisper'd, and the only sound  
That broke the stillness was a streamlet's moan,  
Murmuring amidst the rocks with plaintive tone,  
As if a storm within the woodland bowers  
Were gathering. On they moved, and lo! the towers  
Of a far city nearer now they drew,  
And all reveal'd, expanding on their view,  
The Babylon, the scene of crimes and woes—  
Paris, the guilty, the devoted, rose.

\* \* \* \* \*

In the dark mantle of a cloud arrayed,  
Viewless and hush'd, the angel and the shade  
Enter'd that evil city. Onward passed  
The heavenly being first, with brow o'er-cast,  
And troubled mien; while in his glorious eyes  
Tears had obscured the splendour of the skies.  
Pale with dismay the trembling spirit saw  
That alter'd aspect, and in breathless awe  
Marked the strange silence round. The deep-toned swell  
Of life's full tide was hush'd; the sacred bell,  
The clamorous anvil, mute: all sounds were fled  
Of labour or of mirth, and in their stead

Terror and stillness ! boding signs of woe—  
 Inquiring glances, rumours whisper'd low ;  
 Questions half uttered, jealous looks, that keep  
 A fearful watch around ; and sadness deep,  
 That weighs upon the heart ; and voices heard  
 At intervals, in many a broken word ;  
*Voices of mothers, trembling as they press'd*  
*Th' unconscious infant closer to their breast ;*  
 Voices of wives, with fond imploring cries,  
 And the wild eloquence of tears and sighs,  
 On their own thresholds striving to detain  
 Their fierce impatient lords ; but weak and vain  
 Affection's gentle bonds ; in that dread hour  
 Of fate and fury love hath lost his power,  
 For evil spirits are abroad—the air  
 Breathes of such influence : Druid phantoms there,  
 Fired by that thirst for victims which of old  
 Raged in their bosoms fierce and uncontroll'd,  
 Rush, in ferocious transport, to survey  
 The deepest crime that e'er hath dimm'd the day.  
 Blood, human blood, hath stain'd their vests and hair,  
 On the winds tossing with a sanguine glare,  
 Scattering red showers around them. Flaming brands,  
 And serpent scourges, in their ruthless hands  
 Are wildly shaken ; others lift on high  
 The steel, the envenom'd bowl, and hurrying by  
 With touch of fire, contagious fury dart  
 Through mortal veins, fast kindling to the heart.

Then comes the rush of crowds ! restrain'd no more,  
 Fast from each home the frenzied inmates pour ;  
 From every heart affrighted mercy flies,  
 While her soft voice amidst the tumult dies.  
 Then the earth trembles, as from street to street  
 The tramp of steeds, the press of hastening feet ;  
 The roll of wheels, all mingled in the breeze,  
 Come deepening onward, as the swell of seas  
 Heard at dead midnight ; or the sullen moan  
 Of gathering storms, or hollow boding tone  
 Of far-off thunder. *Then* what anguish press'd,  
 O wretched Basville ! on thy guilty breast.

What pangs were thine, then fated to behold  
 Death's awful banner to the wind unroll'd !  
 To see the axe, the scaffold rais'd on high,  
 The dark impatience of the murderer's eye,  
 Eager for crime ! And he the great, the good,  
 Thy martyr-king, by men athirst for blood,  
 Dragg'd to a felon's death ! Yet still his mien  
 Midst that wild throng, is loftily serene,  
 And his step falters not ! O hearts unmov'd !  
 Where have you borne your monarch ? He who loved—  
 Loved you so well ! Behold the sun grows pale,  
 Shrouding his glory in a tearful veil.  
 The misty air is silent as in dread,  
 And the dim sky with shadowy gloom o'erspread,  
 While saints and martyrs, spirits of the blest,  
 Look down all weeping from their bowers of rest.

\*   \*   \*   \*   \*

In that dread moment, to the fatal pile  
 The kingly victim came, and rais'd, the while,  
 His patient glance, with such an aspect high,  
 So firm, so calm in holy majesty,  
 That e'en th' assassin's heart one instant shook  
 Before the might of that ascendant look,  
 And a strange thrill of pity, half renew'd,  
 Stirr'd through the bosom of the multitude.

\*   \*   \*   \*   \*

Like him who, breathing mercy to the last,  
 Pray'd 'till the bitterness of death was past,  
 Ev'n for his murderers pray'd, in that dark hour  
 When his soul yielded to affliction's power,  
 And the wind bore his dying cry abroad—  
 “ *Hast thou forsaken me, my God, my God ?* ”  
 E'en thus the monarch stood ; his prayer arose  
 Thus calling down forgiveness on his foes ;  
 “ To Thee my spirit I commend,” he cried,—  
 “ And my lost people ;—Father, be their guide ! ”

\*   \*   \*   \*   \*

But the sharp steel descends : the blow is given,  
 And answer'd by a thunder-~~peal~~ from heaven ;  
 Earth, stain'd with blood, convulsive terror owns,  
 And her kings tremble on their distant thrones.

## BEAUMONT LODGE,

THE SEAT OF VISCOUNT ASHBROOK.

OLD Windsor may be appropriately termed a village of villas, whose contrasted forms and situation, with the ancient elms that shade the banks of the majestic Thames, render it a polished scene of rural beauty. In former times, it was the seat of several Saxon kings, and in the reign of William the First was recorded to have possessed a hundred houses; but when that monarch fixed his residence on the neighbouring hill, it sank gradually into decay, and New Windsor arose under the guardianship and protection of the fortress he erected.

In this place, Beaumont Lodge is a distinguished object. The original mansion was built by Henry Frederick Thynne, afterwards Lord Weymouth, in the beginning of the last century, who made it his constant place of residence. This nobleman was an ancestor of the present Marquis of Bath, and died in the year 1705, since which period it has frequently changed its owners.

The Duchess of Kent was the next occupant of this beautifully-situated seat; of whom, in the year 1750, it was purchased by the Duke of Roxburgh, for his son the Marquis of Beaumont. From this young nobleman it would seem to have acquired its present name; but in Rocque's map it is called Bowman Lodge; and in former times a family of that name was seated in the parish of Old Windsor,—to whom probably the ground on which the mansion was erected belonged. But as this is a question which, if not untimely entered upon,











may be productive of much interesting speculation to the future inquirer, we forbear to open the mine of antiquarian lore, which, some century or two hence, may, perhaps, ripen. "We hope it may be gold another day." At present it is but the dross of idle and unimportant conjecture.

Beaumont Lodge was afterwards the residence of the Duke of Cumberland, and the grandfather of the present Earl of Mulgrave was also for a short time the inhabitant of it.

It was here, likewise, that the celebrated Warren Hastings resided, against whom Burke fulminated his eloquent but futile invectives; and in the attractions of this charming spot the Ex-Governor General of Bengal doubtless felt that nature supplied him with some compensation for the bitter and personal malignity of the great orator. He, however, disposed of it at length to Henry Griffiths, Esq., a gentleman of considerable architectural taste, who pulled down the old building, with the exception of the west wing, and erected the present mansion, which lays claim to the distinction of being the first to display a new order of architecture, invented by Mr. Henry Emlyn, an architect of Windsor, and somewhat presumptuously styled—whether by the inventor himself, or by his injudicious admirers, we cannot say—the *British Order*.

This order is intended to celebrate, and is embellished with ornaments suggested by, the insignia of the Most Noble Order of the Garter. The corridor is composed of columns thirty-six feet eight inches in height, which are made to resemble twin-trees;—in the cleft, between the stems, instead of the protruding bark, the shield of a knight is introduced, which, together with the base, is

made of Portland stone. The capitals are of Coade's artificial composition, and are so formed as to resemble the plumage of a cap worn by the Knights of the Garter. Ionic volutes are interwoven in the front, with the star peculiar to the order between them. The gorge and collar are disposed in the metopes, and in the continued frieze other symbolical ornaments, such as naval and military trophies, constitute the chief embellishments of this invention of Mr. Emlyn, here first introduced.

Although, looking at it as a whole,—but more particularly as a building of itself—intended rather as an architectural experiment than as a specimen putting forth distinct claims to rivalry with the great productions of the ancients: although, viewing it in the former light, we might be disposed to admit at least that Mr. Emlyn's invention had novelty of composition to recommend it; yet let us not be forbidden to express a hope that it will never be put forth as a criterion of our national taste, or an evidence of our architectural genius. Indeed, we shall not, perhaps, be far wrong if we designate the notion—we cannot call it an idea—of founding a “British Order” of architecture upon the artificial insignia and decorations of an order of chivalry, as not only unpoetical, but absurd.

In our unbounded admiration of the architecture of Greece, and of the productions of what are sometimes, in the dimness of modern enlightenment, called “the dark ages,” we must consider any attempt to introduce, with a view to its adoption, an absolute new order into our own country, as attended with almost hopeless difficulties; and we must freely confess that there are very few in our own day from whom we could reasonably expect any achievement that should cause us willingly to dispense

with the numerous varieties of the classic and Gothic styles, in which we cannot but think all the resources of the architect have been exhausted.

But the situation of Beaumont Lodge will always render it a delightful residence. It stands on a rising ground—contiguous to the castle of Windsor, with its park and forest,—and at a short distance from the river, which here spreads at once into a large pool, and then resumes its former channel.

We are here irresistibly reminded of Drayton's lines in his neglected poem—the Polyolbion—in which he describes the winding of the river just before it reaches this beautiful spot. We can imagine the fascinated stream recalling his scattered spirits precisely as he makes this point,—and calling himself together, as it were, to be deliberating whether he had not better make up his mind to go to London in a respectable and sober manner. The reader shall judge whether we have not probability on our side in behalf of our conjectural imagining. Here is the passage—

“Set out with all this pomp when his imperial stream,  
Himself established sees amid his watery realm,  
His much-loved Henley leaves, and proudly doth pursue  
His wood-nymph Windsor's seat, her lovely site to view.  
Whose most delightful face, when as the river sees,  
Which shews herself attired in tall and stately trees,  
He in such earnest love with amorous gestures wooes,  
That looking still at her, his way was like to lose,  
And wandering in and out so wildly seems to go,  
As headlong he himself into her lap would throw.”

The pleasure-grounds appertaining to Beaumont Lodge consist of upwards of one hundred acres, rising in an easy ascent from the banks of the river to the summit of the hill behind—an ornamented upland, com-

prehending a walk of nearly two miles, leading to a winding and wavy terrace—to which is presented a prospect of exceeding variety, beauty, and interest. The principal feature consists of the stately towers of Windsor Castle, with a fine range of wood stretching on to the forest. St. Leonard's Hill, the seat of the Earl of Harcourt, is also seen.

In the foreground, the windings of the majestic river Thames, and the rich vale through which it flows,—and in the distance the most lofty edifices of the great metropolis, may be discerned.

The family of the present noble proprietor, Lord Ashbrook, were formerly seated in Rutlandshire. In the tenth year of Richard II., William Flore, of Oakham, Esquire, was sheriff of that county. In the reign of Elizabeth, however, George Flower sold his estate at that place, and, embracing a military life, became an active and distinguished officer against the rebels in Ireland,—and by that queen was knighted, and constituted governor and constable of the fort of Waterford, in the year 1627. William Flower, his direct descendant, of Durrow, in the county of Kilkenny, was raised to the peerage in 1733, under the title of Baron of Castle Durrow. This nobleman died in 1746, and his son Henry, in September 1751, was advanced to the title of Viscount Ashbrook.

The present nobleman is the fourth viscount, and succeeded his brother William in 1802. His lordship is said to possess considerable taste, having formed a cabinet of medals at a great expense, and been at much pains to collect from time to time, various articles of vertu. In early life he held a commission in the army, and served with honour under Sir Ralph Abercromby in Egypt.

## LINES

BY CHARLES VIRRAL, ESQ.

THE setting Sun ! the setting Sun ! how gorgeous in the west,  
 O'er-canopied in golden clouds, it proudly sinks to rest !  
 A blaze of fleeting glory gilds the sky, the land, the sea ;  
 How lovely, yet how full of sad and solemn thought to me !

It speaks of cheerful daylight past, of darkness hastening on ;  
 It brings to mind the gladsome hours that, now, alas, are gone !  
 It tells of youth departing fast, of health how soon decay'd,  
 Of hopes that blossom'd like the flowers—that blossom'd but to fade !

It tells of mirth to sadness changed, of pleasure turn'd to pain,  
 Of joys that glitter'd in our path, that now we seek in vain ;  
 It tells of beaming happiness in moody murmuring lost,  
 Of fervent friendship waxing cold, of fond affection crost !

It tells of love, triumphant love, that makes the heart his throne,  
 Then leaves his victim desolate, dejected, and alone ;  
 It tells of those we dearly prized, whose loss we now deplore,  
 It tells that we ourselves shall set, and weep our friends no more.

# BEETHOVEN.

BY GEORGE CAUNTER.

"He is full of harmony."—*Shakspeare.*

To the genius of Beethoven is instrumental music indebted for the high and intellectual character which it has assumed in Germany during the present century, and especially within the last fifteen years. Haydn, and after him Mozart, were the founders of modern concerted instrumental music, both chamber and orchestral; but neither ever looked forward to the immense range of power and effect, to the imposing sublimity and poetic grandeur subsequently imparted to this beautiful art by the immortal composer whom I have selected as the subject of the present sketch.

When Haydn first began those noble productions which gave the impetus to modern instrumentation, the powers of his mind were cramped by the severe and unmeaning rules of composition laid down by the contrapuntists of preceding ages, and adopted by their successors. By a strict adherence to these rules he was unable to give to his conceptions the warmth of life and poetry. But the stimulating energy of his genius gave him strength to break the fetters imposed by ignorance in the early stages of the art, and afterwards maintained by a mistaken prejudice in favour of things gone by. The rules to which musical composition was then strictly confined, and which, even to the present day, form the subject of scientific study in the theorist, were in general arbitrary,

deduced from no consistent premises, and founded upon no philosophical principles. As the infancy of music merged into imperfect adolescence, its early lisplings, ere it had yet left the cradle, were mistaken for the matured voice of manhood, and, under an assumption that the art had already reached its culminating point, were made the basis of a defective system, which was to impede the progress of future ages, but which had fortunately no power to enslave minds like those of Haydn, and his two great successors, Mozart and Beethoven.

These rules of composition, though the only ones taught in all the schools of our own times, are unsatisfactory, because all musicians know that nothing good can be produced without violating them. But no one has ever thought of inquiring into their origin; no attempt has ever been made to relieve the art from a thralldom, the effects of which tend to stigmatise as faults the brightest coruscations of genius, and to term licences those marvellous combinations which impart to sound its most exalted powers of imaginative poetry and high intellectual excitement.

The truth is, that the elements of musical composition which we have received from the contrapuntists, and the application of which produces effects much more pleasing to the eye than agreeable to the ear, derive their origin from a cause purely physical. They were in principle intended to apply only to the voice, because on the revival of music in Europe during the middle ages, there were no instrumental accompaniments. From the untutored state of the ear at those periods, much care was requisite in composing for two or more voices in conjunction, because it was found very difficult for the human voice to produce certain intervals perfectly in tune, whenever the



chant or melody proceeded by skips, or the performers were taken by surprise. Some intervals in consecution were found intolerable to the ear, and could not therefore be sung twice in succession, without some other interval intervening; whilst others, abstractedly disagreeable, but which, under certain combinations, produced a beautiful effect, could only be obtained in tune by the note forming them being prepared, that is to say, previously sounded in some agreeable interval, and retained for the disagreeable one through the next chord; by which means the voice, having first sounded the note in tune, was able to keep it to the same pitch through the succeeding harmonic combination. Hence the rules that consecutive fifths must be avoided, that a fourth must be prepared, as likewise all the intervals which musicians so improperly and paradoxically term *discords*. These primitive elements of composition were rational, because founded upon experience—the ear naturally indicated them. But as the principles upon which they rest, in a theoretical sense, were then unknown, and indeed are so still, except to a few men of science and research, these rules were followed up by the absurd theory which has prevailed from that time, and which, as music has progressed since the first success of Haydn, is studied only to be violated and forgotten.

“I shall adduce a single example to show how much dependence is to be placed upon this theory. One of its fundamental maxims, borrowed indeed from the mathematicians, and erroneously applied to music, establishes, that intervals form perfect consonances in proportion to the smallness of their ratios: that therefore an octave is the most perfect consonance, because it is, with regard to its fundamental note, as two are to one; that the fifth is

the next perfect, because it is in the ratio of three to two; and that the major third is an *imperfect* consonance, because its vibrations are as five are to four. Now the octave is nothing more than a unison, or repetition of the same note, one degree higher or lower; and fifths are pleasing to the ear only in certain positions, and cannot be tolerated in consecution. How then can either of these intervals be termed *perfect*, in contradistinction to the third, so flattering to the ear, so beautiful in consecution, and so exquisitely harmonious, but which is termed *imperfect*?

Is the maxim itself correct? Are consonances in music really *perfect* in proportion to the smallness of their ratios? In the diatonic scale are to be found six *perfect* fifths; but all do not bear the same ratios: for only three of them, namely, that upon the tonic, that upon the mediant or third note of the scale, and that upon the dominant, give the ratio of three to two.\* The fifth upon the supertonic or second note of the scale, is in the ratio of thirteen to nine; that upon the subdominant or fourth note, in the ratio of sixteen to eleven; and that upon the submediant or sixth note, in the ratio of twenty to thirteen. In the same scale there are only three major thirds, two of which, that upon the tonic and that upon the dominant, give the ratio of five to four, whilst the third upon the subdominant, is as thirteen are to eleven. Now, if the smallness of the ratios be the test of perfection, it necessarily follows, that the major thirds upon the tonic and dominant are more perfect consonances than the fifths upon the subdominant and submediant; and the third upon the subdominant, a more perfect consonance than the last of these fifths. There is something still stronger:—seconds, sevenths, and ninths, are termed

*discords.* But the ratio of the minor seventh upon the tonic, is as seven are to four; that of the ninth upon the tonic, as nine to four; and that of the second upon the tonic, as nine to eight. Therefore, if consonances be perfect in proportion to the smallness of their ratios, the second, seventh, and ninth, upon the tonic, must be more perfect consonances than three of the perfect fifths above enumerated, and one of the major thirds—which is absurd.

This maxim, however, has been taken for granted, and a host of inferences drawn from it, which serve with it and some other maxims equally fallacious, as the groundwork of a superstructure termed the *theory of music*, forming the only scientific study for musicians during the last three centuries. The rules of composition deduced from such palpable errors are, as may naturally be supposed, fallacies in principle, and hostile to the attainment of excellence in the art. A non-observance of them is now considered so lawful, that many composers of the present day, trusting entirely to instinctive tact and perception, neglect to study them, and for want of a fixed principle of guidance, leave spots and blemishes upon the brightest emanations of genius.

Let it not however be imagined, that I am here condemning the study of counterpoint: quite the reverse—I consider its study, even under its severest forms, absolutely necessary for the attainment of excellence in musical composition. It accustoms the mind to classic purity and correctness, and gives wonderful facility in the construction of compact and flowing melodies in the intermediate parts of harmony; thus imparting great powers to *imitation*, which, blended with broad masses of effect—with all the beauty of light, shade, and

colour, forms one of the most imaginative and powerful resources of modern composition. It is, however, desirable that counterpoint should be divested of those difficult and uncertain rules which discourage the young artist, and deter him from its study. It might, and I say so with certainty, be reduced to its natural elements; each of its rules might rest upon a simple and self-evident principle, and the road to its attainment be considerably abridged.

But in recommending the practice of counterpoint, I am bound to add, that its intricacies ought to be mere objects of study. Nothing is more heavy, ungraceful, and displeasing to a refined taste, than the performance of those elaborate specimens of science, wonderful in the ingenuity and knowledge they display, but devoid of life and poetry. Double, triple, and quadruple counterpoints at the octave, the tenth and the twelfth—double, triple, and inverted fugues, and the vast family of canons, may be compared with the elaborate studies of the painter, whereby he gradually acquires excellence in drawing and beauty of form. They are the car upon which genius rides triumphant;—but they constitute only the car—they partake not of the triumph.

When the progress in the mechanical powers of musical instruments led Haydn to burst through the bonds with which the theory of the contrapuntists had cramped and confined his earlier inspirations, the new effects he produced were as little understood and relished, as, at the present day, are the posthumous quartets of Beethoven. The mind being warped by the stiff, hard, and cold melodies, formal modulations, and dry, monotonous counterpoint of the old composers, was unprepared for that fulness of effect, that force of colouring, those intellectual beauties, which suddenly burst upon it. Thus

some time elapsed ere it could resume its natural bias, and appreciate the new creations of Haydn's genius.

Much more merit is due to that great composer than the mere excellence of his compositions: for had he not possessed enough of energy and firm determination to trample under foot the prejudices of his age, and raise a noble edifice upon their ruins, the world would, perhaps, never have possessed a Mozart, nor a Beethoven. Certain it is, that had not Haydn led the way, Mozart would not have thrown off the trammels of the old school. It is true that the whole organisation of Mozart vibrated to music—to beautiful and intellectual music, full of melting pathos and exquisite tenderness,—and, at the same time, teeming with the noblest elevation and dignity. But his mind was not formed of materials stern enough to make him an innovator—it soared not to the creation of a new art. If Haydn had not lived, Mozart would have been a mere contrapuntist, but the first of contrapuntists: he would have excelled Palestrina, and Leo, and Pergolese, and, in some points, have surpassed even Handel; but finding the ice already broken, and with Haydn's innovations and orchestral effects before him from his very infancy, his mind was naturally directed to the use and study of those new beauties. Thus, besides the elegance and classic purity of his compositions, he brought instrumentation and orchestral power to a degree of perfection which surpassed even the wonderful results of Haydn's labours.

But it was reserved for a still more powerful mind to give life and being to those high and energetic powers which constitute the beauty of the modern German school of music. It was reserved for Beethoven to discover, and bring forth, that endless variety of effects and

resources, which render modern excellence in music a thing of the mind, not of sound or matter. He it is who has opened a boundless field for future generations to explore; exhaustless, even beyond the parts of it which he has himself cultivated.

Beethoven was early initiated by his master, Albrechtsberger, into the mysteries of severe and free counterpoint, but without being subjected to the trammels which, before Haydn's time, were the forced concomitants of all musical composition. With this study he combined that of instrumentation, both chamber and orchestral, from the works of Haydn and Mozart; so that at the very outset of his musical career, he was enabled to obtain a glimpse of those beauties which he afterwards so wonderfully developed. But even at this early period of his life, the results of his art were not sufficiently perfect to meet his ideas of excellence; and this naturally led his mind to seek for new and more powerful effects. Already bursting with its mighty conceptions, it looked forward to an increase of power to give them utterance; and when that power was found, those marvellous productions which, until they were properly executed, excited surprise, and even ridicule, and then admiration and surpassing delight, burst successively forth, like the wonders of Nature's creation.

It has been thought by some that Beethoven was a man of other ages, not of his own. He was of this opinion himself, as he has often stated to the writer of the present sketch. He used to say, in the confidence of friendship, that he was born two centuries before his time. Great as are the works he has left to posterity, his grandest conceptions are for ever lost, because, consistently with his fame, he found it impossible to put them into a

shape so as to preserve them. In the present state of instrumental mechanism, and the present constitution of orchestras, even with all the powers of the brass harmony, he knew that their execution was impossible. Future generations alone could bring instrumental performance to a sufficient degree of perfection for the attainment of effects incomprehensible to the present race of men. In his day-dreams, Beethoven had dived into the thoughts and feelings of future ages—he had anticipated the improvements of times to come, and his inspirations corresponded with such improvements. His favourite speculation was an orchestra composed entirely of such men as Paganini—all of surpassing excellence in mechanism, in accentuation, in conception, and in the poetry of execution. The lamentable deafness which embittered the latter years of his life, and shut him out not only from communion with his fellow men, but from the enjoyment of his art, gave a permanent character to these creations of his fancy ; and, under the terrible visitation which cast a darkness over his existence, he was happy in the imaginative enjoyment of that sublime and wonderful harmony—of those highly-wrought and astounding effects—of those darkly tragic and terrific associations—and of those melting strains of tenderness and love, which he alone could conceive, but which, had he embodied them in a form to come before his contemporaries, would have encountered the scorn and ridicule of men unable to comprehend the workings of his great mind, or to catch a single spark of that enthusiasm which imparted a prophetic instinct to his genius. The works he has left show what he could have done, had he found mind and mechanical powers to represent his thoughts. They will ever remain as the most powerful

productions of the art, and as such descend to the line in the remotest ages to come.

The peculiar organisation of Beethoven's mind led him to the dark and the terrible. In his loftier inspirations, he was the spirit of the air ; he could "ride on the whirlwind and direct the storm ;" roam through the gloomy recesses of the haunted glen and forest—rake up the pangs of the conscience-stricken wretch, and hurl upon him the shafts of hopeless despair. In his other moods, he was mild and gentle, though always forcible and energetic in the utterance of his feelings. He would then contemplate the sunny and glowing landscape in nature's loveliest forms ;—the verdant hill, and dell, and lawn, and coppice, reflecting the streamy rays of light in a thousand colours,—ever vivid, yet ever changing ; the murmur of the rippling brook, the humming of insects, the chirping of birds, the lowing of cattle, and the village bell ; the sun when he washes his disk in the western ocean, sending forth fiery streams of gold and purple, which recede into indistinctness as they gradually mingle with the colder azure of the evening sky ; and the broad, pale moon, shedding her beams of gentle light over the repose of the world. It was such contemplations as these which led to his beautiful pastorate symphony—a work we have never yet heard executed, even by the Philharmonic band, in a manner perfectly corresponding with the highly-wrought notions, perhaps fastidious and unreasonable, with which our enthusiasm for the master has inspired us. In our humble judgment, there still remains much to study—much to understand and develope in this noble production.

It was conceived and composed at a secluded village near Vienna, to which Beethoven was accustomed to



walk by a winding and unfrequented path. Here he would sit upon a stile, and enjoy the landscape before him; and it was on this seat that he imagined the extraordinary work, in which he has attempted to describe by sounds all that he saw, heard, or felt. The music conveys a wonderful picture of a beautiful and living landscape, acting upon an imagination imbued with the most powerful perception of poetry. Amid the tranquil beauty of the scenery before him, he could not resist the delineation of a thunder-storm, with which he was one day overtaken in returning from this favourite spot.

With a mind which harmonised so closely with the darkest kind of sublimity—gloomy, powerful, energetic, and terrible—the heart of Beethoven yearned with the gentlest and most lovely feelings. He was formed for affection, friendship, and philanthropy; and the streamy and bright melodies which pervade his works depict a nature flowing with kindness. They are gleams of sunshine bursting through the murky darkness of the prison-house, and bringing relief and consolation to its suffering occupant. In the poetry of Beethoven's mind, a feeling of tenderness was mixed up with the wildest and most terrific of his imaginings; and it bursts forth in melting strains of exquisite melody, even in the midst of his most sombrous modulations.

In the grandeur of his conceptions, Beethoven may be compared to Michel-Angelo; but with the same loftiness of imagination, the same vastness of thought, his mind was more picturesque—he presented his ideas in a more attractive form, though with equal vigour and energy. In the soul of Michel-Angelo, there was a harshness, a cast-iron severity, from which Beethoven was

exempt; and in the terrifically sublime subjects of the latter his most powerful effects are associated with kindly and amiable feelings. In the development of his thoughts, he calls to his aid the most striking sounds of the animated world—the most picturesque associations of nature's loveliest, as well as her grandest forms; and there breathes throughout his great masterpieces a loftiness of virtue and philanthropy, which tramples the spirit of evil in the dust.

With powers so constituted, and a genius struggling to give utterance to things hitherto unutterable, and beyond the conception of his contemporaries, it is not surprising that Beethoven should have found the orchestras which had served to express the thoughts of Haydn and Mozart inadequate to convey his mighty imaginings. This led to his employment of the brass instruments, and gave birth to those marvellous effects of his creation which have since had so strong an influence upon modern instrumentation.

Beethoven has tried every branch of his art, and in each has been equally successful. Instrumental music was evidently the bent of his mind, for to it he applied his greatest energies; and by the effects which he imparts to it, he conveys sentiments more powerful than words could express. Words he considered an obstruction, because they necessarily restricted the utterance of his thoughts to the compass and power of the human voice.

His church music, consisting chiefly of masses and motets, is cast in the loftiest mould; it raises the soul above all earthly things, and brings it into communion with its Creator. His oratorio of *the Mount of Olives* is one of the most magnificent creations in the art; it

bears down every thing of the kind that has preceded it, even the sublime works of Handel. The chorus, "Hallelujah to the Son of God," contains an elevation of thought, a power and dignity of design, a full and flowing majesty of effect, which places it incomparably above every chorus by Handel; and if this oratorio were performed as Beethoven conceived it, which has certainly never been the case in this country, it would throw every other composition of the same nature at an immeasurable distance.

Words always acted as a damper upon the genius of Beethoven; for they checked the flights of his exuberant fancy, which he found it somewhat difficult, at first, to sober down to the compass of vocal music. Thus, when he attempted the musical drama, and produced the wonderful opera of *Fidelio*—his sole dramatic work—he was at a loss from the beginning to adapt words to his conceptions, or rather to make his melodies correspond with the words of his libretto. Before he began, he examined the dramatic works of Mozart, and other writers, to see how they managed their vocal effects; and in the first act of *Fidelio* may be found palpable imitations of Mozart in this particular. But in the first finale, and throughout the last act, Beethoven is again himself—original, wonderful, and surpassing all his competitors in beauty and vigour of thought, and in power of expression. Though this is the only opera he ever wrote, it will remain one of the standard dramatic compositions of his country; and it has laid open those marvellous powers of dramatic instrumentation, of which Heber, Meyerbeer, and Spöhr have since so successfully availed themselves.

Beethoven's earliest inspirations were directed to

chamber music. The first work which he brought before the public, was a set of three trios for piano-forte, violin, and violoncello. The new and striking effects contained in these trios, and the sweetly-flowing melodies which pervade them, have preserved their high pre-eminence over all subsequent compositions of the same description. Those of Hummel and Onslow, which stand next in rank, with equal claims in point of merit, remain at an immense distance below those of Beethoven.

The next publication of this great composer was his three sonatas for the piano-forte, dedicated to Haydn, containing effects equally novel and splendid, and such as had never before been imagined on that instrument. He afterwards produced several sonatas for violin and piano-forte, and three or four for piano-forte and violoncello, one of which, in G minor, he afterwards executed with Dragonetti, who played the violoncello part on the double bass. This was the first contact of these two great artists; and it was this performance that gave Beethoven a first conception of those magnificent effects of bass, by which he imparts such extraordinary power to his symphonies.

Mozart might have been supposed to have exhausted, before Beethoven appeared, all that was intellectual in quartet and quintet writing, and Haydn's quartets contained such endless variety in the same branch of art, that nothing original seemed left to be done. But Beethoven, who had before tried his skill upon a set of trios for violin, viola, and violoncello, and upon a grand trio for the same instruments, in imitation of Mozart's grand trio, next appeared as a quartet and afterwards a quintet writer. His quartets, so original, so totally dissimilar

from those of Boccherini, Haydn, Mozart, or any preceding composer, burst upon the world as a new light, and raised emotions never before experienced. There is a vividness of thought and energy of expression, which excites in the mind sensations of a novel and delightful kind. The three quartets, dedicated to Prince *Rosamouffsky*, teem with *intellectual beauties*, and would alone be sufficient, as would any single one of Beethoven's works, to transmit his fame to the remotest generations of man.

His quintets are of a more gloomy and penitential cast. They express the workings of dark and superstitious minds, acting under the impulses of remorse and fanaticism, and yet yielding, in spite of themselves, to the most amiable feelings of human nature. There is a prodigious power of mind in these quintets ; but to hear them to our heart's content, they must be performed by five professors, possessing not only the talent of mechanical execution, but gifted with poetry and enthusiasm. Such music as this was not composed for vulgar minds ; to feel it as it ought to be felt, the soul must be warmed at the fire of genius. They who are insensible to the creeping thrill which vibrates upon all the nerves at once in a shudder of delight, are not formed to understand these masterpieces.

The most magnificent efforts of Beethoven's imagination have been applied to his grand symphonies. When the first of them appeared, it excited as much surprise and opposition as did those of Haydn thirty years before. The author was called a madman ; the execution of the music was said to be impossible ; but by dint of rehearsals and perseverance, its beauties were at length understood, and its performance became much

less difficult than was at first imagined. All these symphonies are masterpieces: but there are bright and sunny effects about the one in A, and an expression of plaintive and dignified tenderness in its andante in A minor, which, in our estimation, place it above those in C, D, and B flat.

No orchestra in Europe has succeeded better in performing these symphonies, than the Philharmonic band of this country, if we except only the pastorale, in which, as we have before ventured to observe, there is yet much to improve.

The grand battle symphony, requiring the power of two distinct orchestras, is not calculated for a concert-room, where its effects would be lost for want of space. I have been present at several performances of this symphony on the continent, but never heard it so well executed, as some ten or twelve years ago, at one of our own theatres, under the direction of Sir George Smart.

On Beethoven's posthumous works I shall offer but very few observations. They were evidently conceived and written down in that spirit in which he indulged during the latter years of his life, and which, however well it may be understood in after ages, is at present incomprehensible, except to a chosen few, who cannot now bring such productions forward, because their effects appear so wild and singular that they bewilder the performers. The real truth is, that there is no production of the human mind so magnificent, so sublime, so truly and awfully religious, as his grand posthumous "mass." The more we study it, the greater the beauties—and beauties of a kind almost miraculous—that open upon our mind; but some years must elapse, and the present

generation of performers be swept from the face of the earth, before it will be executed so as to be generally understood.

*The same may be said of his posthumous quartets, which I have heard tried by some of the greatest performers in Europe, who certainly cannot yet comprehend them. The one in C sharp minor is the most severely criticised, though, with due deference, I venture to assert that it teems with beautiful poetry and intense feeling; and I have no hesitation in predicting that, twenty or thirty years hence, it will stand as the highest and most intellectual chamber composition ever penned.*

As a performer on the piano-forte, Beethoven was superior to most; but as an improvisatore on that instrument he was unrivalled. In this branch of the art, Hummel and Mendelssohn will strive in vain to equal him. The strains which he elicited from the piano-forte, even after a veil of darkness had been interposed between him and the art he loved, were more than earthly. But he was seldom heard, because he never played to anybody, seldom even to himself; and it was only when some accidental circumstance of very rare occurrence brought him into contact with an instrument, that he instinctively poured forth, through its medium, the ardent workings of his imagination.

Beethoven died very poor. He received not in his own country, during his life, that high patronage and encouragement to which his transcendent talents gave him so just a claim. He was too often neglected in favour of individuals, between whom and Beethoven there was as great a distance as between Raphael and a sign-painter. But he lived and died a philosopher,

little moved by the jealousy of his contemporaries, and leaving the care of his fame to posterity. His death occurred in 1827, during a thunder-storm—an incident so congenial to the dark sublimity of his imagination; and in the midst of its terrors, his soul was wafted to heaven, his name remaining upon earth, with his immortal works, as an eternal monument of his glory.

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## THE STRICKEN STAG.

—— myself

Did steal behind him as he lay along  
 Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out  
 Upon the brook that brawls along this wood :  
 To the which place a poor sequester'd stag,  
 That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,  
 Did come to languish ; and, indeed, my lord,  
 The wretched animal heav'd forth such groans,  
 That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat  
 Almost to bursting ; and the big round tears  
 Cours'd one another down his innocent nose  
 In piteous chase ; and thus the hairy fool,  
 Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,  
 Stood on th' extremest verge of the swift brook  
 Augmenting it with tears.

AS YOU LIKE IT, Act ii. Scene i.



## THE CONDEMNED.

BY THE REV. HOBART CAUNTER.

THE assizes approached. Clifford's friends were numerous and influential, but in his case influence could be of no avail as a safeguard against the penalty of crime. He knew that if he were found guilty he must suffer. His sole chance, therefore, was to silence that only evidence which could convict him. Against the oath of Esther Lutterel nothing could prevail. Immense sums were consequently offered to purchase her silence, but she despised such sordid temptation. Every effort made to win her from her resolved and just purpose was unavailing. She turned with scornful indignation from the offered bribe. "No," said she, "he has ruined me; that I could forgive, because Heaven might pardon that; but he has murdered my child—that Heaven will never pardon, and I dare not. I will not, therefore, interpose betwixt the delinquent and his judge, when that delinquent deserves to die, and that judge is the delegate of One who is eternal. He has braved the penalty; why then should he not suffer it? Let him die."

The day of trial arrived. Clifford was brought into the dock—alas! how changed! Terror had wrought fearful ravages upon a countenance which the most fastidious could not deny to be handsome. The blood seemed to have receded from every vein, while the blanched features told a fearful tale of sleepless nights and daily heart-burnings. A yellow tinge had usurped the usually transparent skin, while the whole countenance, gathered into one unvarying expression of subdued agony, ap-

peared like an ivory head that had yielded up its primitive whiteness to the gradual spoliation of time. The change which a few short weeks had wrought was truly astonishing. He was scarcely to be recognised as the once robust, lively, thoughtless Clifford. Days seemed to have been converted into years. His hair had become thin, and hung in straggling tresses on his pallid temples, which were deeply indented with the lines of acute suffering. His nose was sharp and shrunk; his eyes were sunk and hollow; his cheeks rigid; his jaws fallen; and his lips so attenuated, that, when closed, the mouth was only indicated by a strong curved line. He sighed deeply, and the hurried glance which he every now and then threw around the court, showed how busy were the enemies of his peace within him. A tear of sympathy gathered in the eyes of many of the spectators, when they beheld the altered aspect of the man whose person but a few weeks before had been the envy of many and the admiration of all. What a tyrant is guilt when her slaves crouch beneath her scourge!

The trial commenced. Clifford was near fainting several times during the opening address of the opposing counsel, and when he heard the dreadful charge announced that he was the murderer of his own child, he fell senseless upon the beam which separated him from that part of the court appropriated to the spectators. He was, however, soon restored to a consciousness of his awful situation, and was furnished with a glass of water at his own request, which he swallowed with the most painful eagerness. Several times during the opening speech he was near falling. He continued, however, to retain his senses to the conclusion, when the prosecutor was ushered into court. Every eye was fixed upon the

witness-box. After a short pause, Esther entered with a firm step, and a serene, unembarrassed air; nevertheless, as soon as she was ready to be examined, the momentary quiver of her lip, and the transient flush upon her ashy cheek, showed that all was not at rest within. Her bosom heaved quick and heavily, but her self-command, evidently amid the most violent inward struggles, was truly surprising. She lost not her composure a single instant. Her clear, dark eye had in it an expression of lofty determination, blended, nevertheless, with a dignified respect, which excited the admiration of the whole court. Every person present felt a lively interest in her welfare; but in proportion as their sympathies were excited towards her, they were weakened towards her seducer. The contrast between them was remarkable. She stood before them in the severe dignity of her beauty—he in the untimely wreck of his. In her the hand of sorrow had shaded, but not eclipsed it: in him, the scourge of terror and the stings of remorse had marred it altogether. Although she had become the dupe of his artifice, and suffered the penalty of her frailty, he, nevertheless, had been the greater victim; for while she had been the prey of another's guilt, he had fallen a victim to his own. It must be confessed, she rejoiced that retribution had overtaken him. Her wrongs were too great to be easily forgiven; they had seared her sympathies—they had extinguished her woman's tenderness.

Upon entering the box, Esther made a slight inclination of the head to the presiding judge, and then fixed her eye placidly, but keenly, upon the examining advocate. She exhibited no symptoms of timidity, but stood before him with an air of such settled collectedness,

that he seemed rather disconcerted, as he cast towards her a glance of somewhat equivocal inquiry, and found it repelled by a quiet but indignant frown. She, like the prisoner, was dressed in the deepest mourning, which strikingly contrasted with the transparent whiteness of her beautiful countenance. Her hair was withdrawn from her forehead, and she wore neither cap nor bonnet, so that the whole face was conspicuously exposed, and every expression, therefore, visible to the spectators. She looked not pale from sickness, nevertheless she was pale; while in her tall, but round and well-proportioned form there was a delicacy and ease of motion, at the same time a sustained elevation in her whole deportment, which soon expelled those favourable sentiments at first awakened for the wretched Clifford, and excited in every bosom a feeling bordering upon detestation towards him as the seducer of so much loveliness. As soon as she appeared before the court, Clifford shrunk before the object of his base perfidy, as if conscience-stricken at the unfavourable impression which he saw she was but too likely to excite against him. The blood rushed for a moment into his cheeks with a most distressing impetuosity, spreading there a deep purple suffusion; but immediately left it, when the skin resumed its dull parchment hue, while the quivering eyelid closed over the sunken orb beneath it, as if to shut out at once from his view the world and its miseries. He listened with breathless anxiety to the evidence which was to decide his doom. It was brief but decisive. In a distinct tone, which was low, but neither feeble nor tremulous, Esther denounced Clifford as the murderer of her infant, by stabbing it in the breast with a knife.

The knife was produced in court, and she swore to it *as the same with which the prisoner at the bar had inflicted the fatal stab that deprived her of her babe.* Her testimony could not be overthrown, and evidently made a strong impression upon the hearers. Clifford did not once raise his eyes, whilst she was delivering it; but the convulsive twitches of his countenance plainly denoted what was passing within him. Esther seemed studiously to avoid turning her face towards him, as if she was determined not to be diverted from her purpose, by the silent appeals which suffering naturally makes to our sympathies and our compassion. She was most severely cross-examined by the counsel for the defence; nevertheless, with all his legal acuteness, he could not impeach the integrity of her evidence. Her answers were brief but unobscured; the facts which she had to communicate, few, but conclusive. When she had retired, Clifford was asked if he had any thing to offer in his defence. He was dreadfully agitated; but, after a short pause, recovered himself sufficiently to address the court. He spoke : s follows:—

“ My Lord, and Gentlemen of the Jury; I have but few words to say, and as I hope for mercy from that eternal Judge, before whom, if I am convicted upon this atrocious charge, I must soon appear, those words will record the truth. It is not likely that, standing in the fearful position in which I now do, I should rashly run the hazard of going into the presence of Him, who is the dispenser of justice as well as of mercy, with a lie upon my lips, and with its taint upon my soul. Let this, then, be with you the pledge of my integrity. The witness whom you have just heard, is forsworn. However cunningly falsehood may be disguised in the garb of sim-

plicity, it is not, therefore, the less falsehood because it is so disguised. If I am condemned, I shall have become its victim. The following are the facts which the prosecutor has so atrociously endeavoured to turn to my undoing. At her own request I met her, on the night mentioned in her evidence, on the spot where the supposed murder was committed, for which I now stand arraigned before you. After reproaching me with her ruin, she affected to desire a reconciliation, and to part from me in peace. She held her babe before me, and entreated for it a father's blessing. I pronounced, in the overflowing sincerity of my heart, the paternal benediction. At this moment, the child, which had been for some time in ill health, became suddenly convulsed. I snatched a penknife from my pocket, to cut the string of its dress, when the mother, in the agitation of her alarm, stumbled, thus forcing the infant against the knife, which instantly penetrated its side. I recoiled with consternation at the accident; but she, wildly screaming, forced the little sufferer into my arms, streaming with its blood, alarmed the neighbouring cottagers, and taxed me as its murderer. These are the simple facts, and upon their truth I stake my soul's eternal security. I am the victim of a disappointed woman's vengeance."

This address awakened no compassion for the unhappy man; on the contrary, it excited a murmur of indignation through the whole assembly. His countenance instantly fell as this token of popular feeling jarred upon his ear. The testimony of Esther had been supported by strong circumstantial evidence. The judge at length summed up, and the jury, without quitting the court, found the prisoner guilty. Upon hearing this fatal

verdict, the wretched man fell back into the dock insensible. Esther, whose ear it had reached, for she was standing near the jury-box, after having long struggled with her emotions, was now so entirely overcome by them, that, when sentence of death had been passed upon the unhappy Clifford, she sunk upon the floor in convulsions, and in this pitiable state was taken from the court by her afflicted mother.

Clifford was now put into one of the condemned cells, and clothed in the coarse habit assigned to those who have forfeited their lives to the outraged laws of their country. He had only three days to prepare his soul for eternity. What a term for a wretch so immersed in sin, to prepare to meet his omnipotent Judge! Was there no escape? None! The court had denied him all hopes upon earth, and what had he beyond? What but a prospect too black even for the imagination of despair! Nothing can be imaged to the mind so fearful, as the reflections of a man about to be launched upon the illimitable ocean of eternity, with such a burden of unexpiated sins upon his soul, as a forced penitence cannot remove; and standing upon the very verge of his awful destiny, looking through the microscopic perspective of his imagination into a near prospect of undefinable horrors. We have seen, indeed, instances of criminals who have met their doom with that stern obduracy of spirit which has enabled them to smile at the dreadful array of death, and curse the very Omnipotent before whose august presence they were about to appear. Shall we imagine, however, that because the tongue blasphemed, and the countenance could assume a smile, when the shaft of death was on the wing, the heart was at peace? No! Whatever may be the influence of a

daring resolution upon the body, it cannot stifle the tortures of the spirit. The latter may be agonised, and writhe under pangs too frightful for contemplation, when the former seems not to suffer. With Clifford, however, the keen scourge of remorse had visited both with its terrible inflictions. He could look nowhere for comfort, nowhere for peace. He now, indeed, clung to the consolations of religion; but they offered no consolation to him. He was to die, not the death of the righteous man, but of the condemned—the degraded criminal. He was to perish, not in hope, but in abandonment; not a repentant prodigal, but a rejected rebel. How willingly would he now make reparation to the injured Esther for the wrongs he had heaped upon her, but it was too late. Alas! that he could recal the past; how different should be the tenor of his future life. This conclusion was wrung from him by his terrors; but past recollections, in spite of his now bitter contrition, poured through his bosom a tide of the most agonising emotions. Now the stings of conscience were felt, tipped with all their poisons. Remorse let loose her scorpions within him, which clung to and preyed upon his lacerated heart. The veriest wretch in the dark dungeon of the inquisition, groaning under his lately inflicted tortures, and anticipating the future rack, was a happy being, compared to him who had no better prospect than the endurance of sufferings that must be for ever, and shall be as great as they are illimitable.

The morning appointed for the execution at length dawned, but Clifford's preparation for another world was no further advanced, than when he had received the warning that his term of life was fixed. He had been too much engrossed by his terrors to allow him suffi-



ciently to abstract his mind from the awfulness of his situation, and to repose his hopes upon that divine mercy, which is denied to none who seek it with a right disposition of soul, even in the hour of their extremity. He could not seek it. He could not crush the worm within, and he already seemed to feel that it would never die. It had a fearful vitality which worked upon every fibre of his frame, and reached even the impassive spirit. His hopelessness increased as the awful period drew nigh, which was to terminate his earthly pilgrimage. He had no resource in reflection. His bosom was a volcano, which the lava of burning thought violently overflowed, streaming its scorching fires through every avenue of perception, and giving him, while yet upon the threshold of eternity, a terrible foretaste of hell.

Upon the fatal morning when his sentence was to be fulfilled, he rose from a feverish sleep, and threw himself upon his knees in agony. He could not pray. He had committed no prayer to memory, and his mind was in too wild a state of conflict with his terrors to enable him to frame one. He supplicated his God to have mercy upon him; but this was all the prayer he could offer up. The bell at length tolled the hour, when he was, according to the terms of his sentence, to be taken from his cell to the place of execution, there to expiate his crime by the forfeiture of his life. He was conducted to the press-room. His legs scarcely supported him; and he was obliged to avail himself of the assistance of one of the turnkeys, or he would have fallen. He seated himself upon a low bench, in a state bordering upon absolute stupefaction, whilst his irons were knocked off and his hands bound, preparatory to his execution. He

could scarcely articulate intelligibly, in consequence of the excited state of his mind. While the preparations for the last eventful scene of his life were in progress, Clifford, whose eyes had been closed in a paroxysm of mental excitation, heard his name pronounced in a low but distinct tone, and, suddenly looking up, beheld the wretched Esther beside him. She had undergone a considerable change in her appearance within the last three days. She now looked pale and haggard. There was a dark crimson spot on each cheek, but every other part of her countenance was colourless. The clear whiteness of her skin had assumed the sickly hue of disease; it was dull and sallow. The lustre of her eye, though still bright, had considerably faded; yet there was in it at intervals that same stern expression of resolved purpose which she had so frequently exhibited during the late trial, and which renewed in the bosom of the terrified criminal feelings little likely to soothe the desperate agonies of his heart. She approached him firmly. He shrunk from her, as he would have shrunk from a herald of the pestilence. "Clifford," said she at length, "my prophecy is about to be accomplished—the day of retribution is arrived. You are about to go where 'the prisoners rest together, and hear not the voice of the oppressor.' Let us part in peace." Clifford gasped—he spoke not, but turned from her with a convulsive shudder. A tear gathered into her eye, and rolled silently down her cheek—she however dashed it aside, and in an instant regained her self-possession. "I pity thee," she resumed, "but there are crimes of which it were criminal even to seek to remit the penalty. I confess, too, that it is a dear, though painful satisfaction to me, to witness the author of my everlasting shame, the

victim of his own misdeeds; and if, at this moment, I could pluck thee from the scaffold, still would I withhold from thee the arm of succour. Thou deservest to die. A thousand lives were all too little to atone for the wrongs which thou hast done me. Make thy peace with heaven, for the fearful day of audit is at hand—may God forgive thee!”

The procession was now ordered to move towards the drop, and Esther was in consequence obliged to quit the prison. She left the press-room, made her way through the crowd which had collected outside the walls, and placed herself almost immediately under the drop, whence she could obtain a perfect view of the execution, as if she anticipated a horrible satisfaction in witnessing the dying struggles of that man who had rendered her condition in this world one of unmitigated misery; and, perhaps, prepared for her one still more miserable in a world eternal. The vehement exacerbations with which she was struggling, were but too visible to those around her; their attention, however, was soon called to those more arresting objects which they had assembled to behold. Her breath came from her lungs in quick spasmodic gaspings, while the blood was forced into her very forehead by the violence of the conflict within her; yet she uttered not a cry. Resolve was still written legibly in every lineament of her quivering countenance. She made a desperate effort to be composed, and in part succeeded. A slight tremor of the lip, and a faint, hurried catching of the breath, less audible than a lover's whisper, were the only indications of those active fermentations of emotion which were busy within her bosom. The prisoner was now brought out, and appeared upon the drop, but so completely was he overcome, that

he was obliged to be carried up the ladder to the platform. He was supported while the executioner adjusted the cord, looking rather like a thing snatched from the grave, and into which the spark of animation had been just struck, than a creature in which that spark was about to be extinguished, and which the grave was ready to enclose. The foam oozed from the corners of his mouth, while the thin tear forced its way through the closed lids, fearfully denoting the horrors which were darting their thousand stings into his affrighted soul. There was a death-like stillness among the crowd. Not a sound was heard, save the occasional sigh of sympathy or the sob of pity, whilst the awful preparations were making previous to withdrawing the fatal bolt. All this while, Esther kept her eye fixed, with anxious earnestness, upon the platform. The preparations were at length completed, and the cap drawn over the eyes of the criminal. Expectation had become so painfully intense among the crowd, that their very breathings were audible. The bolt was now about to be withdrawn, when a voice was heard from among the assembled multitude—"He is innocent—I am forsworn!" Every eye was directed towards the spot. The speaker had fallen to the earth—it was Esther. She was lifted up, but no sign of animation appeared in her now ghastly features. She was instantly taken to a neighbouring surgeon, but no blood followed the lancet—she was dead. The sheriff happened to be on the spot, and immediately ordered the execution to be suspended, until more tangible evidence should be obtained. In the pocket of the unhappy girl, whom Clifford had so cruelly abandoned, was found a written confession, which confirmed, in every particular, what he had declared upon

*his trial.* He was immediately respited, and eventually released; yet the blight of infamy was upon him. He was given back, indeed, to existence, but his peace of mind was gone. *His life was inglorious, still not without fruit.* It was a sombre and a chequered scene. He had been stunned by the shock, to which he had so nearly fallen a victim. He had reaped the bitter harvest of seduction. All his bright prospects had been blasted; he resolved, therefore, that the rest of his days should be spent in making atonement for the past, and preparing for that future which is eternal. He lived an outcast, but died a penitent.

## A SONG OF THE ROSE.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

HAST thou no fears, O thou exulting thing;  
 Thus looking forth on life? Is there no spell  
 In the strong wind to tame thee? Thou hast yet  
 To learn harsh lessons from the changeful hours,  
 And bow thy stately head submissively  
 Unto a heavy touch; for here, bright shape!  
 Thy resting-place is not.

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ROSE, what dost thou here?  
 Bridal, royal Rose!  
 How, 'midst grief and fear,  
 Canst thou thus disclose  
 That fervid hue of love which to thy heart-leaf glows?

Rose! too much arrayed  
 For triumphal hours,  
 Look'st thou through the shade  
 Of these mortal bowers,  
 Not to disturb my soul, thou crowned one of all flowers.

As an eagle soaring  
 Through a sunny sky,  
 As a clarion pouring  
 Strains of victory,  
 So dost thou kindle thoughts, for earthly doom too high!

Thoughts of rapture, flushing  
 Youthful poet's cheek;  
 Thoughts of glory rushing  
 Forth in song to break;  
 But finding the spring-tide of rapid song too weak.

Yet, O festal Rose !  
 I have seen thee lying  
 In thy bright repose,  
 Pillowed with the flying,  
 Thy crimson by the lip whence life's quick blood was flying.

Summer, Life, and Love,  
 O'er that bed of pain,  
 Met in thee, yet wove  
 Too, too frail a chain  
 In its embracing links, the lovely to detain.

Smil'st thou, gorgeous flower ?  
 Oh ! within the spells  
 Of thy beauty's power,  
 Something dimly dwells  
 At variance with a world of sorrows and farewells !

All the soul, forth flowing  
 With that rich perfume,  
 All the proud life, glowing  
 In that radiant bloom,  
 Have they no place but here, beneath th' o'ershadowing tomb ?

Crown'st thou but the daughters  
 Of our tearful race ?  
 Heaven's own purest waters  
 Well might wear the trace  
 Of thy consummate form, melting to softer grace !

Will that clime enfold thee  
 With immortal air ?  
 Shall we not behold thee  
 Bright and deathless there,  
 In spirit-lustre clothed, transcendantly more fair ?

Yes, my fancy sees thee  
 In that light disclose,  
 And its dream thus frees thee  
 From the mist of woes,  
 Darkening thine earthly bowers, O bridal, royal Rose !







## GENEALOGY OF THE ANSTRUTHERS.

LADY ANSTRUTHER is the daughter of Charles Wetherell, Esq., late of the Honourable East India Company's Civil Service, and wife of Sir Windham Carmichael Anstruther, of Elie House, Fifeshire, a baronet of Nova Scotia and of Great Britain.

The Anstruthers are of great antiquity in the county of Fife, having been proprietors and superiors of the lands, barony, and town of Anstruther, nearly seven hundred years ago. They assumed their surname from their territorial possessions, and the first of them we find upon record was designated *De Candela dominus de Anstruther*.

WILLIELMUS DE CANDELA, the progenitor of the family, lived in the reigns of David I. and Malcolm IV. His lineal descendant, ROBERT DE ANSTRUTHER, married Isabel Balfour, of an ancient and honourable family in the county of Fife, by whom he had issue,

Andrew, his heir ;

Robert and David, who entered the French service, and, for their gallantry, were promoted to the rank of officers of the Scots Guards by Francis I., about the year 1515. In this regiment both acquired a high reputation. The younger, David, married a lady of distinction, and settled in France, where his posterity still remain, and have ever shown themselves worthy the ancient race whence they had originally sprung. The lineal descendant of this David, Francis Cæsar Anstruther, afterwards

Anstrude, was elevated by Louis XV. to the dignity of a baron of France, by the title of Baron d'Anstrude, of the seigniory of Barry.

Robert de Anstruther died in the reign of King James III., and was succeeded by his eldest son,

Andrew Anstruther, of that ilk, a gentleman of distinguished valour, who accompanied James IV. to the fatal field of Flodden, and fought and fell by the side of his royal master. He espoused Christian, daughter of Sir James Sandilands, ancestor of Lord Torpichen, and widow of David Hepburn, of Waughton, by whom he had a son and successor, John Anstruther, of that ilk, who married Margaret, daughter of Thomas Douglas, of Lochleven, progenitor of the celebrated Earl of Morton. The great grandson of this John Anstruther,

Sir James Anstruther, a person of profound knowledge and extensive literary attainments, became a favourite of King James VI., and was by that monarch knighted, and appointed heritable carver to the king. He married Jean, daughter of Thomas Scott, of Abbotshall, lord-justice-clerk in the reign of James V., by whom he had, with five daughters, two sons,

William, his successor,

Robert, who received the honour of knighthood, and was frequently employed by Government in negotiations of the highest importance. In 1620, he was sent ambassador extraordinary to the Court of Denmark; and in 1627, to the Emperor and States of Germany. He was afterwards plenipotentiary to the Diet of Ratisbon, and, in 1630, ambassador at the meeting of the princes of Germany at Heilbrun; and in all these negotiations he acquitted himself with credit and fidelity. He married

Catherine, daughter of Sir Edward Swift, knight, by whom he had two sons: Robert, who died without issue; Philip, of whom presently; and an only daughter, Ursula, who married George Austen, esq. of Shalford, from which alliance lineally descends the present Sir Henry Edmund Austen, of Shalford House, in the county of Surrey.

Sir William Anstruther, the elder son of Sir James, succeeded his father in 1606; was appointed one of the gentlemen of the bed-chamber to James VI., and, on the accession of that monarch to the crown of England, was created a Knight of the Bath. He was also Gentleman Usher to Charles I., and married Eupheme, daughter of Sir Andrew Wemys, one of the senators of the College of Justice, by whom he had no issue: he died in 1649, and was succeeded by his nephew,

Sir Philip Anstruther, son of the above-mentioned Sir Robert, the ambassador. This Sir Philip, a zealous royalist, commanded King Charles the Second's army on its march into England, and was taken prisoner at the battle of Worcester. He had a fine of a thousand marks imposed on him by Oliver Cromwell, and his estate continued sequestrated till the Restoration. Sir Philip died in 1702, and was succeeded by his eldest son,

SIR WILLIAM ANSTRUTHER, who was chosen a member of the Scots' parliament, and firmly opposed the measures of the Duke of York, then Lord High Commissioner of Scotland. He was one of the first to join the Revolution, and by King William and Queen Mary was appointed a Senator of the College of Justice, and a Lord Justiciary. He was afterwards created a BARONET OF NOVA SCOTIA; and, dying in 1711, was succeeded by his eldest son,

SIR JOHN, second baronet of Nova Scotia. This gentleman married, in 1717, Margaret Carmichael, eldest daughter of James, the second Earl of Hyndford. His great grandson, *THE RIGHT HON. SIR JOHN ANSTRUTHER*, fifth baronet of Nova Scotia, a distinguished lawyer, was created a baronet of Great Britain, 18th May, 1798, and nominated Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Judicature in Bengal. Sir John married Miss Bryce, and had issue

John, his successor,

Windham, present baronet,

Mary Anne.

Sir John died 26th of January, 1811,\*and was succeeded by his eldest son,

SIR JOHN, sixth baronet of Nova Scotia and second of England, who married, 11th January, 1817, Jesse, daughter of Major-General Dewar, by whom he left one posthumous child, John. Sir John Anstruther succeeded in 1817, on the death of the Earl of Hyndford, to his lordship's entailed property in Lanarkshire, and took the additional surname and arms of Carmichael. He died 28th January, 1818, and left his honours to his son,

SIR JOHN, seventh and third baronet, who was accidentally killed while on a shooting expedition in October, 1831, and the title was inherited by his uncle,

SIR WINDHAM CARMICHAEL ANSTRUTHER, the present baronet, who served with some distinction during the Peninsular war on Lord Roslyn's staff, and was wounded in Portugal. Sir Windham espoused, in 1824, MEREDITH MARIA (second daughter of Charles Wetherell, Esq.), by whom he has a son, Windham Charles James, born in 1825.

## DOCTOR ZEB AND HIS PLANET.

BY W. GODWIN, JUN. ESQ.

DOCTOR ZEB was the most learned man of the times in which he lived. His cranium was a focus in which all the radii of wisdom and all the lights of human reason had found their centre. So prodigious was his knowledge, that it was affirmed he had discovered the means of making gold, and the secret of not being subject to death. Yet Dr. Zeb was poor all his life, and died long ago: but then we are assured that he lived in poverty because he knew that wealth could not procure happiness, and that he submitted to death like other men, because, having learned all that this world could teach, he had a mind to know what was passing in another.

This so celebrated Dr. Zeb was one day taking a walk in a retired and solitary place, and therefore favourable to the deep meditation in which he was engaged. He took a view of the vast range of sciences of which he had made himself master, and of the important secrets he had discovered. Though, for the most part, not less remarkable for the modesty of his nature than for the luminous quality of his understanding, it must be confessed, Dr. Zeb, on this occasion, did not resist a little movement of vanity which assailed his heart.

During the walk, Dr. Zeb raised his thoughts to speculations the most sublime. He soared so high as to seek to penetrate into the mysteries of the creation, and dared to think he perceived defects and contradictions in the magnificent system of the universe. Still further even

did he carry his arrogant presumption, by lifting his voice to arraign the Architect of the innumerable wonders he contemplated. What more than all called forth his censure and discontent, was the mixture of perfection and blemishes, of grandeur and baseness, which everywhere prevailed in the character of man. "Why," murmured he to himself, "has the Creator endued his creature man with those fierce, disorderly passions, which torment him from the cradle to the grave, and which are the first cause of his errors and his crimes? Why was he afflicted with so many sufferings and miseries? Why subject him to bodily and mental pain? Ah, had the power of creating been mine, I would have produced beings far more perfect than man, and I would have bestowed upon them the completest happiness. *Had the Creator but consulted me when he formed mankind, I could have given him, I think, some useful advice.*"

Scarcely had Dr. Zeb concluded these reflections, when suddenly an angel, beaming with light, descended from the sky and stood before him. The Doctor, unable to support the brightness of the heavenly messenger, turned away his eyes and fell prostrate on the ground. The angel spoke: "The Creator of unnumbered worlds has looked into thy mind, and read thy thoughts. He does justice to the profoundness and extent of thy knowledge, and deigns to invite thee to share with him in the glories of creation." As the last words fell from the lips of the angel, he folded Dr. Zeb in his arms, and they mounted with the rapidity of lightning into unknown regions. In the shortest space of time they were millions of miles above the earth, and Dr. Zeb found himself in a planet not known to any astronomer,

for it had that moment been called into existence by Him who said, "*Let there be light ! and there was light.*"

Dr. Zeb gazed in wonder and admiration around him. "What new world is this?" cried he : "is it a dream that presents itself to my imagination, to disappear when I awake?" "It is no dream," rejoined the angel, "but a real world which the Omnipotent has created on thy account : he delivers it to thy keeping on the sole condition that thou shalt people it. He gives it thee for fifteen days, and with it the power to create beings such as live on the earth below, but more perfect and more happy. Begin, therefore, animate the dust under thy feet ; cause the rocks around thee to take the human form ; give them a soul ; thy breath shall suffice for this effect : but once again, I repeat, the beings thou bringest into life by the sound of thy voice, or the touch of thy hand, must be more perfect and more happy than those who inhabit the earth. Shouldst thou fail, dread the punishment thy impotence will have provoked from the hand of a justly offended God."

Having said these words, the angel hastened to join the celestial choir which surrounds the throne of the Eternal.

Dr. Zeb had been taken by surprise in a moment of pride, and the flattering office now assigned to him was not calculated to raise sensations of modest self-distrust in his mind. What an important mission was that with which he was intrusted ! To be the creator of a new race of men, a new society ! With a single word from his lips, a single breath, a single act of his will, he was to give life and motion, a soul, reason, thoughts, sentiments, to inert matter ! What a lofty destiny ! A little pride on the occasion might surely be forgiven !



After reflecting deeply on the words of the angel, the Doctor thus pursued: "So, then, I am permitted to mould these my new creatures according to my fancy. Let me well consider every thing before I begin so grand an undertaking. I must be ignorant, indeed, if I fail to make my beings more perfect and more happy than the feeble and unhappy children of Adam. The threats of the angel do not dishearten or alarm me. It may be well, however, to arrange my plan of proceeding." Accordingly, the Doctor fell into a train of deep reflection.

"First, my creatures must form a society, for it is only in society that genius is developed and expanded. Without society genius and even virtue would be but useless treasures. Were I to adapt my creatures to a state of solitude, a gloomy self-concentred mood must be the principal trait in their character. Gaiety, the mother of so many pleasures, would be banished from my globe. Man derives his happiness from those around him and from himself; from those around him, by making use of their industry and their virtues for his own advantage; and from himself, by the performance of virtuous actions. But if we have not the state of society, these very actions are without objects to be benefited by them. So, then, as I want my creatures to be happy, it is necessary for them to be in a state of society.

"Next, that my people may attain to perfect happiness, I will form them so that they shall be exempt from bodily ailments; their organisation shall be such that human sufferings shall have no power to reach them. But no—yes—this is a point I must re-consider. If a being is insensible to pain, how can he be susceptible of pleasure? Both pleasure and pain proceed from the delicacy and

sensibility of our organs. In destroying the cause of pain, I destroy also the cause of pleasure ; so that instead of producing a happy being, he would be a mere automaton. This is a dilemma of a more perplexing character than I expected.

“ But now, though I should not be able to exempt my creatures from bodily pain, I see no obstacle to preserving them from that of the mind. We are more or less happy, or the reverse, through the feelings of the heart, rather than through the senses ; I will, therefore, bestow on them all the enjoyments that delight the soul, all the affections that constitute happiness, taking care to remove from their path every source of alloy or cause of destruction to those tender materials. All this, surely, I shall find quite easy of accomplishment.”

Here Doctor Zeb again paused, and pressing one hand against his forehead, he fell into a train of deep meditation.

“ Now I look at the matter in another aspect,” said he, “ there are still some perplexing contradictions. If I provide my beings with all the pleasures of the soul, it appears to me impossible to separate those from its pains. To enjoy, one must first feel the desire of enjoyment, and, the stronger the desire, the more exquisite the enjoyment. If my beings have desires, these of necessity will be mixed with fears and hopes. Thus their tranquillity will be disturbed, and if disappointment in any feature of their desire should ensue, then is my creature made unhappy. If, on the other hand, he obtains what he desires, he must, of course, wish to secure the object he so much values ; and if, in the nature of things, it should be torn from his grasp, how shall I save him from the most poignant regret ? If he felt not this regret, it

would be a proof that his enjoyment had been but small. Well; what if my beings were constituted frivolous, thoughtless, devoid of character of any kind? Oh, then they would be less liable to pain of the mind, and uneasiness with them would be of short duration; yes, but also they would have put their lips to the cup of happiness and withdrawn it without tasting the nectar it contained: they would still be ignorant of the bliss of true enjoyment. Really, it is difficult to reconcile all these discrepancies. But let us look a little further.

“The men that I am to create shall, then, like my fellow beings on earth, be subject to both mental and bodily pain; since it seems that for their very happiness it ought to be so. But, at least, as I cannot dispense with the feature of their existing in a state of society, they shall be possessed of every virtue. Not a vice shall there be in my planet; neither pride, nor egotism, nor covetousness. There shall be neither miser, nor dupe, nor knave; and, above all, no ambitious man shall be among us; none who lives on the blood and the tears of nations, whose elevation has grown on the engine of murder, and who is puffed up with the idea of his importance, because the poor tremble at his nod, and who rewards the adulation of the servile with the spoils wrested from the virtuous. I will have no war among us, that fatal scourge which the sons of Adam bring upon themselves, and often without cause or motive. The inhabitants of my planet shall have none but mild affections; sentiments, but no passions, for passions are the sole cause of all the errors and all the crimes of man.

“No passions! It must, however, be confessed that it is these which supply the grandest energies of the soul, which give movement to the development of ideas—

an incredible power of exertion to natures which, without them, would be inert, incapable of enterprise, and who, under the influence of passions, are stimulated to the bravest disregard of danger for their gratification. So then, if my beings are without passions they will have no lofty views; they will see inconveniencies, obstacles, and perils in all the undertakings which present themselves. I shall thus have produced a pusillanimous race, endowed with little better than the life of a vegetable. There would be no action in its societies, and every hope of attaining that glorious state of perfection I had contemplated would be thus for ever lost!

“Ah, I see we can do nothing if we reject the passions.

“But then all must not have the same passions; for this would cause a state of perpetual discord. If the same dispositions were in all, there would be ever the same aims and pursuits, and one would jostle another in the execution of their projects. My beings would not have friendly feelings towards each other; there would even exist violent distastes, distrusts, and hatred, occasioned by a mutual sense of rivalry of interests. Why do we see more partiality arise between two men of dissimilar tastes and dispositions, producing opposition and contrast, than between other two whose characters have a strong resemblance? Is it not because this difference of character destroys all the grounds for rivalry, and consequently every germ of discord or hostility? Let us then assume, that any two men, having between them no subject or reason for animosity, would naturally, on coming into contact, be mutually disposed to kind and favourable sentiments towards each other.

“As this is the case, my creatures, since passions they

must have, shall have them in such kind and degree as not to interfere with each other, to the injury of my general plan. Now then, I distribute among my creatures the limited number of passions incident to the human species, and they are to feel them in different degrees; for there would still be too much resemblance in the characters of individuals, which only those degrees or shades of passions have the power to modify *ad infinitum*. We see then, that we must have every shade of the passions that can be imagined, in my society, in order that a variety may exist in the characters; for this variety is absolutely necessary to the perfection and completion of my undertaking.

“But by what means shall I be able to prevent the entrance of vices into my planet? The vice, beyond all others, of covetousness, I would exclude; but is not covetousness one of the shades of self-preservation? I would exclude both dupes and knaves, and would form only men of frank, generous, and confiding tempers. But how shall I be able to keep out dupes and knaves from a world where kindness, confidence, and generosity will be ever meeting covetousness in their path? I will not admit pride, yet pride is one of the shades of self-love, in itself an excellent mobile, and absolutely necessary for the safety of all created beings. I will have no ambitious man; ah, it is easy to say this, but is not ambition one of the modifications of pride? So that in creating pride, I also give birth to ambition. Further—I will fashion the minds of my creatures so that they shall set no value on riches, honour, and power. Fine reasoning, truly! Other objects will give another direction to their pride; they will have another ambition, and will cut each other’s throats for other causes. Thus I shall not have gained a single step.

“ It would seem, then, that I cannot give the inhabitants of my planet, a different character from that of the inhabitants of earth. I see<sup>\*</sup> that my new society must, like theirs, be composed of vices and virtues; that baseness and grandeur, pride and modesty, knavery and probity, must have their places in it, as they have among the children of Adam. Like the adroit painter who uses two opposite colours to produce a good effect in the shading of his picture, so must I employ good and evil, for the completeness of my design.

“ But though I cannot bestow on my creatures a more perfect character than that of the inhabitants of earth, at least I may endow them with a grander and more expansive genius, a sounder judgment, a more luxuriant and varied imagination; in short, with stronger and more earnest dispositions for the arts and sciences. In this I shall have procured them a greater degree of happiness, since they will be so much nearer to perfection. This point, however, requires reflection. I must consider what shall be the measure of the genius I would assign them, and in what degree I would enlarge their knowledge. Shall I give them such an aptness for acquiring the sciences, that without any of the pains or fatigues of industry they shall learn what God has thought proper to withhold from the sons of Adam? No; for from the moment they know all, their genius will be without its natural aliment, will no longer be of use, but will languish in a state of inactivity, resembling death. I must, therefore, consent that my creatures shall be ignorant of a great number of nature's secrets; that they shall know only those things which conduce to their happiness, and have to search after the knowledge of all besides. This, though is just what the Creator has

*done for the inhabitants of the earth. Those of my planet shall have a sounder judgment, a clearer insight into what is passing, and the power of better appreciating all surrounding objects. But no, I am again at fault, for as my creatures will have the same passions as the children of Adam, like them they will see with the eyes of their passions, and with no more clearness than they.*

“Can I compensate these deficiencies, by bestowing an excess of imagination on my creatures? I will give them the most exquisite sense of beauty in the arts; they shall have among them greater painters and greater poets—but what am I proposing? The arts must ever be but imitations of nature; they can present but the images of natural things: perfection in the imitation of these images, depends eminently on the manner of feeling them. The children of Adam may, at some time, arrive at this perfection, when their productions shall be in perfect harmony with their sentiments and their sensations.

“Thus, then, the inhabitants of my planet will be condemned to have no more genius, no more judgment, no more imagination than the inhabitants of the earth! This is a great evil, for the brilliant faculties, of which the latter display so proud a boast, make but a poor figure when examined closely. One consolation, however, I have; there will not be a single instance of a man of weak understanding in my planet; no, one and all shall be endowed with intellectual powers. I cannot imagine why there should have been fools among the children of the earth; and in such large numbers.

“Fools, did I say? Ah, now I perceive the difficulty of doing without them, even in my own planet. What! give an equal portion of genius to each individual? An

equal power of thought? No, no, for if all the creatures of this, my new world, had an equal portion of intellect, that intellect would be no longer of value. Emulation would be destroyed. The same necessity which exists for an infinity of modifications in character, exists likewise as to intellect. I must examine the very slightest shades of difference, from towering genius to the weakest folly, as well as those which exist between good and evil; and since my creatures are not to have more intellect than the inhabitants of earth, the fools I am to create will necessarily be as great fools as any in the globe on which I hold my existence.

“Well, but to compensate my fools in some measure, I will bestow on them the quality of modesty, which shall, at all times, lead them to a due estimation of their own powers. Thus, they will enter on no undertaking that is above the faculties of their mind. We shall not see among them a multitude of persons, who, without sense or talent, inundate the world with their miserable productions; a set of ignorant pretenders sending forth systems of politics, of morals, &c.: men, destitute of a spark of imagination, thrusting themselves into the sphere of poetry and romance, or, though only fit for the daubing of a sign post, assuming the title of painters. But I shall reform these matters, and take care that none shall step out of the place to which I have appointed him. Yet, vain is this project also, for though not difficult in other respects, how shall I be able to subdue the powerful obstacle that presents itself? How prevent, since it is a shade of self-love, the existence of vanity in my planet? Or, that the quality shall prevail even among the fools? Is it not fortunate, when mean passions select mean minds for their abode? And is it not



far best that vanity should associate with folly, shewing it in its true colours, than with genius which it would degrade? Would it not be a pity, that modesty were the ornament of fools? For then, no longer would this fine quality be the highest ornament of talents, and none would desire its possession.

“I perceive, then, clearly, that I must fail in my attempt to create beings more perfect in their nature, or more happy in their state, than those in whom I lately found so great a number of imperfections. What a humiliation to my pride!”

Dr. Zeb now passed a fortnight in meditations the most profound. The longer he reflected, the more he saw the impossibility of creating a society of men without passions and without vices. He recognised the absolute necessity for creating in his new planet, dupes and knaves; upright men and villains; spendthrifts and misers; ambitious men, vain men, fools, and originals of every kind. The fifteenth day arrived, and found the doctor in a state of the most painful and extreme perplexity, for in all this time not a single being had he created.

“Can it be,” cried he, “that the power to create has been bestowed on me, and I have made no use of it! For an instant only have I enjoyed my triumph! I was endowed with a gift divine, and it has served but to make me sensible of my abject impotence! But no, I will not return thus to the earth. Something, though it were but a fly, will create. Yes, I will amuse myself in creating a fly; and will take care enough that it shall be more perfect than the flies that exist on earth, since I cannot dispense with this condition without incurring the severe penalty prescribed.”

Dr. Zeb, having formed the resolution to create a fly, fell again into a train of thought no less profound than when the question was of creating human beings. He had seen many flies in his life, and had examined their component parts with scrupulous attention; nor did the earth contain an insect of whose organisation the learned man was ignorant. Suddenly he started from his reverie. "Create a fly! I create a fly!" cried he, "could any but a madman entertain the thought? Nothing that exists is more perfect than a fly! So marvellous a structure of an insect confounds weak human reason in attesting the infinite power of the Creator. Ah! great and merciful God, deign to pardon the movement of pride within my breast, which for a moment caused me to misunderstand thy universal wisdom! My abject, ignorant soul bows down before thee! I impiously dared to pass a censure on thy works; I had the audacity to think I could create beings more perfect than man, and find that imagination can conceive no higher perfection than is exhibited in the form with which thou hast endowed a fly!"

Scarcely had he concluded these words when a loud peal of thunder was heard. Dr. Zeb tremblingly raised his eyes towards heaven, and perceived the angel who had conducted him to the uninhabited planet where he now stood. The celestial messenger was borne on a light transparent vapour, emblazoned with tints of blue and gold. A smile beamed on his countenance as he pronounced these words: "Dismiss thy fears, oh learned man! God is too just, too great, and too good, not to pardon thy folly, which thyself hast acknowledged and repented of; he watched to see to what extreme thy presumption would lead thee, and if thou wouldst dare to use

the power he gave thee. Thou didst well in retracting thy error. Cease, oh blind and feeble mortal, cease thy vain endeavour to measure the immense chain, of which thy imperfect vision sees only a few scattered links ; but of the extent, or marvellous structure of which thou canst know nothing. To have a just idea of the wisdom of a God, it is not from a single man, or a single insect that he is to be judged, but from the whole range of creation, the mysteries of which are far above thy comprehension. Both man and fly are imperfect by their nature, but perfect by their destination. If God had created beings perfect by their nature, he would have created gods."

At these words, a second peal of thunder was heard. The angel placed the doctor by his side. In a moment the planet was annihilated, and Dr. Zeb found himself in his own dwelling surrounded by his family and friends, who were still lamenting his loss. The remainder of his days was passed in the rational endeavour still to improve his knowledge. No movement of pride again assailed him, nor was he ever again visited with the desire to create a race of men to his own fancy—that absurd mania of so many philosophers !

## MARIUS AMIDST THE RUINS OF CARTHAGE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE ISLAND BRIDE."

Masters of passion sway it to the mood  
Of what it likes, or loathes.—SHAKESPEARE.

### I.

THE sloping rays of the declining sun  
Gleam'd o'er the wreck of Carthage ; where the ashes,  
Heap'd from his borrow'd fires, in masses dun  
And blacken'd, lay around. Pale Ruin there  
Had done her worst. The angry storm, which lashes  
The earth-girt rock, and lays its summit bare,  
Had been a kindlier foe.—There, palaces  
Which erst, in her prosperity, did rise  
Like everlasting temples to the skies,—  
Their costly hangings, stiff with wreathed gold,  
Their goblets carv'd, and golden chalices,  
The massive relics of achievement hold :—  
There, of remoter times the proud remains  
Vast, towering columns propping loftier fanes,  
With all their gorgeous tracery, and all  
The sumptuous ornaments of festal hall—  
The "pomp and circumstance" of princely state—  
All that makes man, amidst his nothing, great,  
Had added to the wreck.—The pillar'd pile,  
The spire that laugh'd amid the thunder-cloud,  
The temple with its idol—cursed guile !  
The trick of priestcraft to delude the crowd—  
Deck'd like a corpse within a gilded shroud,  
As foul, as senseless, and as mute a thing—  
Were all—all levell'd with the dust ; o'er all,  
The slug and fouler earth-worm vilely crawl,  
Or, 'neath the wreck of temples harbouring,  
Leave their thick slime, where once the marble shone  
Like an eternal mirror in the sun.

## II.

Carthage ! where now thy beauty ! where, alas !  
 The pride of pageantry, thy pomp ; and where  
 Those mighty navies which had aw'd the world ?  
 Their flaunting sails are now for ever furl'd !  
 Thy halls are desolate ; the wiry grass  
 And weeds—the rankest—choke thy pathways :—there  
 Sits moody Silence, pointing to the skies,  
 With palsied tongue, with fix'd and rayless eyes,  
 Where, by the hand of everlasting fane  
 Is traced, in living light, immortal Scipio's name.

## III.

Carthage ! within thy walls the lizard dwells  
 Where erst the cricket chirp'd ; and the foul cells  
 Of squalid reptiles are discovered, where  
 The sleek mouse had her dwelling. The meek hare  
 Sits unafrighted 'mid thy shatter'd domes,  
 Where heroes once had fix'd their noblest homes.  
 Amid thy ruins, vast and desolate,  
 No human creature wanders ; o. but one,  
 A lone,—a stern and solitary man,  
 Stern as the blacken'd rock he sits upon,  
 Harsher his spirit, and as dark his fate.  
 There, on the fragment of a massy stone  
 That, ere the fiercely-crackling flames had riv'n  
 Its giant bulk, look'd up and laugh'd at heav'n,  
 Perch'd like a vulture, ominous and grim,  
 The very reptiles all avoiding him,  
 He sits, his moody reverie began  
 Which stirr'd his heart to slaughter.—There alone  
 Houseless he sits, upon that rocky throne,  
 His own appropriate emblem ; for the flint  
 Could not more sternly brave the thunder's dint  
 Than his hard heart compassion's soft appeal.  
 Amid the scene his dizzy senses reel  
 With thoughts too dire to utter.

## IV.

There he sits,  
 By whom the mighty Cimbri were chastis'd,  
 As if his very soul were paralys'd.  
 And yet his fierce eye glares in moody fits  
 O'er the surrounding waste, as if he view'd  
 His own state pictur'd in its solitude.  
 Dark and as still as night he sits alone,  
 Like a doom'd spirit, on that riven stone,  
 And, in his murkiness of mind, broods o'er  
 Real or imagin'd wrongs, while o'er his heart—  
 Thro' which the black blood bounds, with fever'd start—  
 A thirst of vengeance steals, and at the core  
 Parches and burns it up.—He looks towards Rome,  
 The city of his pride, the warrior's home ;—  
 How diff'rent to the ruins round him lying !  
 That city's rival once, which, now no more,  
 Sends forth her barks to earth's remotest shore.  
 He looks towards Rome—imperial Rome—defying  
 The wide world round her. Rome ! he looks towards thee,  
 While his heart throbs with inward agony,  
 And from his eye Reveng's hot streams pour.

## V

Soon the bark bears him o'er the waters—soon  
 Joy, in the flood of woe, shall quench her beams,  
 And her faint voice be drown'd in the shrill screams  
 Of sanguinary slaughter.—Ere the moon  
 Again shall fill her silver horns with light,  
 The sun of happiness shall set in night.  
 Marius is nigh thee, Rome !—a heartless son,  
 That, like the adder, loves to prey upon  
 The bowels of its parent.—Ah ! beware !  
 The voice of carnage soon shall rend the air—  
 Rome hears it now—she hears, with mad surprise,  
 And, glutted with her blood, the ruthless savage dies

## POWIS CASTLE.

THE SEAT OF THE EARL OF POWIS.

THE town of Welsh Pool, in Montgomeryshire, is considerable, and derives its present appellation from a deep pool formerly on the waste, but now within the enclosure of Powis Park. In the early ages, when the more marvellous a story appeared, the more readily was it received as true, this pool was considered unfathomable, and there is a prophecy with respect to it, that it shall some time or other overflow and deluge the town. This prophecy is still believed in Wales. The depth of the pool, however, has to this day never been correctly ascertained; but the deduction drawn from the collective experiments is, that its depth is nearly three hundred feet.

About a mile from Welsh Pool, on the right of the road to Montgomery, stands Powis Castle, a venerable pile, built in the ancient style of domestic architecture, participating of the castle and mansion.

Powis Castle is intimately connected with a large and interesting portion of the historical events that occurred in the middle ages, more particularly with affairs that took place in the warfare of the borders, called the Marches of Wales.

The first notice that history records of this place, is about the year 1109, when Cadwgan ap Bleddyn, one of the Welsh princes, sought an asylum at Trallyn, now Pool. The circumstance that compelled this chieftain thus to secrete himself, is somewhat curious.











In the Christmas holidays, Cadwgan ap Bleddyn invited the chieftains in his neighbourhood to a feast at his house in Dyvet. In the course of the entertainment, mead, the wine of the country, having elevated their spirits, Nest, the wife of Gerald, governor of Pembroke Castle, was spoken of in terms of admiration; the beauty and elegance of whose person, it was said, exceeded those of any lady in Wales. The curiosity of Owen, the son of Cadwgan, was strongly excited to see her; and he had little doubt of obtaining admittance to the castle, as there was a degree of relationship subsisting between them. Under colour of a friendly visit, the young chieftain, with a few of his attendants, was introduced into the castle. Finding that fame had been cold in her praise, he returned home deeply enamoured of her beauty, and fired with an eager desire to possess her. On the same night, returning with a troop of his wild companions, he secretly entered the castle, and in the confusion occasioned by setting it on fire, surrounded the chamber in which Gerald and his wife slept. Awaked by the noise, the former rushed suddenly out of bed to enquire the cause of the disturbance; but his wife, suspecting some treachery, prevented his opening the door: then, advising him to conceal himself, she pulled up a board; and still further assisting her husband, he let himself down and effected his escape. Owen and his followers instantly broke open the door, and leaving the castle in flames, and ravaging the country, carried off Nest and her children into Powis. This adventure gave Cadwgan the greatest uneasiness. Afraid lest Henry I. might revenge on his head the atrocious action of his son, he came into Powis, and requested Owen to send back to Gerald his wife and children, as well as the

plunder he had taken. The young chieftain, however, whose love was by no means lessened, and had, perhaps, been returned, resolutely refused to restore her; but soon after sent back to Gerald all his children, at her particular request. This occurrence, with a subsequent outrage committed by the same turbulent spirit, that is to say, the murder of a bishop with all his attendants on his journey to the English court, being reported to Henry, Cadwgan was summoned to answer for the crimes of his son; but being unable to satisfy the king, his lands were taken away, and he was strictly charged on his allegiance not to enter any part of Wales until leave should be given. It was during the king's displeasure, that Cadwgan concealed himself in Powis-land. Not long, however, after these events, Henry received the Welsh prince again into favour, and gave him the territory which his late brother (who had been murdered by his nephew, Madoc ap Ririd ap Bleddyn) had possessed in Powis; and even extended his grace to his son Owen, bidding his father recal him from Ireland, whither he had flown in consequence of his late murder of the bishop.

This prince, having brought his territories into some degree of order, repaired to Pool, attended by the elders of the country, where he began to erect the castle of Powis, in which he intended to reside. He had enjoyed his good fortune but a short time, when he was suddenly assaulted and slain by his nephew Madoc, who, by some singular exercise of interest, obtained a pardon from Henry I. upon payment of a fine.

Powis Castle, having been left unfinished by Cadwgan, was subsequently continued and completed by Gwynwynwyn, who succeeded his father Owen Cyveilise, in

the government of this part of Powis-land. In the year 1191, in consequence of the commission of various depredations of the Welsh on the inhabitants of the Marches, Hubert, archbishop of Canterbury, in the absence of his sovereign, Richard I., who was engaged in a crusade to the Holy Land, came with a powerful army and besieged this fortress. He met with a most vigorous resistance, nor did the garrison surrender till it found that the walls had been undermined; and not even then, until they had exacted a condition that they should be allowed to depart with their arms. The works of the garrison being strengthened, and an English garrison placed in it, the Archbishop returned into England; but soon after his departure, it was re-taken by its former proprietor, on the same conditions on which it had been given up before. At this time it received the appellation of Gwynwynwyn's Castle at the Pool.

The Prince of Powis, however, disgusted with the proceedings of the Prince of Gwynedd, was induced to go over to the English side, and consented to become a vassal to King John, and to hold the territory *in capite* of the crown. His son and successor, Gryffydd, ascended the throne of Powis under the mortifying circumstance of being compelled to do homage and service to the English monarch; by which he was bound to aid and assist in the hostile attempts for the subjugation of his country. Incensed at this prince's unnatural conduct, Llewelyn ap Jorwerth took and dismantled this fortress in the year 1233, which then, from the colour of the stone, was called Castell Coch, or the Red Castle, in Powis-land. Not satisfied with this, he gained possession of the Lower Powis, banished its prince as a previously acknowledged chieftain, and at the same time

accepted the submission of another, Gryffydd ap Madoc, the titular prince of Upper Powis, and lord of Dinas Bran. The grandson of Gwynwynwyn, Owen ap Gryffydd, still under English protection, remained in possession of the place. But on his demise, leaving one daughter only to represent his right, her title to the inheritance was disputed. Hawys Gaderu, or Hawys the hardy, had four uncles, who conspired to alienate her birthright, and deprive her of the privileges arising from descendible patrimony, by disputing the validity of her title to her father's patrimony; alleging, in their behalf, the incapability of any female becoming heiress to a throne. This political maxim, recently introduced, and derived by the English monarchs from the French jurisprudence, was instilled by their partisans into the minds of the Welsh, in order that by sowing the seeds of future opposition, they might raise contention between families, and the principle of "*divide et impera*" once established, they might with greater facility obtain the great object of their wishes, namely, the entire subjugation of the principality. This salique law, so termed in the Norman Code, was enacted by Pharamond, king of the Franks, and was intended to have been enforced by the sovereigns who derived their authority and their constitutional ideas from these sources of tyrannical exclusion.

Under such circumstances, however, Hawys acted a very prudent part. She made the reigning monarch her friend, who, in consideration of the loss and disappointments she had already sustained, procured for her a noble connexion. She was married to John de Charlton, whom the king had not only dignified, but appointed to a place at court of great honour and emolument, under the

title of Baron Powis. In their posterity, both the barony and estates remained for several generations.

The barony and title were at length conveyed to Sir John Grey of Heton, in the county of Northumberland, by his marriage with Jane, eldest daughter of Lord Edward Powis, and who thus possessed it as a moiety of the estate. He, in the emphatic language of our ancient chroniclers, is represented as a man of uncommon exertion, as well as of high descent, being the son of Sir Thomas Grey of Berwick, by Jane, daughter of John Lord Mowbray. He early obtained a high commission in the army, and particularly distinguished himself during the French war, carried on in the reign of Henry V., who, for his eminent services, conferred on him titles, and made him large grants in that country. Continuing in that arduous service, the king further honoured him with the order of the Garter. There he remained till, with the Duke of Clarence, and other distinguished soldiers, he fell a victim to his country in the unfortunate affair of Baugée, in the year 1421. The future possessors of this castle and its domains suffered various reverses of fortune, till the 29th year of the reign of Elizabeth, when Edward Grey, a natural son of Edward Grey de Powis, who had inherited by virtue of a settlement on his mother, conveyed by purchase the lordship and castle of Powis to Sir Edward Herbert, second son of the celebrated William Herbert, earl of Pembroke; the second of his name and title who flourished under four sovereigns, of different aspects, and in the most difficult times. He dying, was buried in the church of Pool, and was succeeded in the estates by his son William, who was made knight of the Bath at the coronation of James I., and by his son, Charles I., created Lord Powis. His



successor was doomed to witness some of those reverses of fortune to which the former owners of this castle had been so often subject. Peircy, Lord Powis, on the breaking out of the civil war, declared in favour of royalty, fortified his castle, and placed in it a garrison of which he took the command. But the parliamentary army, under General Sir Thomas Myddleton, laid siege to it, and in October, 1644, the fortress was surrendered, its owner taken prisoner, and the place pillaged. On that occasion, all his fine estates were confiscated, and he was constrained to compound for them, by which means he obtained re-possession. During the siege, the castle sustained material damage in its outer walls, by the battering train of its besiegers. This damage has long been repaired, and the whole fitted up as a noble residence. But whether the alterations which upon different occasions have been effected, can be justly accounted improvements, is a question upon which great difference of opinion has arisen. It is undoubtedly a difficult task to modernise an ancient building, with the restriction that its general contour shall be strictly preserved. The situation of the gardens is, perhaps, not the most favourable, hanging square terraces, shelf upon shelf, but ill accord with the fine swells exhibited by the opposite lawn; and sash windows of a modern fashion hardly harmonise with the massy bastions and antique towers of the original building. "Powis Castle," observes a topographical writer of some eminence, "stands pre-eminent in this part of the country for its fine situation and commanding terrace. It is one of those buildings, the character of which requires the adoption of Italian architecture, and the old-fashioned style of gardening; its terraces should be preserved, its balustrades decorated

with statues and vases, interwoven with creeping plants and evergreens; in short, it should be made a *Villa d'Este* in miniature."

Powis Castle stands on the ridge of a rock, is constructed of red sand-stone, and the dilapidations made by time in the external walls have been repaired by a coat of red plaistering. The entrance is through an ancient gateway, between two massy circular towers, into the area or court round which the apartments range. Several other towers are still standing, flanked with semi-circular bastions. The site is elevated and commanding, looking over a vast extent of country, the greater part of which was formerly subject to its lords. In front, two immense terraces, one above the other, form the ascent, by means of a vast flight of steps, to the house. These are ornamented with vases, statues, antique remains, &c. The edifice is kept up as a habitable mansion, though rarely visited by its noble owner. The inside has a heavy and unpleasant appearance, from the vast thickness of the walls, and the whole building brings strongly to mind the cumbersome magnificence of former times. The interior exhibits little worthy of the curious traveller's notice, excepting the principal gallery, measuring 117 feet in length by 20 in breadth. This was originally much longer, but when the castle was modernised, a large room was taken from it at one end: this is of a later date than the other part of the building, and is said to have been detached from it about ninety years ago. The apartments on the ground floor are gloomy, as are also the dining and state bed-rooms; but the saloon and library are well lighted, and afford a most cheerful and delightful prospect: the view from the former comprehending the rich vale of the Severn, with the Friedden

hills in the contrasted back ground. These contain some valuable antiques. In the large parlour, within the dwelling-house, is a full-length portrait of Roger Palmer, earl of Castlemain, who obtained the peerage through the interest of his wife, a mistress to king Charles the Second, the celebrated Duchess of Cleveland. Dressed in the costume of the times, a black wig, large cravat, and scarlet mantle, he is portrayed in the act of dictating to his secretary the nature of his instructions. This singular character was sent by his master, James II., to endeavour to obtain a pardon for the three realms under his sovereignty, on account of their long lapse to heresy; and, if possible, to procure a reconciliation, by means of the Holy See, between the two dissevered churches. The pope, well convinced of the folly of such an attempt, under the then existing circumstances, never, it is said, could give audience to the English ambassador without being seized with a convenient fit of coughing, which invariably interrupted the subject of consultation. Wearied with delay, the envoy took umbrage; and in his warmth of zeal for his master's cause, threatened, that if not speedily granted a satisfactory answer, he would pack up his credentials and leave Rome. His Holiness, with a *sang-froid* which may almost be said to be peculiar to deep politicians, replied, "that if such were his determination, so hastily, and perhaps so unadvisedly formed, he would, with the most cordial affection, recommend him to travel early in the morning, and to rest at noon, lest by over-fatigue, and the effects of heat, he should endanger his health." And thus ended the Catholic mission from the crown of England.

A narrow gallery, leading to the sleeping rooms, is hung with family portraits, most of which are indifferently

executed, and not interesting in point of public character. On one of the ceilings much pictorial flattery is displayed to the female part of the family, in the representation of three daughters of William, second marquis of Powis. One is depicted as Truth: Lady Throgmorton appears as Charity: Lady Mary as Minerva: and Justice is in the act of driving away Envy, Malice, and other vices. Few ladies have made a more conspicuous figure than Lady Mary. She was deeply engaged in the Mississippi scheme, and dreamed of millions; aimed at becoming royal consort to the late Pretender; failed in her plans, and, with another noble adventurer, retired to Spain in search of gold in the deceptive mines of the Asturias.

“ The crown of Poland, venal twice an age,  
To just three millions stinted, modest gage !  
But nobler schemes Maria's dreams unfold,  
Hereditary realms, and worlds of gold.  
Congenial souls ! whose life one avarice joins,  
And one fate buries in the Asturian mines.”

In a detached building, more modern than the castle, is a collection of sixty or seventy pictures. Some of these are by the first masters, as Poussin, Claude, Bassano, Vleiger, Canaletti, Cuyp, &c. There are also a Virgin and Child, by Carlo Dolce; three owls by Rubens, and an ancient painting in fresco, from the ruined city of Pompeii. The portrait of the late Lord Clive, by Dance. In an adjoining closet is a model of an elephant, covered with a coat of mail, with two Indians upon its back, brought from India by Lord Clive.

The hanging gardens, composed of terrace upon terrace, are ascended by flights of steps cut out of the solid rock: the clipped shrubs, and the remains of water-works, discover an imitation of the wretched taste displayed at

St. Germain's, which one of its possessors had unfortunately too great an opportunity of copying. This was the titular Duke of Powis, the honour having been a post-abdication creation. This nobleman followed the fortunes of his royal master, James II., and died at St. Germain's in 1696. All was lately, and is, perhaps, now in the style of the seventeenth century; the only pleasing consequence of which style is, that it recalls the description of Jurieu's villa so admirably drawn by Pope.

The park is formed of spacious and verdant lawns, with swelling hills, well clothed with wood. The venerable oak, wide-sprading beech, and ornamental chestnut, diversify the views in rich variety; and highly contribute to render Powis Park an enviable spot to the lovers of forest scenery.

We have not heard that, of late years, any attempt has been made, on the part of the present noble owner, to arrest the hand of time, which is fast crumbling this venerable pile into dust. The buildings are in a state of dilapidation, and the gardens and grounds are neglected. If this be suffered to continue, at no very distant period the beauty and magnificence of Powis will be no more; and some moralising rustic will have to show the passing traveller the spot where Cadwgan lived and Bleddyn's royal race.

The present noble owner is the first Earl of Powis, of the new creation, and is a son of the celebrated Lord Clive, who distinguished himself so honourably in the East Indies. His Lordship married, in 1784, Lady Henrietta Antonia Herbert, daughter of Henry Arthur, and sister and heir of the last earl, on whose decease without issue in 1801, that title became extinct. His Lordship was advanced to the dignity of the Earl of Powis, in 1804.

## INFANT DAWN.

BY JAMES CONOLLY, ESQ.

OH ! infant dawn ! how beautiful art thou !  
 Gilding the east with many colour'd pride ;  
 With radiant, rosy bloom and purple smiles,  
 Kissing the hill tops, woods and laughing streams,  
 Even as a mother lips her infant child,  
 While gazing on its cherub, morning face.  
 Beaming with joy, to hear its mother's voice,  
 It leaps and struggles in her fond embrace,  
 And crows in ecstasy ; with tiny hands  
 Twin'd 'mid the ringlets of her waving hair.  
 So joys all nature in thy loved approach,  
 Thou bright-eyed dawn ! while varied, happy sounds  
 Of beast and bird proclaim thy glorious reign,  
 'Till the full chorus swells the vales along,  
 And hills reverberate with gladsome song.

Creation's earthly lord, weak erring man,  
 Shakes off the slumbers of his dreamy couch,  
 With all the shadowy phantasms of the soul  
 That in the night distract his sleeping sense ;  
 And—paying first his orisons on high  
 To Him who gives, or yet withholds soft rest,—  
 Walks forth to taste the bracing breeze of morn,  
 Which grateful blows upon his freshen'd cheek,  
 And fragrant incense wafts from every flower.  
 Maid of the morn ! I love thy glowing eye,  
 And charms of beauty in their varied tints ;  
 And, while entranced, thine advent I behold,  
 My heart, new opening, turns to him, the Great,  
 Who, viewing earth's wide chaos from his throne,  
 Uttered his first decree to listening hosts,  
 Commanding *thee* to shed thy cheering beams,  
 Dispelling darkness from her wandering sphere.  
 Thy rays, Aurora, penetrate my soul ;  
 Of all things earthly I do love thee most,  
 Because, while dwelling on thy burning charms,  
 I almost see thy Great Creator, God.

# THE DEATH OF M. G. LEWIS, ESQ.,

ON BOARD THE SIR GODFREY WEBSTER.

BY MISS J. A. PORTER.

As no particulars respecting the last moments of this highly-talented and eccentric individual have ever yet appeared before the public eye, the writer of the following recollections of the event is in hopes that they may not prove altogether unacceptable to the literary world; particularly as even little things relative to the fate of genius have always been considered worthy of interest.

It was erroneously asserted, many years back, that the late Matthew George Lewis (otherwise known by the title of Monk Lewis) died of sea-sickness on his passage to England from the Island of Jamaica,—but the malady that carried him off was of a far more awful description. It was the yellow fever, which had been raging for a long time at Black River, where he embarked the 1st of May, in the year 1818, on board the ship *Sir Godfrey Webster*, commanded by Captain ——, who now trades to India with the *Coromandel*. For some days previous to Mr. Lewis's decease, the weather had been blowing a strong gale, which subsiding all at once into a dead calm, left the vessel as it were spell-bound in the dog latitudes. Here the heat became intolerable; and this change in the atmosphere visibly affected Mr. Lewis's general health and spirits. He grew restless and impatient, continually pacing up and down the deck, and spouting forth Italian and German poetry in a wild and

impassioned tone of voice, accompanied with violent gestures. On the 13th of May, these serious symptoms rapidly increased in him, and becoming every hour worse and worse, at six o'clock the following morning he expired in the greatest bodily and even mental agony; for such was his delirium, that loud and bitter groans and fearful imprecations burst from his lips whilst suffering the last pangs. It seemed as if that same fatal affection for atheistical sentiments which had at an earlier period pervaded his compositions, as it had done those of many other talented men of his day, had again taken hold of his imagination in the form of those delirious ravings; for, previous to this dreadful crisis, his manners and conversation had been utterly free from levity of any description. But the scene before us could not fail to produce in some of even the most unreflecting a deep conviction of the Almighty's displeasure against the sin of "forgetting our Maker in the days of our youth!" And though the dying man, forgiven his early transgressions, might be unconscious of the spectres his words conjured up, *we* in a manner saw them, to tremble and be warned.

It is very much to be regretted that the remains of this accomplished gentleman (and perhaps too celebrated an author) were not preserved and brought home to be buried in the sepulchre of his family; the dust of genius being in some measure sacred to the soil from which it sprung. But, on the contrary, the corpse of the deceased was carried on deck, almost as soon as the last breath had departed; and being rolled up in the ship's colours, it was laid on the stern, where it remained until a slight shell of deal boards was nailed together by one of the carpenters.



Into this humble coffin the body was then carefully fastened down by the lid, and four eighteen-pounders attached to it, in order to sink it; a common white sheet, such as sailors use in their hammocks, was finally wrapped round the whole,—why or wherefore it is difficult to guess. Captain —— then proceeded to read over the burial service, several of the passengers (and most of the crew being present; after which, in obedience to his commands, the deceased was committed to the deep. At the first plunge, the coffin disappeared entirely; but rising again, the sheet that had been fastened around it became partially disarranged, and the air introducing itself between its folds, inflated them, and buoyed the coffin up, so that it floated on the surface of the waters, just like a boat with its sails full set. It was first observed by a few of the passengers, from a window in the front cabin, where suddenly, to their surprise and terror, they beheld this novel and spectre-like object borne up by the swell of the sea almost on a level with themselves. Never shall I forget the thrilling sensation caused by so appalling an apparition—imagination can scarcely picture any thing more horrible, coming as it did so unexpectedly. I was at that time a mere child, almost an infant, but such impressions pass not away! Around the vessel that coffin-bark danced like a fearful mockery; then heaving heavily over the surf, as if unwilling still to part from the living world, it bent its course towards the shores of the Havannah; and was soon lost to the straining sight of the awe-struck spectators: whether it arrived at those shores, or was swallowed up in the whelming waves, we have never been able to ascertain.

The impression that Mr. Lewis made on my parents was that of a very reserved yet very kind-hearted man;

he appeared to feel for the sufferings of any occasionally indisposed person on board, and particularly for my eldest sister, who almost fell a victim to the same fatal disorder which terminated his career. Before it manifested itself in him, he used to come frequently, and rap at the door of our berth, and ask after her health in the gentlest tones, never forgetting to accompany such enquiries with some little gift for the fevered invalid; such as a shaddock or a bottle of soda-water—articles of which he had brought on board a plentiful supply. He also possessed an old-fashioned piano, bound with brass bands for travelling; and often did he while away the dreary hours ever attendant on a long sea-voyage, by his exquisite touch on that instrument.

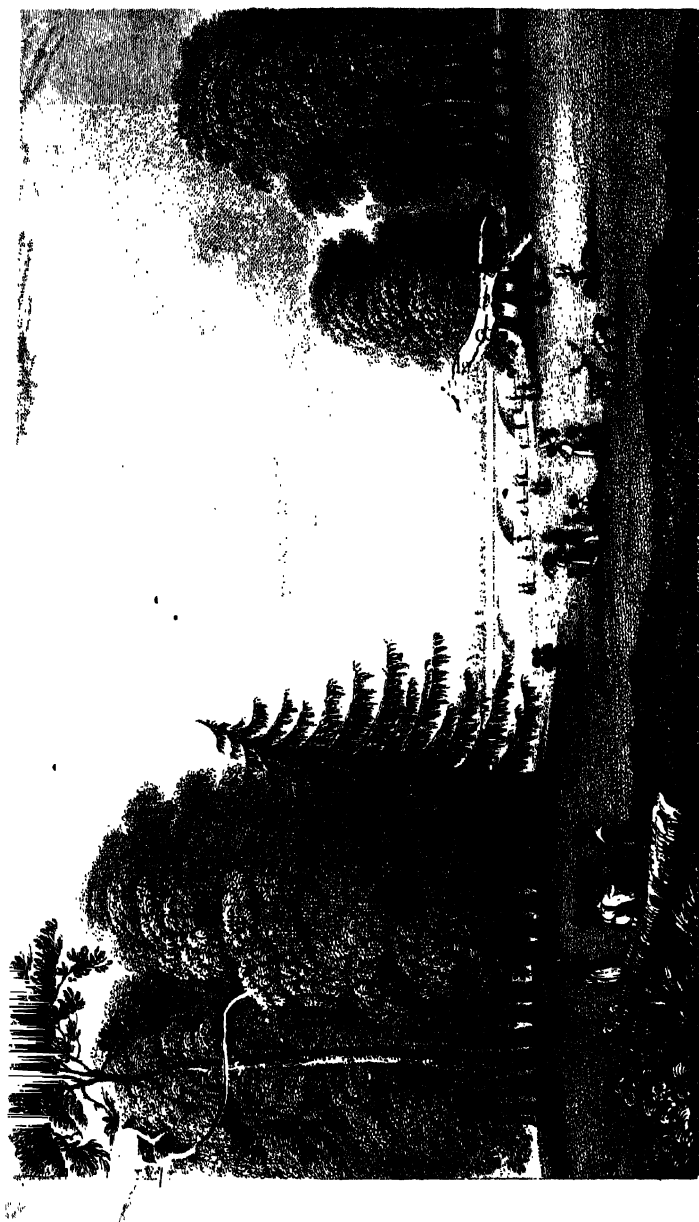
When we were passing the islands of the Cayman, some of the natives came alongside of our vessel in their boats, with parrots, shells, and live turtles, for sale—he purchased several of the latter, intending to present one to the Prince of Wales, and another to the Duchess of York.

Though his general manner was serious, yet he would sometimes relax; and become animated even to gaiety, —on one occasion when sitting down to dinner, he observed (probably owing to some mistake of the steward) that there were four dishes of kid on the table, all, however, dressed differently, —“What!” exclaimed he, without moving a muscle of his face, and drawling his words out in a most ludicrous tone—“Is this all that we’re to have? kid at the top, kid at the bottom, kid at the side, and kid in the middle! Why, it’s kid all over?” This caused a great deal of laughter, particularly as they were almost the first words some of the persons present had heard him utter; and there was such a comic surprise

expressed in his manner of delivering them. During Mr. Lewis's stay in Jamaica, he had been the subject of many a strange anecdote; among others it had been reported that he was in the habit of giving dinner parties to his own black slaves, presiding in person at the head of the table, and conversing with them in the most familiar manner (always remembering to place his driver at his right-hand side); besides which condescension, it was said that he constantly shook hands with the negroes, when visiting them at work in the fields. This may be true, or it may be only a fable; but if true, how far he was right or wrong in so doing, it will be difficult for any one to pronounce; and, besides, is not to be gravely considered, since who can account for the freaks of genius?

Before I close this little article, I must not forget to mention, that the subject of the preceding anecdote expired in the arms of the same person who was afterwards present at Lord Byron's death; and of whom his lordship speaks in his journal with the highest praise, as forming one of the most faithful servants of his household. His name was Baptista or Tita (for short.) He was a Venetian by birth, and certainly his attention and devotion to Mr. Lewis during his fatal illness and in his last moments, fully deserve a similar tribute here; and with pleasure the writer bears witness to the unchangeable character of a dutiful servant, a humble friend, faithful unto death.









## WESTMINSTER ABBEY FROM KENSINGTON GARDENS.

THE character of the view, which the accompanying plate presents, is composed of parts all elegant in themselves, judiciously blended and happily united. The principal feature in the prospect is the bridge, which is an elegant structure designed by Smirke, and erected in 1826. But we may be excused for directing the reader's attention to Westminster Abbey in the distance, of which we cannot resist the opportunity here afforded us of giving a short account.

Tradition has been sufficiently busy in ascribing various dates to the erection of Westminster Abbey, nor has she been less diligent in the narration of circumstances that attended its consecration.

We are informed that in the year 610, Sebert, king of the East Saxons, founded this church on the ruins of the temple of Apollo, which was flung down by an earthquake. The grounds for a belief in the existence of a temple of Apollo on this site enjoy as much stability as the tradition that a temple dedicated to Diana formerly stood on the site of St. Paul's; and it may be worth while to quote the words of Sir Christopher Wren in reference to these ingenious inventions of the visionary antiquarian. "Earthquakes break not stones to pieces, nor would the Piets be at that pains; but I imagine that the monks, finding the Londoners pretending to a temple of Diana where now St. Paul's stands, (horns of stags



WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

and tanks of boars having been dug up there in former times, and, it is said also, in later years,) would not be behind-hand in antiquity; but I must assert that, having changed all the foundations of old St. Paul's, and, upon that occasion, having rummaged all the grounds thereabouts, and being desirous to find some footsteps of such a temple, I could not discover any, and therefore can give no more credit to Diana than to Apollo."

King Sebert, however, it appears, dedicated the new church to St. Peter, who, to save Miletus, the bishop, the trouble of consecration, descended in person with a host of heavenly choristers to perform that office himself. Alighting, in a very stormy night, on the Surrey side of the river, the Saint induced Edric, a fisherman, to ferry him over, and forthwith performed the ceremony, leaving behind him as a proof of his appearance the chrisms and precious droppings of the wax candles by which the astonished fisherman beheld the church illuminated. Edric having wafted the Saint back, the latter directed him to acquaint the bishop that there was no further need of consecration. He likewise requested Edric to cast out his nets, which being done, the fisherman was repaid by a miraculous draught of salmon; and was promised that, on condition of his presenting every tenth of his net profits to the church, he and his successors should never want plenty of the same fish. This custom was observed till the year 1382, although we are by no means certain that his successors were enabled to pay their tithes in salmon. On that day the fisherman had a right to sit at the same table with the prior; and he might demand ale and bread from the cellarman; and the cellarman again might take as much of the fish's tail as he could *with four fingers and his thumb erect!*

We must imagine this fabric to have been destroyed by the Danes; but another of more authentic pretensions was built by king Edgar, and appropriated to the order of St. Benedict, and twelve monks, with endowments sufficient for their maintenance.

This monastery remained unmolested till Edward the Confessor began the work of renovating it; and it was completed in the year 1066, in the most magnificent manner, and endowed with the utmost munificence.

In the reign of Henry III. the monastery was considerably damaged by an infuriated mob of London citizens; and in the year 1245 that monarch determined to take the Abbey down and rebuild it.

In the year 1297 a dreadful fire greatly damaged the Abbey; this damage, however, was shortly repaired, and in the year 1376 the church was extended westward very considerably. Other additions were constantly being made to this splendid building; but the dissolution of the monasteries by Henry VIII. put a stop to all further improvements; and it remained in an unfinished state till Sir Christopher Wren completed the towers.

In the reign of William III. a considerable sum of money was granted for repairing it from time to time; and Queen Anne allowed £4000 a year towards the same purpose, which was continued till the tenth year of the reign of George II.

A few years ago, the entire renovation of this most exquisite Abbey was contemplated, and that portion of it known by the name of Henry VII.'s Chapel, underwent a perfect repair, in strict accordance with its former architecture; but it does not appear that there is at present any determination to complete a work so worthily

and with so much splendour begun. We know not the cause of a delay which would seem so disgraceful to the spirit and taste of those with whom its completion more immediately rests; but when this shall have been done, the metropolis of Great Britain will have to boast of possessing perhaps the most rich and costly specimen of Gothic architecture in Europe.

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SONNET.

BY R. F. HOUSEMAN.

Oh! there is music in my heart to-night,  
 Sweeter than lapsing river-waters, when  
 They weave their circling spells in secret glen,  
 Darkling and peaceful!—Silently, the light  
 Of a dead happiness goes gleaming bright  
 Before my eyes—how beautiful!—and now,  
 The dream-touched radiance of a stainless brow  
 Shines out amid the dimness, pale and white!—  
 Most gentle vision!—Thou art she with whom  
 Erewhile I pluck'd from youth's full-foliaged tree  
 Hope's perishing buds, and love's delicious bloom!  
 Wherefore thus brought, in wakeful fantasy,  
 To mock the spirit's loneliness?—Ah me,  
 What spell hath triumph'd o'er the envious tomb?

## OLD WOMEN.

BY THOS. HAYNES BAILY, ESQ.

### THE WIDOW.

THERE has always been to me a fascination about OLD WOMEN ! Some may deem this a strange avowal, but why ? It is the glory of man to avow admiration for the fairer, and, alas ! the weaker sex ; and if woman, in bloom of youth, and pride of beauty, be weak, and dependent on the attentions of manhood, how much more is she an object of interest and compassion when, sinking into the vale of years, we see her deprived of those who once loved and protected her, and no longer possessing the attractions which, while they last, may win for their fortunate owner “ friends in all the aged, and lovers in the young ! ”

I am no longer young myself, and this may perhaps account for the eccentricity of my partiality. But let not the reader imagine that I would marry an old woman ; far from it. It is at a respectful distance that I admire her, and the tender interest which I feel for her is of that nature, that when I look upon her loneliness, her poverty, her friendless condition—when I see her as she is, and think of what she may have been, spite of myself, my eyes will fill with tears.

I am aware that many sensitively sentimental persons, who would shed tears over the unreal distresses of an imaginary heroine in a novel, would ridicule my sympathy for my old woman ; yet I cannot but think that

my feelings are excited by a more legitimate cause than theirs.

I have recently lodged in a country town, occupying the first floor of a small house in the high street; and over my head, on the second floor, lives Mrs. Saunders, the widow of a captain in the army. When I took the lodgings I was told that I should find them very quiet, for Mrs. Saunders saw no company, and was "a very regular genteel old lady." And so I found her; her step was noiseless, and her very cough, when she had one, was almost inaudible: she saw no company; and indeed, excepting when she addressed her maid, seldom heard the sound of her own voice. Well might they say she was regular. It is in a cathedral town that we dwell, and regularly every day in the week she attends the morning service; twice on every Sunday is she to be seen in her accustomed seat; her daily walk, her meals, her outgoings, her incomings, may her "down sittings and her uprisings," seem regulated by clock-work! As she still wears the widow's "inky cloak," stiff cap, and deep-veiled bonnet, I at first concluded she had but recently been deprived of her husband; but I afterwards learned that she had been a "lone woman" for thirty years! She is now upwards of sixty; and she was scarce thirty when he on whom her young heart had lavished all its affections—he whom she had "loved" with enthusiasm, "honoured" with sincerity, and "obeyed" implicitly, was suddenly snatched from her in the very flower of his age. She then thought it impossible to survive him,—yet, thirty years have passed since she knelt by his bed-side, with his cold hand in hers; and she still lives, and may live for years!

There comes to many a time when they can say with

truth, "I shall never again be happy." But they who speak of "death" as the certain early termination of their sorrows, little know how long human nature may survive all its fondest hopes, and all its warmest affections. Like poor old Mrs. Saunders, we may find them after a lapse of thirty years; withered indeed, and changed in appearance, but still, like her, in the garb of woe; or, if that be thrown aside, still bearing in the widowed heart the memory of the past.

I have owned my predilection for OLD WOMEN; had it not existed, Mrs. Saunders and I would probably have been to this hour unknown to each other. Besides, all old women do not indiscriminately interest me: had the widow been a woman of ringlets and rouge, with a bonnet with a pink lining, short petticoats, and shoes with sandals, I should have hated the sound of her venerable trip, and should probably have done every thing in my power to annoy her.

But my old woman had none of these; deep was the crape upon her black bombazeen gown, but often deeper were her sighs as she walked slowly down our little staircase. There was a dejection in her manner that interested me; and as I watched her from my bay window walking slowly down the street, I thought I never had seen a more sad, nor a more respectable looking old personage.

Loving old women as I had always loved them, this old woman appeared more loveable than any I had ever seen!

I was determined to make her acquaintance; but how to manage it without an appearance of impertinent intrusion was not easy: however, though no longer very young, I was twenty years her junior, and therefore

hoped, that if, by any accident, we became on speaking terms, no imputation of an amatory nature could by any possibility be cast upon her nor upon myself, even by the inhabitants of a country town.

The opportunity I had often sought at length occurred. I had long seen and admired a fair young girl, the daughter of a gentleman who was my opposite neighbour; for be it known that my due appreciation of old women has not by any means hardened my heart against, nor led me to turn my head away from, those who have the advantage of being still young and beautiful; but then, I believe I must allow, the consideration that they must certainly one day become old, and lose their beauty, and may possibly become sad and desolate, gives them, in my eyes, an additional interest.

My fair young neighbour was the belle of the place, and her youth, animation, and loveliness entitled her to the distinction: she was the pet of her father and mother, and the charm of her comfortable home; but though idolised by her parents, and admired by all the young beaux of the place, she was not spoilt. She laughed with them all, but smiled particularly upon none; she was too well brought up, and too innocent, to trifle with the feelings of any.

Our town at length became more gay than was its wont; a regiment was quartered in the immediate neighbourhood, and the officers, in the pride of scarlet cloth and feathers, daily paraded the high street. They were particularly fond of walking on my side of the street, and taking short turns immediately under my window; not that, participating in my love for old women, they were attracted by venerable Mrs. Saunders, but because it gave them an opportunity of looking at the opposite

house, the residence of Mr. Mapletoft, the father of our belle.

Mary Mapletoft behaved herself exceedingly well, and did not look at the new arrivals more than young people may always be expected to look at novelties of any kind. One young man, however, subsequently joined the regiment, who brought a letter of introduction to old Mapletoft; he was, therefore, asked to dinner, and day after day I saw him call; then join Mary in her walks, and then go at the dinner hour with something that looked like a flute in his hand, or with a little volume resembling a music book. I began to hope that all would end well, as good-natured people always do, when they know nothing about the matter, and mean to hint that they fear the worst. It would have been a source of real annoyance to me had I discovered that the young lady over the way was a flirt, only secondary indeed to that which I should have experienced had I found out that the old lady up stairs had been guilty of a similar indiscretion.

I soon ascertained that all was going on prosperously. The officer now visited officially in his capacity of accepted lover, and the happy day was fixed.

What strange commotions did I see on the opposite side of the way! commotions to me (a bachelor) most inexplicable. The knockings and the ringings, and the lawyer-like-looking man, with the boy after him, bearing a blue bag; and then the mantuamakers, with huge receptacles covered with oil-skin, and the sempstress, and the shoemaker, and dozens of persons (whose callings were to me unknown) called daily at the Mapletofts! It was a memorable time—the footman never had a moment's rest.



The day before the wedding, uncles, and aunts, and cousins, arrived from distant places; every room in the house must have been occupied, and where they could have stowed away the servants to this hour I have never been able to conjecture. I never left my window all that day! Of course they must have had a large family party at dinner; yet in the evening, I saw the young couple steal out to walk together alone; and though it was the last day Mary was to pass in the home of her youth, she could not resist furtively bestowing an hour of that day upon him with whom she was to pass her life!

Whatever his merits may be, thought I, I am sure she is worthy of him; and is he worthy of her? or, however estimable his character, will their tempers, their dispositions, their habits, suit each other? Will they love ten years hence as they love now?

This was an unanswerable reverie; and had it called for a reply, there was no one to answer me. My eyes were dim with foolish tears. Though unknown to them, I silently blessed them; and ere I could again see distinctly, the closing door concealed them from my view.

The happy day arrived—the day which was to unite the young officer to his young bride, and to introduce me to my old woman!

Again I took my station very early at the window, and saw the carriages arrive which were to convey the bridal party to church. I then heard Mrs. Saunders leisurely ascending the staircase with her accustomed slow and dejected step; and thinking that the bridal procession would have departed before she could have reached her own chamber, I ran to my door, opened it,

and, with great civility, requested that she would "do me the honour of walking in to see the sight."

I have no doubt she thought that a refusal would appear ungracious and uncivil; for though at first she hesitated, she said, "Thank you, sir—I will not refuse your offer, though the sight you invite me to see is, to my feelings, a melancholy one."

"A melancholy one!" said I.

But the bustle of departure commenced, and poor old Mrs. Saunders, with unaffected interest, drew a chair to the window.

Old Mapletoft's carriage was first in the line of procession, one of fifteen years' standing, and of the kind which bears the appellation of family coach; but he came as fast as gout and age permitted, and handed into the vehicle his own venerable helpmate. He was in his very best clothes, and his lady adorned with the roses of June, and the feathers from the tail of the ostrich. I must be excused for dwelling on her appearance, for she is one of my old women. She was in a terrible flurry, not knowing whether to laugh or to cry, to be happy or miserable. Mr. Mapletoft then returned to the house, and led forth the bride, who, with her veil down, hastily entered the carriage; then followed another old woman, an aunt; and to give due weight to the arrangement, slowly and surely did the old gentleman deposit himself by her side, and away went the carriage.

The next was a new chariot, built for the occasion, belonging to the bridegroom, who sprang into it with a brother officer, who acted as bridesman, and away they went.

The other carriages were to me insipidities. They

followed, laden with relatives, and bridesmaids, white satin, and orange blossoms,

Mrs. Saunders rose to depart; "Will you not stay and see them come from church?" said I.

"I have not had my breakfast," she replied; "I thank you, sir, for your civility, and shall be happy to see you, if you feel inclined to return the visit."

She left me; but what a point had I gained in one short quarter of an hour! My own old woman had called upon me, and had graciously 'condescended to say she would receive me in her upper story!

The procession returned from church, and the party partook of a dejeuner; and then I saw one solitary equipage standing at the door. It was the bridegroom's chariot with four post horses, and adorned with the customary bows of white riband. They will soon set off, thought I; and now I think of it, I am sure I should see much better from the room above; of course I should, so I'll go up, and knock at Mrs. Saunders's door.

I did so, explaining that I expected a better view from her elevation. She received me kindly; but seeing her handkerchief in her hand, and her eyes very red, I began to repent my intrusion.

"You will think me very foolish, sir, I fear, but you are welcome; pray bring your chair to the window: do not mind me. It is forty years since I was at a wedding—my own—and—and—I have always avoided being present at bridal processions, and these sad leave-takings; but this happening so immediately opposite to me, and having seen the young bride daily until I felt involuntarily interested for her, it would be folly to draw down the blinds."

"Oh certainly," said I, pulling the one nearest to me

up as high as it would go ; “ and see they are coming,” I added.

The drawing-room windows were open, and the assembled party crowded into the balcony. The door opened; and, almost carried between her father and her husband, came the bride in her travelling dress. Old Mapletoft gave her one more hearty kiss, and then retreated to the step of the door, meaning to wave his handkerchief as the carriage drove off; but it would not do—the handkerchief went to his eyes, and he made a precipitate retreat. We had but a dim view of the interior of the carriage; but I suspect the bride was leaning back in tears, as I distinctly saw the husband bending over her to offer consolation.

Mrs. Saunders’s maid, who was standing behind us, exclaimed, “ La! dear me! what a shame to be sure, to make the young lady marry a man what she don’t like !”

Mrs. Saunders gave her a look which silenced her; and as the carriage then drove off, and she had seen all that she wanted to see, she went to put away the tea things.

Mary Mapletoft was married to the man of her choice—the only man she had ever loved; and the deep feeling that she displayed, the natural tears she shed at leaving the home and the friends of her early years, were the best surety she could offer to her chosen husband, that to him, and to the home to which he was conveying her, she would become fondly and devotedly attached. The simpering bride who leaves her parents and her home, thinking of her flounces, and the bows in her bonnet, will make a heartless wife.

But where was the mother all this time? Not at the

door with her husband; not on the balcony with her guests! Did she not see the carriage drive away? Yes; and I detected her, and so did the old woman at my elbow. When the bustle of departure began, after kissing her dear Mary again and again, she mounted the staircase more nimbly than was her custom, and locked herself into one of the front bed-chambers. There she stood; and believing herself unseen by mortal, stretching from the window to gaze after the fast departing carriage, and shedding tears into the handkerchief which she unconsciously was trying to wave! It was in Mary's deserted chamber that she stood, and when they were quite out of sight, the blind was hastily drawn down, and I was glad I could not see her.

I am not one of those who can look on such scenes unmoved. I passed my handkerchief over my face, gave a nervous sort of cough, and turned round to speak to Mrs. Saunders. She was in an agony of tears! I wanted to be civil, but she waved me away with her hand; and so I thought I would take no notice, and walked to the fire-place. Over the mantel-piece two miniatures were suspended; one represented a very handsome young man in regimentals; the other a very beautiful young girl, in the costume of forty years ago, and to my astonishment it was the exact counterpart of a miniature which I remembered in the possession of my mother, and which, as a boy, I have often been permitted to look at as a treat.

And a treat it certainly was, for boy or man. Nothing could exceed the beauty of the face and figure; and there was an animation, a laughing expression about it, which would have well suited a representative of Thalia.

As soon as the widow appeared equal to conversation, I told her that I had often seen the *fac-simile* of that miniature, and that I well remembered my mother's having said it was the picture of her early friend Lucy Summers.

"Your mother's maiden name was Fairfield?" said the widow. "It was," I replied.

"She was the friend of Lucy Summers; and when Lucy was married, she received as a gift the counterpart of the miniature you see there."

"You then," said I, "were also the friend of Lucy Summers, and for you that miniature was painted."

"No," said Mrs. Saunders; "it was not painted for me"—she paused, and then added, "But I remember Lucy well, I remember her as she was when your mother saw her last. Is your mother living?"

"She is," I replied.

"And does she still remember Lucy Summers?"

"So well does she remember her," said I, "that I really think were I to meet her I should know her from my mother's description: she has often talked to me about her, and always spoke of her as the most animated girl she ever knew, and one too whose lot in life had been most happy."

"Did she say more about her?" inquired Mrs. Saunders.

"A great deal more," I replied; "and as you seem to be interested about her, I will try and remember it. Lucy was the most beautiful girl in the town where she was born; nay, my mother always said that she was allowed by every one to be the belle of the county: she was an only child, the idol of her father and mother, the favourite of all who knew her: her vivacity was con-

tagious ; her merry laugh so musical, and so truly from the heart. No party could be dull if Lucy Summers was present. Of course she was much admired by the men, and the offers which she was supposed to have had were not to be counted. I say supposed, because Lucy was not one of those who made a boast of her refusals. If any thing ever made her sad, it was the necessity of saying 'No,' to persons who declared to her that their whole chance of happiness in this life depended upon her saying 'Yes.' At length she was in love herself—a young soldier won her heart; so young a man indeed, that she being herself just "come out," it was decreed that they could not be allowed to marry yet. He was to go with his regiment abroad; if on his return after a probation of two years both parties remained of the same mind, the marriage was to take place. The young soldier was in despair, but not so Lucy; she cried indeed most bitterly when he left her, but she did not doubt his constancy; and often has my mother seen her flying to the post-office, and returning in triumph with a long-expected letter. When at length her lover returned, he found her the same gay laughing beautiful Lucy he had left—only more maturely beautiful, and more gay when meeting him than ever. My mother said that her cheerfulness was of that buoyant nature, that it seemed calculated to resist the buffets of the world; and that if she be now living, she is in all probability the most active, cheerful, smiling, round-faced, chatty old body that ever was seen."

"It is not improbable that your mother and she may yet meet," said Mrs. Saunders; "and then she will have an opportunity of judging for herself: I am acquainted with her present residence, and—but go on."

## GENEALOGICAL MEMOIR OF MISS BARTON.

MARIAN MILLICENT BARTON is the daughter and sole surviving child of the late James Barton, Esq., of Penwortham Hall, in the county palatine of Lancaster.

Mr. Barton's ancestors had resided, from the most remote period, on their property at Ormskirk in the same county; but about two centuries since the family removed to Penwortham, which had formerly been a priory attached to the superior monastery in the Vale of Evesham, in Worcestershire.—The great grandfather of Miss Barton in some degree modernised the interior of the building, but by retaining the moat, draw-bridge, and Gothic character of the old structure, did not entirely obliterate its monastic appearance: and it is still in many respects worthy the attention of the antiquary.

This property has now passed into the ancient family of Rawstorne, of the same county, and is in the possession of Lawrence Rawstorne, Esq.

Miss Barton's family on the maternal side boasts of equal, if not still greater, antiquity; tracing their descent in an uninterrupted line from one of the captains in the army of William the Conqueror, who obtained a grant of the property of Crofton Hall, in the county of Cumberland, which Sir Wastel Brisco, Bart., the head of the family, at present possesses.



## ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

BY DR. R. MADDEN.

THE sea was smooth, and bright the shore,  
 A cloudless sky above,  
 But frail the little bark that bore  
 A mother's freight of love !

It danced upon the morning tide,  
 And mocked a mother's fears ;  
 An object of a moment's pride—  
 A subject soon of tears !

The sun is gone, the sky is dark,  
 The sea is ruffled o'er,  
 Ah, me ! where is that little bark  
 That left the joyous shore ?

It meets no more the longing eye,  
 It may no more return ;  
 The night is past, no bark is nigh ;  
 The mourner's left forlorn.

Yet weep not, though it meet no more  
 Thy gaze on yonder sea,  
 Another and a brighter shore  
 Is smiling on its lee.

Another and a brighter port  
 Is now its peaceful home ;  
 Where wail or woe, or earthly sort  
 Of care can never come !

## THE SAILOR'S WEDDING.

BY MISS MITFORD.

BESIDES Mrs. Martin and her maid Patty, and her cat, there was one inmate of the little toy-shop in the market-place, that immediately attracted Mr. Singleton's attention, and not only won, but secured, the warm and constant affection of the kind-hearted bachelor\*. It was a chubby, noisy, sturdy, rude, riotous elf, of some three years old, still petticoated, but so self-willed, and bold, and masterful, so strong and so conscious of his strength, so obstinate and resolute, and, above all, so utterly contemptuous of female objurgation, and rebellious to female rule, (an evil propensity that seems born with the unfair sex,) that it was by no means necessary to hear his Christian name of Tom, to feel assured that the urchin in question belonged to the masculine half of the species. Nevertheless, daring, wilful, and unruly as it was, the brat was loveable, being, to say the truth, one of the merriest, drollest, best natured, most generous, and most affectionate creatures that ever bounded about this work-a-day world; and Mr. Singleton, who, in common with many plodding, heavy, dull persons, liked nothing so well as the reckless lightheartedness which supplied the needful impetus to his own lumpish spirit, took to the boy the very first evening, and became, from that hour, his most indulgent patron and protector, his champion

\* Vide a former paper, entitled "Our Rector."

in every scrape, and refuge in every calamity. There was no love lost between them. Tom, who would have resisted Mrs. Martin or Patty to the death, who, the more they called him the more he would not come, and the more they bade him not do a thing, the more he did it; who, when cautioned against wetting his feet, jumped up to his neck\* in the water-tub, and when desired to keep himself clean, solaced himself and the tabby cat with a game at romps in the coal-hole; who, in short, when under female dominion, played every prank of which an unruly boy is capable, was amenable to the slightest word or look from Mr. Singleton, came at his call, went away at his desire, desisted at his command from riding the unfortunate wooden steed, who, to say nothing of two or three dangerous falls, equally perilous to the horse and his rider, ran great risk of being worn out by Master Tom's passion for equestrian exercise; and even caused him to desist from his favourite exercise of parading before the door beating a toy-drum, or blowing a penny trumpet, and producing from those noisy instruments a din more insupportable than ever such

\* I remember an imp, the son of a dear friend of mine, of some four or five years old, of very delicate frame, but of a most sturdy and masterful spirit, who, one day standing on the lawn without a hat, in the midst of a hard rain, said to his mother, who, after nurses and nursery maids had striven in vain with the screaming, kicking, struggling urchin, tried her gentler influence to prevail on him to come in doors for fear of catching cold; "I won't go in! I will stand here! I choose to catch cold! I like to be ill! and if you plague me much longer, I'll die!" This hopeful young gentleman has outlived the perils of his childhood, (I suppose his self-will was drubbed out of him by stronger and equally determined comrades at a public school,) and he is now an aspirant of some eminence in the literary and political world. I have not seen him these twenty years: but if this note should meet his eye, he would be amused by my tender recollection of his early days.

instruments have been found capable of making, before or since.

Mr. Singleton did more ; not content with the negative benefit of restraining Master Tom's inclination for idleness, he undertook and accomplished the positive achievement of commencing his education. Under his auspices, at the cost of many cakes and much gingerbread, and with the great bribe of being able to read for himself the stories of fairies and giants, of Tom Thumb, and Blue Beard, and Cinderella, and Sinbad the Sailor, which he was now fain to coax his aunt and her maid Patty into telling him, did Tom conquer the mysteries of the alphabet and spelling book, in spite of the predictions of the dame of a neighbouring day-school, who had had the poor boy at her academy, as she was pleased to call it, for half a year, during which time, she and her birch, put together, had never been able to teach him the difference between A and B, and who now, in that common spirit of prophecy in which "the wish is father to the thought," boldly foretold that "all the Mr. Singletons in England would never make a scholar of Tom Syndham ; she, for her part, had no notion of a child, who not only stole her spectacles, but did not mind being whipt for it when he had done. She wished no ill to the boy, but he would come to no good. All the world would see that."

Strange as it may seem, this effusion of petty malice had its effect in stimulating the efforts of our good curate. The spirit of contradiction, that very active principle of our common nature, had its existence even in him ; but, as bees can extract wax and honey from poisonous plants, so in his kind and benevolent temper it showed itself only in an extraordinary activity in well-doing.

“Tom Syndham shall be a scholar,” thought and said Mr. Singleton; and as his definition of the word was something different from that of the peevish old sybil, whose notion of scholarship reached no farther than the power of reading or rather chanting, without let or pause, a chapter of crabbed names in the Old Testament, with such a comprehension of the sense as it pleased Heaven, and such a pronunciation as would have made an Hebraist stare, he not only applied himself earnestly to the task of laying the foundation of a classical education, by teaching the boy writing, ciphering, and the rudiments of the Latin grammar, but exerted all his influence to get him admitted, at as early an age as the rules would permit, to the endowed grammar school of the town.

The master of the school, a man who united great learning to a singular generosity of character and sweetness of temper, received with more than common kindness the fine open-countenanced boy, whom Mr. Singleton recommended so strongly to his notice and protection. But after he had been with him about the same time that he had passed with the dame of the day-school, he, in answer to his patron’s anxious inquiries, made a prophecy nearly resembling hers,—to wit, that Tom Syndham, spirited, intelligent and clever as he undoubtedly was, seemed to him the most unlikely boy of his form to become an eminent scholar.

And as time wore away, this persuasion only became the more rooted in the good Doctor’s mind. “He may, to be sure, take to Greek, as you say, Mr. Singleton, and go off to Oxford on the archbishop’s foundation; things that seem as impossible do sometimes happen; nevertheless to judge from probabilities, and from the

result of a pretty long experience, I should say that to expect from Tom Syndham any thing beyond the learning that will bear him creditably through the school and the world, is to demand a change of temper and of habit, not far from miraculous. I don't say what the charms of the Greek *Delectus* may effect, but, in my mind, the boy who is foremost in every sport, and first in every exercise; who swims, and rows, and dances, and fences better than any lad of his inches in the county, and who, in defence of a weaker child, or to right some manifest wrong, will box, aye, and beat into the bargain, a youth half as big again as himself, and who, moreover, is the liveliest, merriest, pleasantest little fellow that ever came under my observation, is far fitter for the camp than the college. Send him into the world, that's the place for him. Put him into the army, and I'll answer for his success. For my own part, I should not wonder to find him enlisting some day; neither should I care; for if he went out a drummer, he'd come back a general; nothing can keep down Tom Syndham:" and with this prognostic, at once pleasant and puzzling, (for poor Mr. Singleton had not an acquaintance in the army, except the successive recruiting officers who had at various times carried off the heroes of B.,) the worthy Doctor marched away.

Fortune, however, who seems to find amusement in sometimes disappointing the predictions of the wise, and sometimes bringing them to bear in the most unexpected manner, and by totally opposite means, had a different destiny for our friend Tom.

It so happened that one of the principal streets of the good town of B., a street the high road through which leading westward, bore the name of Bristol Street,

boasted a bright red mansion, retired from the line of houses, with all the dignity of a dusty shrubbery, a sweep not very easy to turn, a glaring bit of blank wall, and a porte cochère. Now the wall being itself somewhat farther back than the other houses in the street, and the space between that and the ordinary pavement being regularly flagged, an old sailor without his legs had taken possession of the interval, for the sake of writing, with white and coloured chalks, sundry loyal sentences, such as "God save the King," "Rule Britannia," and so forth, by way of excitement to the passers-by, to purchase one from a string of equally loyal sea ballads, that hung over head intermixed with two-penny portraits of eminent naval commanders, all very much alike, and all wearing very blue coats and very red faces.

At first, the two respectable ladies (dowager spinsters, Morris by name) objected greatly to the use made of their wall and their pavement by the crippled veteran in question, who was commonly known throughout B—— by the name of "Poor Jack;" probably from his attachment to the well-known sailor's ditty, which happened to form his first introduction to the younger of the two ladies in question.

"Here am I, poor Jack,  
Just come home from sea;  
With shiners in my sack,—  
Pray what d'ye think of me?"

"I think you a very saucy person," replied Miss Arabella Morris to this question, not said but sung by the sailor in a most Stentorian voice, as he lay topping and tailing the great I in "God save Great George our King," just on one side of their gate. "I think you

are a very saucy person," quoth Miss Arabella, "to sit begging here, just at our door."

"Begging," rejoined poor Jack, "I'm no beggar, I hope. I've lost my precious limbs, when I fought under Admiral Rodney; I've a pension, bless his majesty, and have no call to disparage the service by begging like a land lubber."

"Sailors to forget their duty,  
Must not come for to go—"

chanted Jack.

"I must really apply to the mayor," said Miss Arabella.

"Go," said Jack, continuing his work, and resuming his stave.

"When the captain he heard of it,  
He very much applauded what she had done,  
And he made her the first lieutenant  
Of the gallant Thunder bomb."

"Made me a first lieutenant!" exclaimed the affronted Arabella. "Was ever anything so impertinent! Pray, if you are not a beggar, what may you be?"

"My name d'ye see's Tom Tough,  
Oh, I've seen a little sarvice,  
Where the foaming billows roar and the winds do blow;  
I've sailed with noble Howe,  
And I've sailed with gallant Jervis,  
And only lost an eye, and got a timber toe;  
And more if you'd be knowing,  
I've sailed with old Boscawen."

again shouted (for singing is hardly the word to express his sort of music) the incorrigible Jack.

"Well, I must go to the mayor," said Miss Arabella; and Jack again uplifted his voice:—

"Then in Providence I trust,  
For you know what must be, must be."



and, consoled by this philosophical strain, tranquilly continued his occupation, which, after a little persuasion from the mayor, and something like an apology from Jack himself (to whose looks and ways they began to get accustomed,) the good ladies permitted him to pursue in peace and quietness, under their sheltering wall.

The above conversation will have shown that poor Jack was something of a humourist, but his invincible good humour was his prime qualification. I doubt if there was in all England a more contented person than the poor cripple, who picked up a precarious livelihood by selling loyal ballads in Bristol Street, in B——. Maimed as he was, there was something in his round bullet head, and rough sun-burnt countenance; in his nod, his wink, his grin, (for it would not do to call such a contortion a smile,) in the snap of his fingers, and the roll of his short athletic body, more expressive of fun and merriment than I ever beheld in any human being. Call him poor Jack, indeed! Why, if happiness be wealth, he was the happiest Jack in Christendom.

So thought Tom Syndham; whose road to and from school passed the lair of the sailor, and who, having stood one evening to hear him go through the whole ballad,

“On board of the *Arethusa*,”

and finally joined in the *refrein* with much of Jack's own spirit, fell into conversation with him on the battles he had fought, the ships he had served in, and the heroes he had served under (and it was remarkable that he talked of the ships with the same sort of personal affection which he displayed towards their captains), and from

that evening made up his mind that he would be a sailor too.

Sooth to say, the enthusiasm with which Jack spoke of Keppel and Rodney, and Parker, and Howe, as well as of the commanders of his youth, Hawke and "old Boscawen;" his graphic description of the sea-fights in which the English flag did really seem to be the ensign of victory; the rough, bold, manly tone of the ballads which he sung, and the personal character of the narrator, were in themselves enough to work such an effect on a lively, spirited, ambitious boy, whose bravery of mind and hardihood of body made him account toil and danger rather as elements of enjoyment, like the bright frosty air of winter, than as evils to shrink from; whilst his love of distinction made him covet glory for its own sake, and his grateful and affectionate temper rendered the prospect of wealth (for of course he was to be a second Rodney) delightful, as the means of repaying his aunt and Mr. Singleton the benefits which he had derived from their kindness.

Besides this, he had always felt an innate passion for the water. His earliest pranks of dabbling in kennels, and plunging in pools, had shewn his duck-like propensities; and half his scrapes at school had occurred in a similar way:—bathing before the appointed day, swimming in dangerous places, rowing and fishing at forbidden hours; he had been caught half a dozen times boat-building at the wharf, and had even been detected in substituting Robinson Crusoe for the Greek Delectus, —from which Mr. Singleton expected such miracles. In short, Tom Syndham was one of those boys whose genius may fairly be called semi-aquatic.

That he would be a sailor was Tom's firm resolution.

His only doubt was whether to accomplish the object in the regular manner, by apprising Mrs. Martin and Mr. Singleton of his wishes, or to embrace the speedier and less troublesome method of running away. The latter mode offered the great temptation of avoiding remonstrances equally tedious (and the grateful boy would hardly allow himself to think how tedious !) and unavailing, and of escaping from the 'persuasions of which his affectionate heart felt in anticipation the power to grieve, though not to restrain ; besides it was the approved fashion of your young adventurer ; Robinson Crusoe had run away ; and he consulted Jack seriously on the measure, producing, in answer to certain financial questions which the experience of the tar suggested, a new half-crown, two shillings, a crooked sixpence, and sundry half-pence, as his funds for the expedition.

"Five and threepence halfpenny," exclaimed the prudent mariner, counting the money, and shaking his head, "'Twon't do, master ! Consider there's the voyage to Portsmouth, on board o' the what d'ye call 'um, the coach there ; and then you'll want new rigging, and have to lie at anchor a shortish bit may be, before you get afloat. I'll tell you what, messmate, leave's light ; ax his honour the chaplain, the curate, or whatever you call him, and if so be he turns cantankerous, you can but cut and run after all."

And Tom agreed to take his advice ; and after settling in his own mind, as he walked home, various ingenious plans for breaking the matter gradually and tenderly to his good old aunt, (on whom he relied for the still more arduous task of communicating this tremendous act of contumacy to his reverend patron,) he, from sheer nervousness and over-excitement, bolted into the house, and

forgetting all his intended preparations and softenings,—a thing which has often happened from the same causes, to older and wiser persons,—shouted out at once to Mrs. Martin, who happened to be in the shop talking to Mr. Singleton, “Aunt, I’m determined to go to sea directly, and if you don’t let me, I’ll run away.”

Never were two people more astonished. And as the hitherto respectful and dutiful boy, who, with all his spirit, had never before counteracted a wish expressed by either, continued to answer to all remonstrances, “I will go to sea, and if you won’t let me, I’ll run away,” Mr. Singleton began to think it best to inquire into his own views, motives, and prospects.

Vague enough they were, to be sure! Robinson Crusoe, and a crippled sailor, and half a dozen ballads for inducements, and a letter of introduction from poor Jack to a certain veteran of his own standing, Bob Griffin by name, formerly a boatswain, and now keeping a public house at Portsea, and commanding, according to him of the stumps, a chain of interest, somewhat resembling Tom Bowling’s famous ladder of promotion in Roderick Random, a scrawl directed in red chalk in printed letters half an inch long, to MISTUR BOB GRIFIN LANLURD SHIP AGRUND PORSEE, by way of introduction to the naval service of Great Britain! However, there was in the earnestness of the lad, in the very slightness of the means on which he built, and in his bold, ardent, and manly character, that evidence of the bent of his genius, the strong and decided turn for one pursuit, and one only, which it is scarcely wise to resist.

Mr. Singleton, remembering, perhaps, the prediction of the good Doctor, yielded. He happened to have a

first cousin, a captain in the navy; and on visiting our friend Jack, whom he found repairing the chalking of "Rule Britannia," and chaunting two lines of his favourite stave,

"But the worst of it was, when the little ones were sickly,  
Whether they would live or die, the Doctor could not tell,"

he had the satisfaction to find that he had sailed with his relation when second lieutenant of a sloop called the *Gazelle*; and although relinquishing, with many thanks, the letter of introduction to "Mistur Bob Griffin," actually accepted one from the same hard honest fist, to Captain Conyers; and it is to be doubted whether poor Jack's recommendation of "the tight youngster," as the veteran called him, had not as much to do with the captain's cordial reception of his new midshipman, as the more elaborate praises of Mr. Singleton.

A midshipman, however, he was. The war was at its height, and he had the luck (excellent luck as he thought it) to be in the very hottest of its fury. In almost every fight of the great days of our naval glory, the days of Nelson and his immediate successors, was Tom Syndham, first of the first, bravest of the brave, readiest of the ready. From the moment that his age and rank allowed him to be officially noticed in the despatches, he was so, and it is to be questioned whether the very happiest moment of Mr. Singleton's life was not that in which he first read Tom's name in the *Gazette*. He cried like a child; and then he read it to Mrs. Martin, and, whilst trying to lecture her for crying, cried again himself. He took the paper round the town to every house of decent gentility, from the mayor's downwards; read it to the parish clerk, and the sexton; and finally

relinquished an evening party to which he was engaged at the Miss Morris's, to carry the news and the newspaper to poor Jack, who, grown too infirm to face the weather, had been comfortably placed, through his kindness, in an almshouse about two miles off. It is even reported that, on this occasion, Mr. Singleton, although by no means noted for his skill in music, was so elated as to join poor Jack in the chorus of

“ On board of the *Arethusa*,”

in honour of Tom Syndham.

From this time all prospered with our gallant sailor, except, indeed, a few glorious scars which he would have been ashamed to want, and one of which, just after he had been appointed first lieutenant to the *Diana*, gave him the opportunity of coming back to B——, for a short time, to regain his health, and revisit his old friends. Think of the delight of Mr. Singleton, of Mrs. Martin, of her maid Patty, and of poor Jack !

“ Here am I, poor Jack !”

shouted the veteran, when Tom made his appearance ;

“ Here am I, poor Jack,  
Just come home from sea ;  
With shiners in my sack,—  
Pray what d’ye think of me ?”

And the above, as it happened, was highly appropriate ; for between battles and prizes, Mr. Syndham, although still so young a man, was rich enough to allow him to display his frank and noble generosity of spirit, in the most delicate way to Mr. Singleton and his aunt, and the most liberal to Jack and Patty. None who had been kind to him were forgotten ; and his delightful spirit and

gaiety, his animated good humour, his acuteness and intelligence, rendered him the very life of the place.

He was a singularly fine young man too. Not tall, but strong, muscular, and well built, with a noble chest, and that peculiar carriage of the head, which gives so much of dignity to the air and figure. The head itself was full of manliness and expression. The short curling black hair, already giving token of early baldness, and exposing a high, broad, polished forehead, whose fairness contrasted with the sunburnt complexion of the rest of the face; an eagle eye, a mouth combining firmness and sweetness, regular features, and a countenance at once open, spirited, and amiable, harmonised well with a character and reputation, of which his fellow-townsmen already felt proud. Tom Syndham was the lion of B— —; happy was the damsel whom he honoured with his hand at the monthly assembly; and, when he rejoined his ship, he was said to have carried away, unintentionally, more hearts than had been won with care, and pain, and malice prepense, by any half dozen flirting recruiting officers in the last half dozen years.

No B—— beauty was, however, destined to captivate the brave sailor. Love and fortune had prepared for him a very different destiny.

Returning home towards the end of the war, (I mean the great war, the war *par eminence*, the war with Napoleon,) into Portsmouth Harbour, or rather bringing in a prize, a frigate of many more guns and much greater force than his own, the gallant Captain Syndham, (for he had now been for some years posted,) no sooner set foot on shore than he encountered an old messmate. "Ha, Syndham! your old luck, I see, you and the little Laodamia have peppered the Frenchmen, as usual," said the

brave Captain Manning. "Do you make any stay at Portsmouth?"

"Yes," replied Captain Syndham; "I have sent my first lieutenant to London with despatches, and shall be fixed here for some days."

"I am thoroughly glad to hear it," rejoined his friend; "for myself, I am rather awkwardly situated. An old aunt of mine has just brought two of my cousins to see the lions, depending on me for their escort. Now I must be off to the Admiralty in an hour; dare not stay another hour for all the aunts and cousins in Christendom. They, poor souls, don't know a creature in the place; and I shall be eternally obliged to you if you will take my turn of duty, and walk them over the dockyards, and so forth. By the way they are nice girls—not sisters, but cousins. One is an heiress, above 3000*l.* a-year, and a sweet place by the side of the Wye; the other is called a beauty. I don't think her so; or, rather, I prefer the heiress. But nice girls they are both; I have the honour to be their guardian, and if either should hit your fancy, you have my free leave to win her and wear her. So now come with me, and I'll introduce you."

And in five minutes more they were in one of the best rooms in the Fountain, and Captain Syndham was introduced to Mrs. Lacy, and to Miss Manning, and Miss Sophia Manning.

Mrs. Lacy was a lady-like elderly woman, a widow without a family, and very fond of her nieces, who had been brought up under her own eye, and seemed to supply to her the place of daughters. "This is the heiress!" thought Captain Syndham, as he glanced over a tall commanding figure, expensively and fashionably



dressed, and with that decided air of consequence and self-importance which the habit of power is too apt to give to a person in that unfortunate predicament. "This is the heiress ! and this, I suppose, must be the beauty," thought Captain Syndham, turning to a shorter, slenderer, fairer young woman, very simply drest, but all blushes and smiles, and youthful animation. "This must be the beauty," thought the captain, "and whatever Manning may say, beautiful she is—never saw a sweeter creature than this Miss Sophy."

And if he thought Sophy Manning pretty then, the impression was far deepened when he had passed two or three days in her company—had shown her the wonders of that floating world, a man-of-war—had shown her the dock-yards, with their miracles of machinery ; and had even persuaded Mrs. Lacy, a timorous woman, the least in the world afraid of being drowned, and Miss Manning, a thorough fine lady, exceedingly troubled for her satin pelisse, first of all to take a dinner on board the dear *Laodamia*, and then to suffer themselves to be rowed round St. Helen's in the captain's own boat, gallantly manned by the officers of the ship.

Small enjoyment had Mrs. Lacy in fear of her life, or the stately Honoria, in care for her finery ; but Sophy, in a white gown and a straw bonnet, thinking nothing of herself or her dress, but wholly absorbed by a keen and vivid interest in the detail of a sailor's life—in admiration of the order and cleanliness that every where met her eye, (always the first point of astonishment to a landswoman,) and in a still more intense feeling of pleasure and wonder at the careless good humour of those lords of the ocean,—bold as lions to their enemies, playful as kittens to their friends,—nothing could equal her

enthusiasm for the navy : the sailors, who, like dogs and children, and women, and all other creatures who have not spoilt their fine natural instinct by an over-cultivation of the reasoning powers, are never mistaken in the truth of a feeling, and never taken in by its assumption, perceived it at once, and repaid it by the most unfeigned zealous devotion. They took all the care of Mrs. Lacy and Miss Manning, as women, and ladies, and friends of their captain ; but Miss Sophy was the woman for them. They actually preferred her pretty face to the figure head of the *Laodamia*.

And Captain Syndham, himself an enthusiast for his profession, what thought he of this enthusiasm for the sea, and the navy, and that frigate of frigates, the *Laodamia* ? Did he like it the less because he might honestly suspect that some little reference to himself had strengthened and quickened this deep interest ? because she had drawn from him his own early history, and talked of the toy-shop in the market-place of B——, and of poor Jack, and the maid Patty, and even of Mr. Singleton himself, (little as one would think that good gentleman, now abroad with his third wife, was calculated to strike a young lady,) with almost as much affection as of his frigate and his prize, and his ship's crew, and the absent first lieutenant, his especial friend, and a little midshipman, his especial protégé ? To any man of sensibility, this sensibility, shown by a woman, young, lovely, animated, and artless, would have been dangerous ; to a sailor just come ashore it was irresistible. He made her talk in return of her own friends, and pleasures and amusements, of her home at Sanbury, where she had lived all her life with her aunt and her cousin, and where she hoped always to live ; (“not always,” thought our

friend the captain ;) and how much more loveable those dear relations were in that dear home. "My aunt," said Sophy, "is nervous, and afraid, so that you know nothing of her but that infirmity, and dear Honor does not love travelling, and does not like the sea, and has been all her life so much admired, that she is a little spoilt, and does not always know what she would have ; but you will love Honor when you see her at home."

"I may like her," said the captain, "but I shall never love any woman but one ;" and then followed in full form the declaration and the acceptance. "I am so glad that you are not the heiress," added Captain Syndham, after repeating to her her cousin's jesting permission to him to marry which of his wards he liked best ; "I am so glad that you are not the heiress."

"Are you ?" said Sophy, quietly. "Now I should have thought that you, thorough sportsman as you are for a sailor," added Sophy, slyly, "would have liked Sanbury Manor, with its right of shooting, coursing, and fishing, and its glorious Wye river. You would like Sanbury Manor."

"Hang Sanbury Manor !" exclaimed the captain.

"Nay," said Sophy, "it's a pretty place, and a pretty house ; one of those old fashioned houses that fall upon the eye like a picture. The very lodge at Sanbury is beautiful. You must not take an aversion to Sanbury."

"I should like any place that had been your home, pretty or ugly," replied Captain Syndham ; "or rather I should think any house pretty that you lived in. But, nevertheless, I am heartily glad that you are not the heiress of Sanbury, because I have been so fortunate with prizes, and you seem so simple in your tastes,

that I have enough for both of us, and now no one can even suspect me of being mercenary; of thinking of anything or any body but your own dear self."

"I should not have suspected you," said Sophy, tenderly; "but you must go to Sanbury, and look at the old place, my home for so many years; you promise me that?"

"Yes," replied the captain; "but it must be with Sophy Syndham, and not with Sophy Manning;" and in spite of Sophy's blushing, "must indeed!" So it was settled, they were all to go to London, to which the affairs of his ship and his prize now called the captain; there they were to be married, and on their return from a bridal excursion to Bath and Clifton, and Wales, were to pay a short visit to Mrs. Lacy and Honor, at the old manor house, which had for so many years been the fair bride's only home.

Mrs. Lacy, on being apprised of the intended marriage, began talking about money and settlements, and those affairs which, to persons not in love, seem so important; but Captain Syndham stopped her, and Sophy stopped her; and as, in a letter to Captain Manning, the generous sailor desired that writings might be prepared, by which all that he was worth in the world should be settled on Sophy and her children; and as these settlements, read over by the lawyer in the usual unintelligible manner, were signed by the enamoured seaman without the slightest examination, it was impossible for any guardian to object to conduct so confiding and so liberal.

"Oh, that poor Jack could see this day!" was Capt. Syndham's exclamation, as they were leaving London after the happy ceremony, in his own elegant new carriage, attended, somewhat to his surprise, by the lady's

maid, whom he had thought exclusively devoted to the service of Miss Manning. “Oh, that poor Jack could see this day! you must make acquaintance with him, Sophy, and with my good aunt, and Mr. Singleton. You must know them, Sophy; they will so adore you!”

“And I shall so love the people whom you love,” rejoined Sophy; but we have no room for bridal talk, and must hasten to the conclusion of an over-long tale.

After a few days of rapid travelling—short days they seemed to the married lovers—after a very brief tour, for the bridegroom’s time was limited, they arrived at the beautiful village of Sanbury.

“There it is—the dear manor-house!” exclaimed Sophy, as they approached a fine old building, embosomed in its own venerable oaks, the silver Wye winding like a shining snake amid the woody hills and verdant lawns; “there it is!” exclaimed the fair bride, “mine own dear home! And your home too, mine own dear husband! for being mine, it is yours,” continued she, with a smile that would have made a man overlook a greater misfortune than that of having married an heiress. “You are really the master of Sanbury, think of it what you may,” pursued the fair bride; “it is my first deceit, and shall be my last: but when I found that because Honoria was the elder you took her for the richer cousin, I could not resist the temptation of this little surprise; and if you are angry, there (pointing to the side of the wood) sits one who will plead for me.”

And suddenly, from the beautiful gothic lodge, the gate belonging to which had been so arranged as to open

with a pulley, arose the well known sounds,

“ Here am I, poor Jack,  
Just come home from sea ;  
With shiners in my sack—  
Pray what d’ye think of me?”

And there sate poor Jack himself in all his glory, waving his hat over his grey head, with the tears streaming down his honest cheeks, absolutely tipsy with joy.

And before Captain Syndham had sufficiently recovered from his astonishment to speak a word, indeed, whilst he was still clasping his lovely wife to his own warm heart,—the carriage had reached the mansion, on the steps of which stood, in one happy group, her people and his; Captain Manning, Mrs. Lacy, and Honor, (then really beautiful in her smiling sympathy,) Mr. Singleton, Mrs. Martin, and the little maid Patty, standing behind on the upper step, and looking two inches taller in her joy and delight.

So much for the Sailor’s wedding. There is little need to say, that the married life, which sprang from such a beginning, was as happy as it was prosperous.

## A LAMENT.

ON THE LAMENTED DEATH OF MRS. CAMPBELL, YOUNGEST  
DAUGHTER OF COLONEL HARVEY, EDINBURGH CASTLE.

Our bright hopes have vanished—her young heart is broken !  
Her pale lips are closed, and their last words are spoken !  
Dissolved all the fond ties so lately that bound her  
And blighted each joy that seemed ripening around her !

So the east-wind goes forth 'mid the gardens of spring—  
So the withering Simoon shakes death from his wing,  
And the smooth lake that cradles our frail bark to-day,  
Chafed to madness, ere midnight may sweep o'er our clay !  
We are frail ! while our pleasures but lead to a pall,  
And hope, love, and beauty, the soonest of all !

Could the tears of thy kindred—the husband who shared  
All thy heart, and thy hopes, and thy life, but have spared  
Thy being's brief loveliness !—how had they striven  
To retard but one hour the stern mandate of heaven !  
In vain ! for death's signet sat pale on thy brow,  
And their hopes, one by one, fell like leaves from the bough !  
Thou hast past from our eyes, like a bright summer cloud—  
From thy brief happy day—from thy home to thy shroud !  
When thy days were the sweetest, thy young hopes the highest,  
And the goal of earth's happiness glimmered the nighest,  
With the rose on thy cheek, and thy forehead so fair,  
Unwasted by sorrow, unfurrowed by care !  
In an hour that announced thee a mother ! then drew  
The dark veil of death 'twixt thy child and thy view !

Thou art gone !—But the tempest that levelled the tree,  
One tendril has spared, to remind us of thee.  
Remind us ! what pain as we dwell on the word !  
Again thy loved accents in hers will be heard ;  
Affection will cling to the treasure bequeathed,  
And tell her, long hence, where thy last words were breathed !







## MEMOIR OF MRS. STANHOPE.

THE name of STANHOPE is one of the noblest in the British Peerage, being the surname of the Earls of Chesterfield, Harrington, and Stanhope.

The subject of our present memoir is the wife of R. STANHOPE, Esq., who is distantly related to the Earl of Chesterfield.

This noble family traces its pedigree from SIR RICHARD STANHOPE, who had large possessions in the north, in the reign of Henry III. Tenth in descent from him was

SIR JOHN STANHOPE, whose eldest son, PHILIP, was created, in 1628, Lord Chesterfield, who after endeavouring in his place in parliament, by every gentle expedient, to prevent the eruption of a civil war, and after having urged, in vain, that the rabble which assaulted both the King and the House of Lords should be dispersed; finding that no parliamentary measures were likely to produce the desired effect, he retired into the country, and put himself and his sons in arms, hoping to aid the rest of the king's loyal subjects in reducing the rebels to obedience. He put a garrison into his house at Shelford, under command of his son PHILIP, who lost his life in its defence, when it was stormed by the parliamentary forces. The Earl himself having taken possession of the city of Lichfield in the King's name, defended first the city, and then the Cathedral Yard, to the last extremity, but was at length compelled to surrender, together with one of his sons, and the survivors of his party; he died in 1656, after a long confinement.

## THE FORSAKEN CHILD.

LIE down in that low quiet bed,  
 Thou weary, care-worn child of clay,  
 The earth's cold pillow props thy head,  
 Thine eyes have closed on busy day ;  
 No sounds thy deafened ear can reach,  
 No dreams thy aching brain perplex,  
 Nor scornful eye, nor taunting speech,  
 Thy meek and wounded spirit vex.

A heavy doom was thine to bear,  
 No peace to hope, no rest to find,  
 With none thy lot to soothe or share,  
 Poor outcast of a world unkind !  
 What hour of thy brief tearful life,  
 From care, from bitterness was free ?  
 And now escaped the unequal strife,  
 Blest sleeper, shall we weep for thee ?

Oh ! close the turf above her head,  
 And hide her from the world's cold eyes,  
 They shall not now profane the dead,  
 Nor see how calm and still she lies.  
 Come, let us steal away, and bid  
 These tears of selfish sorrow cease,  
 And leave her here in darkness hid,  
 To taste her new-found blessing—peace.

## THOMAS HARTLAND THE SMUGGLER\*.

AT the extremity of a lonely valley, overlooking the ever-changing ocean, stood Combe Court, one of those picturesque structures which the antiquary would refer to the period when the castle gave place to the castellated mansion. Combe Court, however, in point of extent, could not properly lay claim to so imposing a title as the latter. Its design had originally been quadrangular, and a considerable portion of the building consisted of a rude tower, which bore the marks of having once been strongly fortified. But the old place seemed to have fallen on evil days, and there was an air of neglect and dilapidation about it, which told of coincident decay in the fortunes of its possessors. Its occupant, who was locally known by the name of "Squire Hartland," was an individual who had moved in the higher ranks of society, and whose family had in the olden time held no unimportant position in the district with which it had for centuries been identified. But their fortunes had been shattered during the troublous times of the civil war; and the patrimony which the subject of this story came into possession of was reduced almost to a shadow by an event as disastrous as it was unforeseen. Hartland smiled on the pursuits of an extensive smuggler, and

\* Lord Byron's remark, that "truth is stranger than fiction," is becoming a truism. The leading passages in this little narrative form part of the romantic history of a celebrated smuggler, nearly a century ago, respecting whom many traditions have been current on our western coast. Some portions of the story have necessarily been altered, and a similar liberty has been taken with the name of the principal actor, but the *locale* is unchanged.

permitted him to lodge a valuable cargo in his dwelling; the matter got wind, and he was exchequered in an immense sum. The blow was overwhelming, and Hartland, who had for several years represented the venerable little borough of — in Parliament, withdrew wholly from society, and confined himself to the solitude of Combe Court, which, with one small farm, was all that he could now call his own. His hatred to the government had become deep and indelible, and he soon renewed his acquaintance with his old friends the smugglers. Hartland had been united in early youth to a woman whose gentle and feminine spirit was ill adapted for the stormy life which awaited her; and he had an only son, named Walter, who, almost from his infancy, displayed so decided a partiality for salt water, that his father—little foreseeing the events which were to take place—consented to his entering the naval service when he was scarcely twelve years old.

The wild life and hazardous pursuits of the followers of the “free trade,” had many charms for a man of the bold and restless temperament of Hartland; and it was not long before it began to be rumoured that his fishing smack bore richer freights than herrings or mackarel:—still, owing probably to the extreme seclusion of the situation, and the great caution observed by his confederates, he had hitherto escaped the visits of the revenue officers. Shortly before the time when this story commences, Walter Hartland, to whom his father was passionately attached, paid his birth-place a visit, after many years’ absence. The youthful Lieutenant could not long remain at the “Court,” without discovering that his father was deeply engaged in smuggling transactions. As an officer of his majesty’s navy, he was thus placed in

a delicate and difficult position; and he took an early opportunity of seriously remonstrating with his father on the great hazard and disgrace attendant upon such a calling; but the warning was unheeded. Mrs. Hartland then united in imploring her husband to abandon all connexion with the lawless men with whose fortunes he had become involved—but Hartland's mind was then intently fixed on the successful prosecution of a very extensive transaction in which he had embarked nearly all his gains,—visions of wealth again floated before his eyes,—and the proffered counsel was spurned with anger. At length words arose between Walter and his father, and the latter in the heat of the moment uttered imprecations “not loud but deep” against his son, which ended in a parting as abrupt as it was melancholy. The die was cast. Thomas Hartland henceforth became a professed smuggler.

The occupation of a smuggler is looked upon with very different impressions by the inhabitants of the coast to those which are commonly associated with it by the dwellers in inland districts; and however demoralising and pernicious it may really be to those who pursue it, the followers of the “free trade” are, even at the present day, received outwardly with the same degree of notice as those who are engaged in the legitimate pursuits of commerce and industry. This fact was exemplified in the present instance; and those who had received the “Squire” after his misfortunes, with cold words and averted looks, now that rumours of his returning wealth began to prevail, would have sought his society with the same eagerness as ever. But they overshot their mark with Hartland.

Shortly after Walter's departure, the expected cargo

arrived, and was housed, for the first time since the fatal discovery which had formerly led to his ruin, in the cellars of Combe Court, prior to its transmission into the interior of the country. Extensive preparations had been made for this purpose the following evening, when Hartland and several of his leading partners in the undertaking, who were anxiously awaiting the hour fixed for the approach of their confederates, were suddenly alarmed by the receipt of a communication to the effect that the run had reached the ears of the revenue officers, and that a force was to be despatched that evening to effect the seizure of the goods. This intelligence fell like a thunderbolt upon the little party assembled at Combe Court. The most daring and experienced lost for the moment their presence of mind; and now it was that the singular boldness and decision of the character of their leader first shone clearly out. Although almost every shilling he possessed in the world was at stake, he appeared unusually cool and collected, and was "up and doing," whilst others thought. There was only one chance of saving the property, and that was by opposing force to force. Ruin stared him in the face in the event of a seizure; and should the attempt at resistance prove successful, the machinery already in operation would secure the safety of the goods, and provide for his support in another land.

At that hour it was certainly a bold step. Before the plan of defence had been fixed upon, the assailants might perhaps be within the vicinity of the house. It yet wanted two hours for the time fixed for the arrival of the associates of the smugglers, and there was no time to send for aid, which under other circumstances might easily have been procured from a village devoted to their interests, further on the coast. The party at the Court

consisted of only eight persons, excluding Mrs. Hartland and a female servant, whose alarm may well be imagined.

It is as extraordinary as it is lamentable, how soon association with those with whom crime is familiar hardens the heart. Men shrink at first, but their better feelings rapidly become deadened, and, advancing step by step, at last they plunge into the abyss, and enter without fear or hesitation upon undertakings from which they would once have recoiled with horror. Such is but too often the case with those who, like the smuggler, make no scruple in evading the law; and Hartland, who had belonged to the high-born and the far-descended, now had become so far desperate in the pursuit of gain as deliberately to plan a scheme which must certainly be attended with the loss of human life.

The familiarity of the smugglers with scenes of peril and adventure, in some measure, made up for the smallness of their number; but it was the capabilities of the building for the purposes of defence, that they mainly relied on. The windows of the tower, which we have already spoken of, were placèd at a considerable height from the ground, and intersected by massive stone mullions placed close together; and had the defenders been sufficiently numerous, the place might certainly have been held against a very superior force unsupported by artillery. But there was a short range of building connected with the tower, which was only partly covered by the loop-holes in the latter; the great object, therefore, now was to secure this part of the dwelling in such a way as to prevent a surprise at some particular point. The preparations for defence were soon completed; the furniture was piled in masses in defence of the doors and



windows; and all the fire-arms and other defensive weapons were prepared and arranged for action, and placed for security within the walls of the tower.

The twilight was deepening into darkness, when a small party of men marched cautiously, yet rapidly, along a narrow winding road, which led down the valley towards the abode of Hartland. They paused on reaching a point in the road at a short distance in the rear of the building, but which was concealed from the observation of its inmates by the massive proportions of an intervening rock that threw its broad shadow far across the narrow valley. The night was profoundly calm, and the measured, yet scarce-heard tramp of their footsteps, with the hoarse gurgling of a stream which forced its way along the bed of the glen, alone broke the deep stillness. The aged structure seemed wrapped in gloom; and not a single ray of light gave token of human habitation.

"Who goes there?" said Hartland, from one of the loop-holes of the tower, as the strangers marched onward, and neared the principal entrance.

"In the King's name," replied a firm voice, "we demand an entrance, or we will force it."

There was a moment's pause—a death-like stillness—and then the sharp report of a musket, followed by a stifled groan, told the result. The suddenness and unexpected violence of the defence stunned the assailants; and they disappeared in the darkness just as the second flash of light from all the smugglers simultaneously conveyed another lesson of the uselessness, indeed madness, of attempting to force an entrance against odds so immensely in favour of the assailed. The next quarter of an hour was passed by the outlaw and his little band in agonising anxiety; but all remaining quiet, they

concluded that the king's officers had retreated for a reinforcement. A shrill whistle was soon after recognised as a signal of the approach of the people who had been engaged to assist in the removal of the goods; and before many minutes had elapsed they began to arrive in considerable numbers.

About two-thirds of the cargo had been removed out of harm's way, when the scouts came in and gave the alarm. The smugglers immediately gathered around their leader—the lights were extinguished—the drivers of the pack-horses scampered away, and all again was still. After a brief but anxious consultation, it was decided that a show of defence should at first be kept up, and then that the parties should escape by the postern of the tower under cover of the darkness. This plan was, however, hastily abandoned on learning from an almost breathless scout, who had been sent up the glen, that the king's officers were at hand in great force, and therefore it was probable they would surround the building. The smugglers instantly fled; but one of the party, more devilish than the rest, without Hartland's knowledge, set several of the bales which yet remained in the cellars, on fire, before he quitted the tower.

The revenue officers advanced with extreme caution and gradually closed round the building. Preparations were made for forcing the principal entrance, when the appearance of a deep glow of light within the tower made them suddenly pause. Presently their suspicions were confirmed, and a dense column of smoke began to issue from the windows and crevices, accompanied by the crackling of timber and other combustibles. The foresight of the officer in command was probably the means of saving several lives. He anticipated, from the great strength

and solidity of the walls, that the fire would be confined to the tower; and he apprehended, not without reason, that a quantity of gunpowder might have been left within it. He therefore judged it prudent to await the issue at a safe distance. The men had scarcely withdrawn, when a fearful crash burst on the night air; the massive walls cracked and shivered to their foundation—a mass of blazing materials was driven far upward and scattered around over field and flood. The report of the explosion rattled along the rocks of the shore and valley like successive salvos of artillery; and the sea-mews and other tenants of the craig shrieked in chorus, alarmed by the reiteration of noises so unusual.

\* \* \* \* \*

After that disastrous night, Thomas Hartland was heard of no more on the coast of Devon. Years passed away. 'Walter Hartland returned to his once happy home, and found it deserted and desolate. His parents were supposed to be numbered with the dead—and he now recalled with a bitter pang the quarrel with his father which had led to his departure. He knelt and offered up a prayer to his Creator for forgiveness, and then departed with a heavy heart.

\* \* \* \* \*

The years 1746-7 were distinguished on the northern coast of Devon, for the extraordinary daring and remarkable dexterity of the smugglers. The efforts of the servants of government, although skilful and persevering, became almost unavailing. Seizures were rarely effected, and then seldom without the effusion of blood. The revenue officers at last declared their belief that the smugglers must be under the protection of his satanic majesty in person; and strange stories began to be

circulated concerning a dark figure who was frequently seen taking an active part in directing or assisting their operations. This individual seemed indeed to bear a charmed life; always the last to retreat in time of danger—now in the thick of the affray, dealing blows with fearful effect on his adversaries, and then, like a will-o'-the-wisp, eluding their grasp, he baffled all the efforts to take him, with singular success and daring. Suddenly, however, he disappeared from the coast, and was believed to have perished in a desperate encounter in the month of January, 1747. Such was not the case: the stranger was Thomas Hartland, whose romantic history we shall now resume. •

Few spots in the British seas then presented greater advantages for the residence of a smuggler than Lundy Island. From its situation, it might be said to form the key of the Bristol Channel; and its capabilities for the purposes either of defence or concealment, were certainly unrivalled. The appearance of Lundy Island, when viewed from seaward, is singularly picturesque and dreary. Surrounded on every side by inaccessible rocks, which often rise almost perpendicularly to a great height above the level of the ocean, in some parts it requires no great stretch of fancy to imagine it one vast fortification, with loop-holes at occasional intervals; whilst in others, the black and overhanging summits of the cliffs, worn into vast caverns and yawning excavations by the assault of the waves, create fearful apprehensions of their instability in the mind of the spectator from beneath. Here the sea—even during the gentle breezes of summer—is seldom altogether tranquil: and, on the calmest day, the deep intonations, and ceaseless war of the waters as they dash idly against the rocks, come impressively on the

ear, when heard on the summit of the steep. But it is in stormy weather that Lundy Island is seen to most advantage; and the wildness and sublimity of the scene at such periods is certainly not surpassed in any part of our western coast,—then indeed

“————— when all that sea  
The terrible Atlantic, breaks its rocks  
In thundering conflict, the unearthly howl  
Might almost wake the dead.”

The only entrance to this remarkable island is a steep winding path through the rocks on the eastern beach, scarcely sufficient to admit the passage of two persons abreast. On every other side it is securely fortified by nature against the assaults of man. A retreat affording such extraordinary facilities for the successful prosecution of his wild and hazardous profession, did not escape the far-sighted glance of Hartland.\* He, however, deemed it prudent to wait until time should have so changed his appearance and obliterated the remembrance of his history as to render his residence in this natural stronghold a matter of security. He therefore fixed his residence on the coast of Holland when he first quitted his native country. After many years had elapsed, during which he had commanded a smuggling lugger, which traded to the southern coast of England, he began occasionally to revisit his native shores, his former knowledge of which now conduced most materially to his success. In course of time he confined himself exclusively to this trade, how successfully we have already glanced at. Lundy Island, which had in his early youth been populous, was now desolate and deserted, in consequence of the atrocities perpetrated by a French privateer; the proprietor was

therefore anxious to obtain an occupant, and closed with Hartland on easy terms.

Our hero soon formed a little colony around him, and before many months had elapsed, a group of cottages nestled amongst the rocks near the entrance of the singular pass from the beach. It was a wild little place, and bore all the indications that its inhabitants ploughed the deep and not the land. In outward appearance indeed it might have been taken for a fishing village—for nets hanging to dry, strings of fish, the tackling of a boat, or a broken oar, met the eye on either side : but the pursuits of its people were of a less peaceful character, and oftentimes the place was the haunt of men whose lives were as desperate as their fortunes. Hartland, however, although chiefly engrossed with the more lucrative profession of smuggling, did not lose sight of the occupations of his youth ; for he introduced live-stock, and even deer into the island, and sometimes himself took into hand the plough and the sickle. His own dwelling was situated within hail of the village, at the summit of the rocks, commanding an extensive view over the waters of the Channel. Here he lived—at once uniting the opposite pursuits of smuggler, farmer, and fisherman ; commanding the implicit obedience of the little band of men he had progressively attached to his fortunes, and ensuring their fidelity by the kindness as well as by the firmness of his character. That such an individual, or perhaps we may say, such a community, should have dwelt in security on an island within a few leagues of the coast of Devon, in the middle of the last century, may well be deemed an anomaly at the present day—but such was nevertheless the fact. Suspicion certainly was excited, and the island had more than once been

subjected to the visits of the officers of government; but such were the precautions taken, and such the skill of Hartland, that the search was unattended with any unpleasant result. He met all the inquiries of the officers with apparent openness and unconcern; drew their attention to the flourishing state of his farm and his live stock, and seldom failed to send them away completely blinded by his hospitality and his adroitness. He was not so fortunate, however, with his landlord, who soon discovered that he had let his property at too low a rent: many disputes arose, and several attempts were actually made to dispossess him by main force: but he continued to keep possession; blocked up the pass, and openly set his opponents at defiance.

"Ellen," said Hartland to his wife, one afternoon in September, "walk with me to St. Helen's Chapel, the Adventure is expected up the Channel, and I hear that sharks are abroad."

They walked almost in silence to the loftiest elevation of the island, and Hartland seated himself on a fragment of the ancient chapel, and anxiously scanned with his glass the surrounding ocean. There was something in the mouldering ruin of that solitary little Christian temple looking out in this wild spot over the waste of waters, that appealed impressively to the feelings even of such a man as Hartland, whose heart, though deeply hardened, was still alive at times to better impulses.

"Hartland," said Ellen—as he laid down his glass after a long pause—"I have been thinking of the happy day that we passed together at this spot when Walter was four years old: the recollection is mournful even at this lapse of years, when that dear boy is either no more, or knows not whether his unhappy parents are numbered

with the living or the dead. Hartland, I am weary of our present miserable life: we are growing old now, and ought to be at peace. You never go out with the lugger, but I expect to see you brought back to me a lifeless corse."

"Away with this womanish folly, Ellen," replied Hartland,—but there was something about his manner which contradicted his words, for Ellen had opened the flood-gates of his memory.

"You spoke of Walter—and what of Walter?"

"He is living, Ellen. I have heard this morning that the Wasp revenue cruiser is expected in the Channel, and that her commander's name is Hartland—it must be he."

The mother clasped her hands.

"And you expect he will pay Lundy a visit?"

"He may be our—ruin, Ellen. I have half a mind to quit the trade before long, now that he is come on the station."

At this instant his attention became fixed by the appearance of a sail in the distant horizon; at last he laid down his glass, and said: "I must go with the Adventurer to-night, Ellen; my word is pledged with my partners in the venture, but I had rather it had been any other night in the year than this. It may be folly, but I always dread the anniversary of the last fatal night at the Court—nothing ever prospers that is done on that day."

Ellen Hartland turned pale at this intelligence; but she knew that it was useless to remonstrate with her husband after his word had been pledged: for lawless as was his profession, he had never yet been known to break his word.



The evening was drawing on apace when the lugger, loaded with a valuable cargo, neared the eastern beach. It was not without a superstitious thrill of impending misfortune that Hartland pushed off to his favourite vessel that night;—he seemed to have lost the confident spirit which he usually possessed on similar occasions, and paced the after-deck apparently unconscious of all around him, until aroused by Captain Penlerrick.

“Donner! master Hartland, you look confoundedly squally to night!”

“Oh, nothing, Pen. I have not been exactly in trim—but there’s a clear sky aloft now. You know the Wasp is expected in the channel, I fancy?”

“Oh ah, but he’ll never sting us—donner! he thinks himself d—d deep, that fellow, but he must be a d—d deal deeper before he’ll catch Martin Penlerrick.”

“Ay ay, Pen., but the Wasp’s in new hands now my boy, they say. Luff George—there,” said Hartland, speaking to the helmsman, as the lugger neared the coast, “the old craft’s done wonders to-night—we must keep her off for another half hour.”

The wind freshened considerably with the turn of the tide, and the appearance of the night was becoming wild, if not stormy. This was not observed without some anxiety by the smugglers; calm weather was of essential importance in landing a cargo; however, the run on the present occasion was to be made at perhaps the most favourable spot on the whole line of coast for such an undertaking; so that unless the night turned out actually stormy, there was little to apprehend in the shape of danger. Hartland forgot all his forebodings in the anxious excitement of the moment as the Adventure stood in for the shore. The tide, fanned by the freshness

of the breeze, rolled onwards in its advance, with aggravated violence from the main; the lugger which was deeply laden, rolled heavily, and was frequently struck by a heavy sea fore and aft. Right a-head, glimmering through the darkness and the scud, a solitary signal-light on the coast could now be discerned; the Adventure then hoisted a lantern, and bore down upon it. Although, as we have stated, Carn Cove was singularly adapted for the successful prosecution of a smuggling adventure, yet it required no small degree of local skill and knowledge, on a dark and boisterous night, to steer a vessel safely within the entrance of the natural basin or harbour where the landing was to be effected. On one side a lofty ledge of rocks, which contracted into a curve at their extremity, shot out into deep water; and on the opposite side, a large and steep mass of shingles, thickly covered with sand and bent, rose as the coast receded. A considerable rivulet\* trickled over the hard sandy bottom at ebb tides, along the foot of this narrow opening, which afforded, except in very stormy weather, a tolerably secure shelter to a few coasters or small craft. This place was situated about half a mile from Combe Court, and Hartland's life had probably been originally partly influenced by the facilities which it offered to the trade of the smuggler.

Captain Penlerrick himself took the helm as the vessel rapidly neared the cove: "Port, there, port steady!" sung out Hartland, as she entered the deeply agitated element; and dashing through the breakers, in another minute her sails were down, and she was brought up in comparatively smooth water within the narrow channel. The contrast was as striking as it was instantaneous. All was now bustle and confusion. The sand-hills became

covered in a few minutes, as if by magic, by a numerous party; the hatches were thrown open, and in an incredibly short space of time, the disembarkation of the cargo commenced, and Hartland, accompanied by the mate, came ashore.

It was a wild scene;—the hoarse voice of the waters in the channel mingling with the crash of the breakers as they burst against the rocky coast with fearful violence; the flashing of the lights as they appeared and disappeared in the darkness, with almost supernatural rapidity, sometimes gleaming on the lofty and dim-seen rocks and dancing waters, sometimes reflecting the wild features and figures of the smugglers engaged on the beach; the rattling and howling of the wind amongst the half-bent sails and tackling of the lugger, against which columns of sparkling spray were frequently bursting, and the swinging of the lantern on her foremast—all combined to give a strange and vivid effect to the scene, which was greatly augmented by its wild and hazardous character. More than half the cargo had been landed and conveyed away to a place of safety, when a suppressed cry of danger arose amongst the smugglers further on the beach, which instantaneously reached the watchful ears of Hartland, who was standing, almost surrounded with the drift, at its edge. He comprehended at a thought that they had been betrayed. But he had not time for reflection, for his stern voice had scarcely given the word to “dowse the lights,” before the advanced party of the king’s officers closed with the foremost of the smugglers. In a moment every light was extinguished either afloat or ashore. The smugglers were completely “taken aback,” and the well-known voice of their commander to “stand fast,” was for the first

time lost or unheeded in the confusion. Hartland, however, did not lose his self-possession; and, aided by the mate, had overpowered three of his assailants, who were on the point of gaining the boat, but such was the darkness of the night that the blows aimed for a foe might prove fatal to a friend. Hartland saw that all depended on the possession of the boat, and he had just stepped on her gunwale with the mate, and was on the point of shoving her off, when he was seized from behind by an iron grasp. He lost his balance, and fell with his assailant on the verge of the surf, before his comrade had time to effect any thing in his aid. A deadly struggle now ensued, and Hartland had just freed himself from the gripe of his enemy, who fell into the water with a heavy plunge, when others of the king's officers seized him, and he was dragged upon the shore by their joint efforts. The beach was clear of smugglers, and the Adventure was standing out to sea!

\* \* \* \* \*

The morning found Hartland a prisoner in the home of his fathers. He had passed the night in a state of mental stupefaction, for he had been recognised when conveyed to the Court by a man who had formerly been his tenant. As he lay alone in darkness and in solitude, the recollection of the murder of the king's officer on that very spot pressed upon his mind with painful intensity. He saw nothing but a felon's death before him; and he called to mind the counsel and the warnings of his excellent wife with the deepest remorse and agony of spirit. Exhausted by the vividness of his sensations, he had late in the morning dropped into a troubled and uneasy slumber, when he was aroused by the entrance

of one of the sentinels, who informed him that a female was without seeking for admission. Almost before he had time to inquire the name of the stranger, his wife, enveloped in a huge cloak, softly opened the door, and he could scarcely believe the vision to be real until his own Ellen fell, almost fainting, into his arms. Hartland wept aloud.

“My Hartland,” she whispered, after the sentinel had retired, “I am come to save you. Penlerrick has behaved nobly, and will be off Blackwater Cove to-night when the tide flows.”

Hartland stared in mute astonishment.

“What is the meaning of this, Ellen? how am I to escape from this place? If you reckon upon bribing the guards you will find yourself disappointed, and any attempt at rescue would now be madness.”

“I have thought of neither, love. Change a part of your dress with me—wrap this cloak about you, and trust to me for the rest.”

Hartland at first remonstrated, but his wife’s resolution was formed; the transformation was quickly effected, and he was about to clasp the being, who had given so beautiful a proof of the depth of woman’s affection and constancy, to his bosom for the last time, when she said, “Hartland, I have two solemn requests to make before we part. Promise me—nay, swear it by Him who is almighty and all-merciful, that from this day you quit the accursed trade for ever!”

Hartland pressed his wife’s hand in mute acquiescence.

“I have one more request. Our dear Walter is, I understand, on the look-out for the Adventure—little thinking that she is the last hope of his unhappy father

—and it is possible—which God in his mercy avert!—that you may meet as enemies. Swear then, my husband, that you lift not your hand against your son in the hour of danger; do this, and forget not your Creator, Hartland,” she added in a low and deeply-agitated tone, “and then can I die in peace.”

Hartland again assented, and they hastily parted.

The smuggler passed the sentinels in the outer room, and was beginning to breathe with renewed hope, when, as he was emerging from the building, he caught the voices of two of the officers who had taken him the preceding night. His presence of mind did not forsake him. He stooped considerably, and buried his face in his wife’s handkerchief, as if distracted with grief.

“What strapping wench have we here, Tom?” said the foremost of the officers, when Hartland advanced from the threshold—“Avast, there, old girl; been administering some comfort within, eh?”

“Keep back, Jones,” said his companion, as the former was about to advance, and have a nearer view of the supposed female; “let her alone—she is the prisoner’s wife, poor thing!”

Hartland passed on as if unconscious of the presence of any one.

“She may well be in the downs,” said the second officer, as the subject of their conversation was almost beyond hearing—“that her husband ’ll swing for the old business, I’d lay a guinea to a groat.”

With this comfortable assurance, Hartland disappeared round an angle of the building.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was with deep anxiety that this bold though altered man waited the turn of the tide that night. Blackwater

Cove, which had been fixed upon for his embarkation, was situated in a very wild, and precipitous part of the coast, but seldom trodden by the foot of man. He had reached the appointed place of refuge early in the afternoon; it was an aged structure, which had been erected—at what period and for what purpose is unknown—in a narrow descent amongst the rocks leading to the beach, which it almost overhung. The hours passed away with painful tardiness;—time appeared to the restless mind of the outlaw to stand still: and in the occasional gusts of wind which wailed wildly through the rain, he more than once fancied he heard the sounds of his pursuers. As he listened to the sullen moaning and dashing of the waves on the rocky shore below, he thought of his wife, alone and deserted on the wide world, and of his son whom he was perhaps never destined to behold more, till he wept—stern as had been his soul—in very bitterness. And now it was that the pure and the upright man would have clung to that hope which never forsakes the righteous—but there had too long been no place in his heart for holy thoughts; he looked not for consolation where alone it was to be found, and therefore he was desolate.

Hartland wandered forth from his retreat at nightfall, and climbed to the summit of the cliffs, which commanded an extensive view over the channel beneath. It was not long before the moon rose, but she sailed amongst extensive masses of dark clouds, which imparted an endless variety of tints to the scenery. The night was altogether as favourable as could be wished;—the wind was on the best quarter for the approach of the lugger, and was fresh, without being boisterous. About half-flood, after Hartland had looked till he was weary

on the gleaming sea, his anxiety was painfully excited by the appearance of a human figure on the summit of the lofty cliff on the opposite side of the cove. He gazed at the object for some time to convince himself that it was not a point of the rock, but it was not long before its movements, which were clearly thrown out on the skyline, assured him of its reality. A thousand agitating thoughts now floated across his mind. Had his steps been traced, or did the stranger belong to some party on the watch for the lugger? The former supposition was possible, but the latter seemed altogether improbable; but there the figure remained, and it was quite certain that no person would station himself in such a position at such an hour, unless for the purposes of observation. Whilst he was thus engaged in anxious thought, the Adventure at last came in sight under a press of canvas; Hartland rushed to the beach with all the eagerness of despair, and when he looked up to the dark summit of the distant rock, the figure had disappeared.

The lugger hove-to when she approached near the vast shadow cast by the cliffs, and a boat immediately put off from her to the shore, opposite the ruined building. It was not until Hartland had embarked, and the boat had shot off from the beach, perhaps two cables' length, that he became aware another boat had come into the cove. The circumstance was observed at the same moment by the crew both of the lugger and her boat; Captain Penlerrick instantly signalled Hartland, and putting the helm up, bore down upon him. The stranger now came distinctly in sight: she was a large galley, apparently well manned, under a press of canvas, and evidently aware of the sailing qualities of her larger chase. The struggle now became intensely interesting.



The smugglers strained every nerve, and did all that art could accomplish, but the experienced eye of their commander told him that it would be next to a miracle if they could get alongside the lugger before her opponents; for the galley, impelled by a favouring breeze, gained upon her chase with fearful rapidity. Penlerrick also, by edging in further towards the shore, now saw that he had placed himself in the most imminent hazard of being taken; but he was determined to run all risks to save Hartland. The lugger now fired at the king's boat; and the contest had nearly at once been decided, for the party in the galley heard the shot whiz close a-head of her bow. The echo of the discharge had scarcely died away amongst the rocks, when Hartland's boat was close alongside, the galley having dropped slightly astern by hugging the wind too closely under the lee of the land. The heart of the outlaw, which had been alternately rent with hope and anxiety during this brief but animating chase, revived when he neared his favourite vessel; and he forgot, in the deep excitement of the moment, all his promises and his perils, when he saw that there was now no alternative but to struggle hand to hand with the officer of his king. The crew of the lugger, who had watched the exertions of their shipmates with breathless interest, cheered loudly when the little boat ran alongside; the lugger instantly paid off, in order to get the wind again abaft the beam, but before she had got way, the galley was up with her. Hartland had only just stepped on the deck of the lugger, when the officer in command of the king's boat, followed by several others, cutlass in hand, boarded on her lee-quarter. It was no time to hesitate;—at the very instant Hartland raised his pistol at the young officer, the moon, which had for

several minutes been obscured by a cloud, shone brightly out : he started, and a conviction—fearful yet indefinite—of familiarity with that face, came across him ; but his hand was on the trigger, and in the agitation of the moment he fired ! The gallant young man reeled backwards, and fell dead on the deck, with a deep and piercing cry. By this time the captain and crew had taken part in the defence. A brief but desperate encounter took place ; and the king's men, stunned by the loss of their leader, and taken at a disadvantage in point of numbers, were beaten ; but not before the deck was crimsoned with the blood of both parties. The wind was freshening, and before many minutes had elapsed, the lugger, with every thread out she could muster, was flying through the waves with accelerated speed ; and by the time that Hartland was awake to the full consciousness of his deed, she was rapidly distancing her opponent.

The remainder of our story is soon told. Hartland was seen no more on the coast of England ; and it was popularly believed that he ended his days and endeavoured to atone for his crimes within the walls of a convent in Portugal. Mrs. Hartland, who had been liberated soon after the discovery of the artifice by which she had effected her husband's escape, is said to have died suddenly, on hearing of the lamentable death of her son ; and Lundy Island once more became deserted and desolate.

## ALNWICK CASTLE,

THE PALACE OF THE DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND.

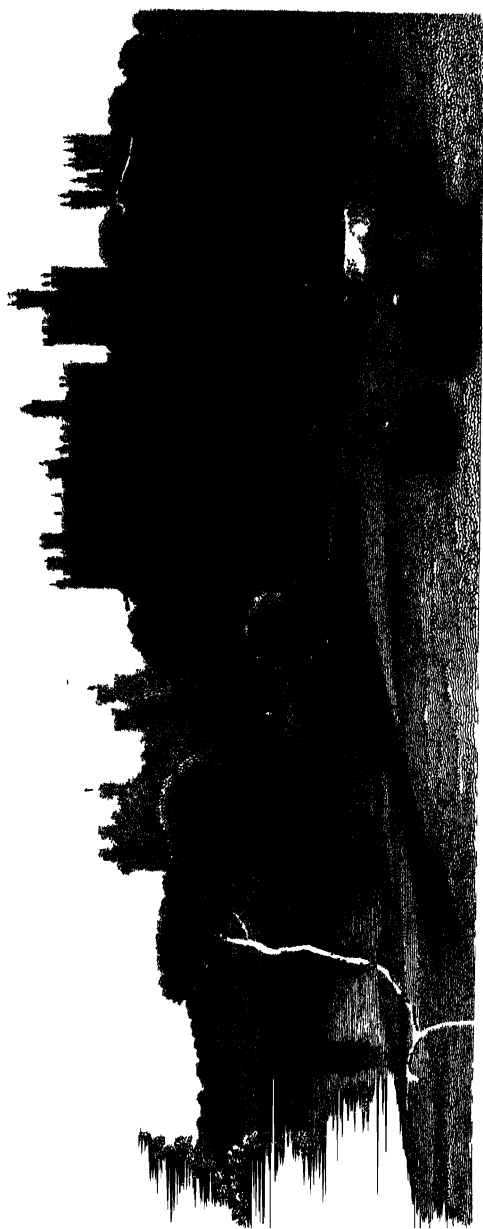
THE town of Alnwick is irregular, being built on the declivities of a hill in various directions. It is the county town of Northumberland, governed by a bailiff nominated by the duke, (whose authority is derived from the obsolete office of constable of the castle,) and four chamberlains, annually chosen out of the freemen of the town.

The freedom of this borough was a whimsical institution of King John, who with mischievous pleasantry ordained that it should be obtained by passing through a deep and miry pond on the town moor upon St. Mark's day; which, to render it still more ludicrous, the hapless candidate is to perform in white clothing. This feat is sometimes achieved with great peril; but what immunities or privileges are gained by so strange a mode of accession we are unable to learn.

In the immediate vicinity of this ancient town stands Alnwick Castle, the fortress of the illustrious house of Percy. The approach to the castle retains much of the solemn grandeur of ancient times; the inscription on the gateway, still legible, "*Esperance me comforteth*," appertained to the arms of the Percys, and was placed there when the repairs were made by the family; the moat is drained, and the ceremony of letting down the draw-bridge is forgot; but the walls which enclose the area still wear the ancient countenance of strength and defence. You enter by a machicolated gate, defended









by an upper tower, and after passing a covered way, approach the interior gate, which admits you to the area; this entrance is defended by all the devices used in ancient times; iron-studded gates, portcullis, open galleries, and apertures in the arching for annoying assailants.

The castle is a noble structure, rebuilt on the old foundation, and in the Saxon style; the architect has strictly preserved the whole mode and ornaments of the original; the battlements are crowded with effigies according to the taste of the Normans, in whose time it underwent a principal repair. These represent men in the act of defence, wielding such arms as were commonly in use at that period; some of these figures are disposed with striking effect: the guard of one of the gateways appears in the act of casting down a mighty stone on the heads of assailants.

The building consists of beautiful freestone in chiselled work; its form is singular, being composed of semi-circular and angular bastions. This edifice stands in a spacious area, which at the time of its greatest strength, it is to be presumed, totally surrounded it, defended by a complete circumvallation and a moat; otherwise the principal part of the fortress would have lain unguarded by any outwork except a moat.

At present, the front is opened to the north-east; and the walls having towers at proper intervals, shuts it in on the other quarters. As the traveller approaches the castle, the walls with its towers form a noble flanking to the principal structure; to the southward, the garden grounds appear tastefully disposed; to the north and west the town of Alnwick is seen spreading on the background. He will, however, lament the want of some of



those fine woodlands and lofty grey rocks which impend over the Aln, above Alnwick, to give rural and romantic graces to objects so imperial, (if we may be permitted the expression,) in distinguishing this noble edifice.

Alnwick Castle contains about five acres of ground within its outer walls, which are flanked with sixteen towers and turrets that now afford a complete set of offices to the castle, and retain, many of them, their original names, as well as their ancient use and destination. There are,

1st. The Great or Outward Gate of entrance, anciently called the Utter Ward.

2nd. The Garner or Avener's Tower ; behind which are the stables, coach-houses, &c., in all respects suitable to the magnitude and dignity of this great castle.

3rd. The Water Tower, containing the cistern or reservoir that supplies the castle and offices with water.

4th. The Caterer's Tower, adjoining to which are the kitchens and all conveniences of that description.

Behind the adjacent walls are concealed a complete set of offices and apartments for most of the principal officers and attendants in the castle ; together with a large hall or dining room to entertain the tenants at the audits ; with an office for the auditors, and housekeeper's room ; and underneath them a servants' hall, with all other suitable conveniences.

5th. The Middle Ward.

6th. The Auditor's Tower.

7th. The Guard House.

8th. The East Garret.

9th. The Records Tower, of which the lower story contains the evidence room, or great repository of the archives of the barony ; over it is a circular apartment,

designed and executed with great taste and beauty for a banqueting room, being twenty-nine feet in diameter, and twenty-four feet six inches high.

10th. The Ravine Tower, or Hotspur's chair. Between this and the round tower was formerly a large breach in the walls, which, from time immemorial, had been called by the town's people the bloody gap.

11th. The Constable's Tower, which remains chiefly in its ancient state, as a specimen to show how the castle itself was formerly fitted up.

12th. The Postern Tower, or Sally Port. The upper apartment now contains old armour, arms, &c. The lower story has a small furnace or laboratory for chemical experiments.

13th. The Armourer's Tower.

14th. The Falconer's Tower.

15th. The Abbot's Tower; so called either from its situation nearest Alnwick Abbey, or, which is more probable, for its containing an apartment for the abbot of that monastery whenever he visited the castle.

16th. The West Garret.

The castle properly consists of three courts or divisions, the entrance into which was defended by three massive gates, called the utter ward, the middle ward, and the inner ward. Each of these gates was in a high embattled tower, furnished with a portcullis, and the outward gate with a drawbridge also; they had each of them a porter's lodge, and a strong prison, besides necessary apartments for the constable, bailiff, and subordinate officers. Under each of the prisons was a deep and dark dungeon, into which the more refractory prisoners were let down by cords, and from which there was no exit but through the trap-door in the floor above.

That of the inner ward is still remaining in all its original horrors.

Nothing can be conceived more striking than the effect at first entrance within the walls from the tower, when, through a dark gloomy gateway of considerable length and depth, the stranger suddenly emerges into one of the most splendid scenes that can be imagined, and is presented at once with the great body of the inner castle, surrounded by semicircular towers, expanding majestically to the eye, and gaily adorned with pinnacles, figures and battlements.

The impression is still further strengthened by the successive entrance into the second and third courts, through great massy towers, till the stranger arrives in the inner court, and in the very centre of this great citadel,

Here he approaches a most beautiful staircase, of a very singular but pleasing form, expanding like a fan: the cornice of the ceiling is enriched with a series of 120 escutcheons, displaying the principal quarterings and intermarriages of the Percy family. The space occupied by this staircase is forty-six feet long, thirty-five feet four inches wide, and forty-three feet two inches in height.

The first room that presents itself to the left is the saloon, which is a very beautiful apartment, designed in the most elegant style of Gothic architecture, and is forty-two feet eight inches long, thirty-seven feet two inches wide, and nineteen feet ten inches high. To this succeeds the drawing-room, consisting of one large oval, with a semicircular projection or bay-window. It is forty-six feet seven inches long, thirty-five feet four inches wide, and twenty-two feet high.

Hence the transition is very appropriately to the great dining-room, which was one of the first executed, and is of the purest Gothic, with niches and other ornaments, that render it a noble model of a great baron's hall. This room is fifty-three feet nine inches long, twenty feet ten inches wide, (exclusive of a circular recess formed by a large bay-window at the upper end, which is nineteen feet in diameter,) and twenty-six feet nine inches in height.

From the dining-room, the stranger may either descend into the court by a circular staircase, or he is ushered into a beautiful Gothic apartment over the gateway, commonly used for a breakfast or supper room; this is furnished with closets in the octagon towers, and is connected with other private apartments.

The stranger is thence conducted into the library, which is a very fine room, in the form of a parallelogram, properly fitted up with books, and ornamented with stucco work in a very rich Gothic style. It is sixty-four feet long, and sixteen feet one inch in height. This apartment leads to the chapel, which fills all the upper space of the middle ward. Here the highest display of Gothic ornament of the greatest beauty has been very appropriately exhibited; and the several parts of the chapel have been designed after the purest models of Gothic excellence. The great east window is imitated from one of the finest in Westminster; the ceiling is borrowed from that of King's College, Cambridge; and the walls are painted after the cathedral at Milan. The windows, of painted glass, are perhaps equal to any thing of the kind hitherto attempted, and worthy of the present improved state of the arts in this country. Exclusive of a beautiful recess for the family, the chapel is

fifty feet long, twenty-one feet four inches wide, and twenty-two feet high.

Returning from the chapel through the library, and passing by another great staircase, we enter a passage or gallery leading to two great state bed-chambers, each thirty feet long, furnished with exquisite taste; to which are attached double dressing-rooms, closets, and other conveniences, all of the greatest elegance and magnificence, but as conformable as possible to the general style of the castle. From these bed-chambers the passage opens to the grand staircase by which we first entered, and completes a *tout ensemble* not easily paralleled.

It is now time that we should turn our attention to the antiquity and history of this place.

Alnwick Castle is believed to have been founded in the time of the Romans, although no part of the original structure is now remaining. But when part of the dungeon, or castle keep, was taken down to be repaired, about seventy years ago, under the present walls were discovered the foundations of other buildings, which lay in a different direction from the present; and some of the stones appeared to have Roman mouldings.

The first proprietor of the barony of Alnwick mentioned in history is Tyson, who fell at the battle of Hastings in defence of Harold his king. William the Conqueror gave the heiress of Tyson in marriage to Ivo de Vesey, one of his attendant adventurers, his possessions being very great, as well at Alnwick as in Yorkshire. Their daughter Beatrix was given in marriage by Henry I. to Eustace Fitz-John, from whence descended four generations, who successively possessed this barony.

During the reign of William Rufus, Alnwick Castle was besieged by king Malcolm of Scotland, who, resenting a breach of truce committed by the former, entered the borders with a powerful army, accompanied by Edward his son, and laid waste the county of Northumberland.

Mowbray, Earl of Northumberland, had collected a few troops to oppose the invader, and with them possessed this castle. It was too strong to be taken by assault; but a circumvallation being made by the Scotch forces, the garrison was cut off from all hopes of succour, and was on the point of surrendering, when a person undertook its relief by the following stratagem: he rode forth completely armed, with the keys of the castle tied to the end of his spear, and presented himself in a suppliant manner before the king's pavilion, as being come to surrender the fortress. Malcolm advancing hastily without his armour, received a mortal wound from the knight, who escaped by the fleetness of his horse, and by swimming the river, which was then flooded by rains. The Chronicle of Alnwick Abbey, now deposited in the British Museum, says that his name was Hammond, and the place of his passage was, long after, named Hammond's Ford. Prince Edward, Malcolm's eldest son, too incautiously advancing to revenge his death, fell into an ambuscade, and was slain. The garrison sallied forth, the Scotch were thrown into confusion by the loss of their leaders, and a panic succeeding, victory declared for the English.

After King William of Scotland, surnamed the Lion, made his disgraceful retreat from the castle of Prudhoe, A. D. 1174, he beset the castle of Alnwick with his whole army, consisting of 80,000 men. Bernard Baliol, a

youth of great fortitude, with about 400 horsemen raised at Newcastle, engaged in an enterprise to surprise the Scotch monarch: they were favoured in their march by a thick fog, which kept them concealed till they reached the environs of Alnwick, where discovering the king attended by about sixty of his chief followers, on a reconnoitering party, they came upon them unexpectedly. A conflict ensued, in which the king's horse was killed under him, and many of his attendants were slain, the king being made prisoner. He was removed to London, and afterwards ransomed for 100,000*l.*, at the same time doing homage for his crown; as a memorial of which submission he deposited his arms at the altar of York Minster.

In the reign of King John, A. D. 1212, Eustace de Vesey being accused of a conspiracy against the king's life, fled into Scotland. His castle was ordered to be razed; but the apprehension of a southern rebellion diverted the purpose. Eustace afterwards did homage to Alexander II. king of Scotland, his brother-in-law, and lost his life by approaching too near Bernard Castle, with a view to plan an assault upon that fortress.

In 1264, John de Vesey was summoned to Parliament in the twenty-eighth year of Henry the Third's reign. This was the glorious era in which our mode of parliaments was first settled, and the Commons regularly admitted to a share in the legislative power. His son, William de Vesey, the last baron of that family, dying without legitimate issue, but leaving a son born out of wedlock, King Edward I. enfeoffed Antony Beck, Bishop of Durham, in the castle and barony of Alnwick, in trust for such natural son; but this prelate got the infant deprived of his barony, and also obtained a confirmation

from the king of a sale thereof, made to Henry Lord Percy, Baron of Topcliff and Spofford, in Yorkshire, an ancestor of the present illustrious family.

And here we had designed to give a short history of this truly noble family,—but we were reminded at once of the impossibility of condensing into so small a space the splendid annals of a house which might justly demand a volume. In a happy moment, however, we hit upon a rapid but admirable sketch of the house of Percy, drawn by the hand of a master, which appeared a few years ago in the *Quarterly Review*, and we think we can not do better than lay it entire before the reader. To abridge it were impossible, to add to it superfluous. It may be necessary, however, to state, that the design of the author has been to show that the history of the house of Percy, in common with many other illustrious families, has been a tale of melancholy and suffering.

“ The great house of Percy was strikingly unfortunate during the reign of the Tudors, and, indeed, long before. Their ancestor, Josceline de Loraine, a younger son of the ancient princes of Brabant, and brother of Adelia, second consort of our Henry I., married, in 1122, Agnes de Percy, the heiress of a great northern baron, seated at Topcliffe and Spofford, in Yorkshire, on condition that her male posterity should bear the name of Percy. Their son, Henry, was great-grand-father of Henry Lord Percy, summoned to parliament 1299, whose great-grandson, Henry, fourth Lord Percy, was created Earl of Northumberland, 1377, at the coronation of Richard II. He was slain at Bramham Moor, 1408. His son, Henry Lord Percy (Hotspur), had already fallen at Shrewsbury, 1403. Henry, second Earl, son of Hotspur, was slain at the battle of St. Alban's, 1455,



and his son Henry, third Earl, was slain at the battle of Sowton, 1461. His son Henry, fourth Earl, was murdered by an insurrectionary mob, at Thirske, in Yorkshire, 1489, third Henry VII. Henry, fifth Earl, died a natural death, 1527; but his second son, Sir Thomas Percy, was executed, 1537, for his concern in Ask's rebellion. Henry, sixth Earl, the first lover of Queen Anne Boleyn, died 1537, issueless; and the honours were suspended for twenty years, by the attainder of his brother, Sir Thomas Percy, in 1537, already mentioned; during which time the family had the mortification to see the Dukedom of Northumberland conferred on John Dudley, Earl of Warwick. But this nobleman being attainted, 1553, the earldom was restored to Thomas Percy, the son of the attainted Sir Thomas, who became seventh Earl of Northumberland. Such a long succession of violent deaths, closed by attainder, and loss of such great and venerable honours, was calculated to afford a lesson of caution and love of quiet, when once the precious boon of restoration took place, which would have seemed to be irresistible. But all was lost upon him; as early as the second of Elizabeth, this restored earl grew discontented, that William, Lord Earl of Wilton, an excellent and experienced commander, was made Warden of the Middle and East Marches. Still, however, he did not lose the favour of the court; and the Garter was conferred on him. In 1568 he joined the strong faction of nobles against Secretary Cecil. In this year, he and Charles Neville, Earl of Westmorland, were at the head of the great northern insurrection, where Richard Norton, of Norton Conyers (ancestor of Lord Grantley), accompanied by his five sons, erected and bore the banner of the Cross—an incident emblazoned

in one of the finest passages of Wordsworth's poetry. The insurgents' force retreated before the Queen's troops, under the Earls of Sussex and Warwick. Northumberland fled to Scotland, was betrayed, confined in Lochleven Castle, and delivered up by Morton to Lord Hunsdon, for a large bribe, in July, 1572; and being conveyed to York, was beheaded there in August following. He left only two daughters, of whom Lady Lucy, wife of Sir Edward Stanley, was mother of the too celebrated Venetia, Lady Digby, wife of Sir Kenelm. His brother, Henry Percy, was allowed, in right of the new entail, to succeed as eighth Earl of Northumberland. In 1585, this earl, still blind to his family sufferings, entered into the intrigues in favour of Mary Queen of Scots; and being imprisoned in the Tower, committed suicide on the 21st of June. His son, Henry, ninth earl, memorable for the charge of being privy to the gunpowder plot, 1605, grounded on the patronage he had afforded to Thomas Percy, one of the conspirators, a relative, whose exact connection in blood is not known, was confined in the Tower for fifteen years and upwards, till 1620, where he showed himself a great encourager of literature and science, and kept a table for several learned men. This long imprisonment did not break his spirit; for on his release, hearing that Buckingham the favourite had six horses to his coach, he put eight to his own, and passed through the city of London to Bath in this pompous manner, to the admiration of the people. He then retired to Petworth, kept up great hospitality there, and died at this celebrated seat of the Lovain-Percys in 1632. Of his son, Algernon, tenth earl, and the part he took in the rebellion, Lord Clarendon has spoken so fully, that it is unnecessary to repeat it. He died in

1688. His son, Josceline, eleventh and last earl, survived his father not two years, dying on his travels at Turin, 21st May, 1670. Lady Elizabeth Percy, his only daughter and heir, married Charles Seymour (called the Proud) Duke of Somerset; whose son, Algernon, was the last of the male descendants of the protector-  
duke, by his second wife, Anne Stanhope; and whose daughter and heir married Sir Hugh Smithson, and was grandmother of the present Duke of Northumberland. Thus seven out of twelve died violent deaths—and thus came to an end the male line of this once flourishing and numerous family.”

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TO H: R. H. THE DUCHESS OF YORK, WITH  
A DOG NAMED ALBION.

BY M. G. LEWIS.

My name is Albion, lady dear,  
Accept my service tendered here,  
For know I've laid my plan—  
So gentle, kind, and good to be,  
That in your favour soon they'll see  
Me rival Lady Anne.

I'll love your friend—I'll bite your foe—  
I'll guard your steps where'er you go—  
Where'er you choose your seat,—  
Close to that spot I'll rest reclin'd,  
'Twill please the wise and good to find  
That Albion's at your feet.

## THE VISION OF SADAK.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE USURER'S DAUGHTER," AND  
"PURITAN'S GRAVE."

THE merchant Sadak was blessed with abundance, and dwelt in peace. He had all that mortals usually desire, and was duly and deeply sensible of the happiness of his lot. But as humanity must be imperfect in its happiness as well as in its wisdom and its power, there was one drop of bitter floating in the sweet cup of Sadak's life,—there was a cloud in his sky, a thorn in his pillow, and a sigh of sorrow marring and mutilating the melody of his joy. "Blessed be Allah for his goodness towards me, praise to the high and holy one who has fixed my lot in a land of peace, and has stretched the cords of my tent on the plains of prosperity! Blessed be Allah that my caravans travel the desert in safety, and that the hand of power has not rudely touched my wealth. Blessed be Allah for the security of my home, for the fidelity of my servants, for the smiles of my children, and for the affectionate love of my wife." Thus did Sadak express his gratitude and joy duly every morning and evening; but oft in the course of the day there rose in his mind painful thoughts and sad forebodings. When he walked in his garden he looked on his flowers, and saw them fade, and, sighing, said to himself, "So, also, must I pass away—my strength must decay, my glory perish, and I must lie down in the dust and make my bed with the worms. Then what to me will be the wealth which I have gathered together? What the affectionate love of

my wife—the smiles of my children—the fidelity of my servants? We must all die; yet wherefore should death, that must rob us of our possessions, first rob us of our enjoyment of them? Why can I not banish from my soul all thought and fear of that which is to come? I ask not to live in this world for ever; but I would fain so live as not to fear death.” This was often the language of Sadak’s heart in his hours of solitude, bringing on his spirits a gloom of which none but himself was aware; for in society he was cheerful, the current of his conversation flowed gracefully, and his friends enjoyed his company.

Now it came to pass, as Sadak one afternoon was reposing in his pavilion, and was watching the falling rose leaves, and indulging the gloomy thoughts which did so often interfere with the happiness of his life, that there suddenly stood before him, he knew not whether rising from the earth or descending from heaven, a figure of preternatural size and gracefulness, having a countenance of calm but not smiling kindness, expressive of mercy unmixed with weakness, and marvellously blending the awful with the attractive. Sadak’s heart for a moment forgot to beat; the pulse of his life stood still with astonishment; nor could he withdraw his gaze from the strange vision that saluted him. Speechlessly he waited to hear the spirit’s voice, for his own tongue cleaved to the roof of his mouth, and he was helpless as a bird in the gaze of a basilisk. In a voice as gentle as the evening breeze, and musical as the tones of a lute, the vision spoke and said, “Sadak, thy prayers are heard in heaven, thy praises are accepted by Allah, and thy fears are registered above; I come to remove these fears.” Then Sadak took courage and said, “Who art thou, and by

what name may I address thee?" The vision answered, "I am the Angel of Death." Thereat Sadak trembled, and bowed his face, even to the ground, saying, "Behold thy servant." He thought that now his hour was come, and that his fears were to be stilled in the grave: and much did he marvel that the terrors of his soul were not greater at the sight of so awful a visitant. The spirit spoke again and said, "Sadak, wouldst thou be above the fears of death?" Sadak answered and said, "Remove thy terrors from thy servant, and then shall my life flow sweetly and calmly as the rivers of Paradise."

"If then thou wouldst be above the fear of death, thou must be as those for whom death has no terrors. Come, and thou shalt choose thy lot." So saying, the angel lifted him lightly from the ground on which he was kneeling, and carried him high in the air above the cities, the plains, and the rivers, and he saw the scene beneath him moving silently as the picture of a dream.

Presently they had passed the fertile and cultivated country, and they came to a dreary region, where the unclad mountains lifted their bleak summits to the sky; steep and rugged were their sides, so that there seemed to be no path for the foot of man, nor was there any symptom of human dwelling. Here the Angel and his charge alighted, and the spirit said to Sadak, "Follow me, seeing but unseen, hearing but unheard." Then Sadak, wondrously supported in climbing the rude precipice, and again in descending divers chasms and clefts of the rock, followed his guide till they came to where a low dark opening admitted them into a tortuous and gloomy passage, leading to a cave in which the light of

one sickly lamp just served to show that this was a retreat of reckless robbers. Sadak saw the ruffian gang assembled in brutal conclave. He saw them drink the strong red wine; he heard them shout the insulting song of triumph over their victims, whom they had robbed of wealth and life; he shuddered as he listened to their tales of blood, and he trembled as he heard them devise their next day's exploit. "To-morrow," said the chief of the robbers, "the prince passes through the valley with a slender retinue, but a weighty purse: he fancies that the awe of his name and that a dread of his vengeance will be enough to save him from our hands; but we must let him know that the mountain robbers have no fear or reverence. We can mock the majesty of law and despise the power of princes. We, who fear not death, are invincible, and, while we live, omnipotent." Thereat a shout of rude applause was sent up by the lawless multitude, and the heart of Sadak was sick at the brutal and unholy sound.

Then the angel said unto him, "Sadak, wilt thou thus conquer the fear of death?"

"Nay," replied the merchant, "any death is better than such a life as this!"

Thereupon the gloom of the cavern vanished, the clear light of heaven shone upon them, the robbers disappeared, and Sadak and his guide were sailing again through the liquid air. They passed beyond the region of the barren mountains, and descended on a plain through which a gentle river calmly glided, on the banks of which stood many a pleasant dwelling, and where the cheerful voice of the living and laborious were heard. The spirit said to Sadak as before, "Follow me, seeing but unseen, hearing but unheard." And the merchant followed, as

he was commanded, and they entered a house where an old man was sitting alone, watching the quiet course of the river, and seeming to count the straws, sticks, or leaves, that floated on its surface. The old man saw them not, and heard them not; therefore their presence interfered not with his thoughts or with his employment. For a long while they stood, and Sadak asked no question of his guide, though he wondered what could be the meaning of what he saw, for he feared lest an improper or untimely word might break the charm in which he was involved. After a length of time, the old man moved away from the place where he had been sitting, and began to make preparations for a solitary meal. He was wonderfully slow in all his movements, and ever and anon he paused, as though endeavouring to call something to mind. At length he sat down and ate, and when he rose from his cheerless and solitary meal, he resumed his seat where Sadak first saw him, and there he sat watching, as before, the course of the river, and occasionally looking up to the bright blue sky above him. The merchant and his guide stood hour after hour watching the still scene, and Sadak grew weary, but ventured not to name his weariness, or to express his impatience: then the angel said unto him, "Sadak, what seest thou?"

And Sadak said, "Truly I know not what to answer. I see, indeed, an old man who seems as though he had no employment for hand or thought, and whose life appears but a breathing death."

"Thou hast answered rightly," said the angel: "he whom thou seest hath by the aid of philosophy conquered all fears, and by a skilful management of life hath removed all source of annoyance and trouble; he hath no



cares and no fears; there is not one dark spot in his life; his days are as tranquil as the silent river, and he has no more dread of death than the river hath of the ocean into which it is flowing."

"But what," asked Sadak, "are the joys of his life? Has his philosophy destroyed them too?"

"How can it be otherwise?" said the angel; "who can in this life separate joy and sorrow? Where is the land on which the sun shines for ever? Can the earth have mountains without valleys? Can man enjoy the beauty of the rising day without knowing the darkness of night? Who but the weary can taste the luxury of rest? He whom thou seest before thee hath, by removing all causes of uneasiness, or hardening his heart against them, formed for himself a life of perfect peace and unmingled calmness; having no friends or kindred, he is never called to mourn at the side of the grave; trusting no one, he is deceived by no one; steeling his heart against all sympathy, the sorrows of others never afflict him; and as there is nothing in life to which he clings with fondness, so there is nothing in death which he regards with abhorrence. Sadak, wilt thou thus conquer the fear of death?"

"Nay," replied the merchant, "any death is better than such a life as this."

Then the angel carried him away from the peaceful vale, and bore him onwards to a well-peopled city, and they alighted there, the angel saying as before, "Follow me, seeing but unseen, hearing but unheard." Sadak did as he was commanded, and followed invisibly his invisible guide; and they entered a dwelling in which there were abundant tokens of wealth; and Sadak thought to himself that if the owner of this well-furnished abode

could live superior to the fear of death he must be an amiable man indeed, for here was much to make life interesting. Passing through several splendid apartments, they came to the room in which was the master of the house; but at sight of him Sadak sighed deeply, for sorrow sat upon his countenance, and his whole talk was that of despair. "What seest thou?" said the angel.

"I see," replied the merchant, "a sight of wretchedness."

"Thou seest," said the angel, "one for whom death hath no terrors. He hath wealth, but there is no one to enjoy it with him; his wife and children are in the grave, and as he loved them most deeply when living, so he mourns them most heartily when dead. He looks about his well-furnished house, and finds that every part of it reminds him of those who were once most dear unto him; his soul is filled with bitterness that they are taken from him; fain also would he make his bed his grave. Wilt thou thus conquer the fear of death?"

"Nay," replied the merchant, "any death is better than such a life as this."

The angel then led him forth from the house of the desolate man to another street and to another house, in which there were many symptoms of wealth, but none of solitude, and the angel said as before, "Follow me, seeing but unseen, hearing but unheard." There was a tumult in the house, as of oburgation, and a noise of many voices; and Sadak saw a man somewhat past the middle of life surrounded by his family, who were quarrelling with him and with one another. The merchant looked alarmed, and his guide said unto him, "Sadak, what is thy fear? Thou art unseen and unheard; the fury of these people cannot injure thee."

And Sadak said, "My fear is not for myself but for these people, lest they may presently inflict violence the one upon the other. Seest thou how that furious woman endeavours to provoke to violence him whom I take to be her husband? Surely blood will be shed. What, I pray you, has caused this sudden quarrel?"

"This is no sudden quarrel," said the angel, "but this is the ordinary life which this man leads; his wife and children are unreasonable in their wishes and violent in their tempers, so that the poor man hath no peace. He wishes for the peace of the grave. Sadak, wilt thou thus conquer the fear of death?"

"Nay," replied the merchant, "any death is better than such a life as this."

Again the angel caught up the merchant, and carried him through the air a distance of many leagues, alighting with him at length at the entrance to a mine, from whence many of the labourers<sup>d</sup> were issuing, and the angel said to Sadak, "Follow me, seeing but unseen, hearing but unheard." So the angel conducted the merchant to one of the abodes in which the labourers resided. And Sadak saw the weary man sit heavily down to a scanty meal, which he devoured hastily; and presently the man slept and his sleep was sound, and Sadak thought within himself, "How blessed is the sound sleep of him who by labour has earned the comforts of repose!" Sadak watched him while he slept, and there was no symptom of any dreamy restlessness, but his features were still as a stone and calm as death. Morning came, and with it came the summons to renewed labour. Then Sadak grieved for the labouring man that he needs must be awakened from so sound a sleep. And the angel said to the merchant, "Sadak, thou thinkest mournfully."

Then the merchant replied, saying, "I grieve for this poor man, that he hath no time for the enjoyment of that rest for which his labour gives him so good an appetite; for while he sleeps he is insensible to all that is around him, and when he awakes he is forthwith called away to labour—nay, even before he hath well slept his sleep he is roused to recommence his toil."

"True," replied the angel, "but he thereby lives without the fear of death, because he lives without the thought of it; he has no time for thinking: his days are occupied with ceaseless labour, and his nights with dreamless sleep. Wilt thou thus be above the fear of death?"

"Nay," replied the merchant, "any death is better than such a life as this."

Now when the merchant had been so long with the angel his fears began to abate, and he spake more freely to the spirit, saying, "Hitherto thou hast shown me only those who live a life of misery, to which death must be considered a relief; show me, I pray you, one to whom life is truly desirable, and by whom death is not regarded as an evil?"

"Thou askest an impossibility," said the angel; "for thou askest to see one who prefers light to darkness, and yet who likes darkness as well as light. How can this be? I have shown thee such as care not whether they live or die: to them, therefore, death can have no terrors; and I have also shown thee such as feel more pain than pleasure in life, therefore to them death can present no terrors. But how, I pray you, can he who loveth life love to have it taken from him?"

"But my dread of death," replied Sadak, "oftentimes takes away my enjoyment of life."

“Thou speakest inaccurately,” said the angel; “rather shouldst thou say that thou feelest a dread of death because thou hast so great enjoyment of life. Seest thou not that death is unpleasant because life is pleasant?”

Then Sadak was silent for a moment, seeing that he knew not what to reply; and much did he fear that he had offended his supernatural guide and messenger. Then forthwith did he prepare himself with a propitiatory reply to the angel; but when he lifted up his face from the ground and sought his spiritual companion, behold the monitor had fled, and Sadak was left alone, and he began in great perplexity and terror to cast about by what means he might return to his home from so great a distance, and after so long an absence, for he knew not in what region of the globe he was, nor could he distinctly recollect how many days he had been away from his home; but presently recovering from his surprise, he found himself in his own pavilion, his garden was as he had left it, and when he returned to his family, they spake not of his absence from them. So he perceived that it was but a dream; and he took instruction from the dream, and learned to prize the blessings of life more highly, and to receive the good things bestowed upon him with a more unmingled gratitude.

## THE BRIGAND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "ISLAND BRIDE."

MONTALBAN. DE LUQUE.

MONTALBAN.

Your business, stranger.

DE LUQUE.

That is quickly told.

Before thee stands unscath'd the rebel chief  
Whose prowess has, thro' all the realm of Spain,  
Spread terror wider than its desolation.  
I come a suitor to thee.

MONTALBAN.

State your will.

DE LUQUE.

Beyond the limits of our hemisphere,  
Fame's trumpet-tongue has busily proclaim'd  
The marvel of thy deeds. In mute amaze  
The ragged tenants of the lazar-house  
Listen and wonder, while their golden god  
Buys their base homage. Now no lazy clown  
Groans out his cant of poverty, but thou  
Throw'st in his lap thy gold, as 'twere a drug  
That stain'd thy conscience.

MONTALBAN.

Ha ! and who art thou,  
That dar'st thus tax my charities ?

DE LUQUE.

A man !

But one who brooks not haughty questioning :  
One who knows better to command than sue—  
Who, when he sues, commands. I come to ask  
A portion of thy gold—that yellow plague  
Which thou dost scatter with a lavish hand,

Among the ignorant and greedy throng  
Who only blotch thy bounties with their vices,  
And raise a stagnant mist around thy virtue.

MONTALBAN.

If gold's thy only object, freely take  
Of mine abundance, for thy frankness draws me,  
Despite thy stern and unfamiliar aspect,  
Towards thee in fellowship.

DE LUQUE.

First know the man  
With whom you would in amity unite,  
Before you seal the contract. In my breast  
The icicles of hate for ever form,  
Enlarging in their growth, like polar ice,  
Intense as that, and deadlier to the touch  
Of melting pity. I've been scar'd and scorch'd  
Beneath oppression's fierce meridian,  
Until my marrow has become a rock  
To which my heart has grown, participant  
Of its stern nature.

MONTALBAN.

But are there no fires  
To thaw the ice of apathy within thee?  
Are all thy sympathies extinct?

DE LUQUE.

All—all—

My heart is marble. Hear and mark, Montalban!  
I had a wife and child; my very soul  
Was so absorb'd in their's that all the three  
Form'd one united whole; their hearts to mine  
Clung, as if their very being hung upon't.  
Tho' I ne'er joined the fashion of the times  
And slubber'd mawkish kisses on their cheeks,  
Or fumbled them with pestilent caresses,  
Ringing my daily darlings in their ears,  
Like modern sires and spouses,—ne'ertheless  
I lov'd them to idolatry: my life  
Thriv'd with their thriving, droop'd with their decay.

And in that atmosphere alone I liv'd  
Where they shed warmth and brightness.

MONTALBAN.

Thou hast rous'd

The slumbering memory of happier times  
When I, like thee, was blest. I had a wife  
And children too—but they, alas! are gone  
Where I would follow them, yet dare not!

DE LUQUE.

Ha!

Was it a human hand that dealt the plague  
Which made thy paradise a desert? No!  
Heaven deals its vengeance, man must stoop to that:  
But when the grovelling likeness of ourselves  
Lords it in idle mockery o'er his fellows  
And opes a hell to torture us, 'tis then  
The rebel swells within us, and the clash  
Of mingling passions jars into a storm.

MONTALBAN.

I have endured what long has gnarled my heart,  
And left it scarcely pervious to the probe  
Of keen sensation. I have suffered much,  
Yet bear withal no hatred to mankind.

DE LUQUE.

Hear my brief history, and tell me then  
If I have room for love to mortal man.  
My wife had early join'd in Luther's creed,  
And in the mother's faith the child was rear'd;  
Whilst I, who look'd on forms as on old saws  
For which antiquity has gained respect,  
Still own'd the Pope pre-eminent. My life,  
Which was retired, drew from the meddling throng  
A scrutiny that soon convey'd strange tales  
Round the distempered neighbourhood, and I  
Was pointed at as one foredoom'd by heaven.

MONTALBAN.

Our lot has been too similarly cast.  
Not to feel fellowship.



DE LUQUE.

Now mark the close

Of my brief tale. My poor, unconscious wife  
Was torn from these rough arms, and, with her child,  
Shrieking for mercy to the ears of monsters,  
Dragg'd to that den of priestcraft where the doom  
Is past, unheard. There the devouring flames  
Clung round their bodies, till the gasp of death  
Set free the hamper'd spirit.

MONTALBAN.

Injur'd wretch!

I pity thee.

DE LUQUE.

Nay pity not, but hate—

Join with me in my loathing to mankind,  
And I will clench thine hand, the first rude pledge  
Of friendship, but to be dissolv'd in death.  
Nigh where the Esta opes her feeble source,  
Is the stern outlaw's home ;—partake its cheer—  
Thou'lt meet a rough, but a right honest welcome.

MONTALBAN.

I will accept thy courtesy, and when  
We know each other's humours, we may live  
On terms of closer union. Lead the way.

\* \* \* \* \*

MONTALBAN.

Why dost thou lead me towards yon towering cliff  
Whose summit peers above the pregnant clouds,  
Mocking the angry storms that roar beneath ?

DE LUQUE.

Approach and listen. Thou hast rous'd, Montalban,  
Memories of days gone by ; when, in my fair  
And undimm'd horoscope, the radiant star  
Of my young destiny by heaven's own hand  
Seem'd pois'd in the blue void, without a cloud  
To mar its brightness ; but, alas ! how soon  
To be o'ercast with dire and damning ills.

## MONTALBAN.

Nay, why so sad?

## DE LUQUE.

Ask the storm why it howls.

Couldst thou but look into my soul, and there  
Behold the plague-spots which have seared it o'er,  
Thou wouldst not ask me why I am so sad.  
I have done deeds too black for yon fair heaven  
To look upon, and my charg'd spirit groans  
Beneath its load of guilt. The time is come  
When expiation must be made. (*He climbs the brow of the  
precipice.*)

## Approach

For I would have thee witness that my death  
Shall be as stern and fearless as my life.  
I'm sick of life and its infirmities,  
And long to go to that eternal sleep  
Where dreams distract not, and perception's still'd  
In everlasting silence. Come what may,  
I fear not an hereafter—hell or heaven—  
My soul upon the hazard!

(*He flings himself from the precipice. Brigands approach :  
Montalban retires with them behind the mountains.*)

## GENEALOGICAL MEMOIR OF THE HON. MISS IERVIS.

THE HON. MARY-ANNE IERVIS is the younger daughter of Edward, present Lord, and grand-niece of the celebrated Earl of ST. VINCENT.

The family of IERVIS is of ancient and respectable descent in the county of Stafford.

WILLIAM IERVIS, of Ollerton, in Shropshire, second son of James Iervis, of Chatkyll, in the county of Stafford, was grandfather of JOHN IERVIS, Esq., born in 1599, who wedded Elizabeth, daughter and sole heir of John Iervis, Esq., of Chatkyll, and thus united the two branches of the family. He died in 1670, and was succeeded by his son,

JOHN IERVIS, Esq., of Chatkyll, born at Standon, 25th September, 1631. This gentleman married Elizabeth, daughter of Nicholas Wakelin, of Gentleshaw, in Staffordshire, and left, at his demise in 1650, a son,

JOHN IERVIS, Esq., born at Chatkyll, who espoused Mary, only daughter and heir of John Swynfen, Esq., son and heir-apparent of John Swynfen, Esq., of Swynfen, representative of that great Staffordshire House: and dying at Darlaston, in the parish of Stone, left (with other issue, from which descends the present SWYNFEN IERVIS, Esq., of Darlaston) a fifth son,

SWYNFEN IERVIS, Esq., of Meaford, Barrister-at-law, appointed counsel to the Admiralty, and auditor of Greenwich Hospital. This gentleman married in 1727 Elizabeth, daughter of George Parker, Esq., of Park

Hall\*, in the county of Stafford, and sister of Sir Thomas Parker, Chief Baron of the Exchequer. By this lady, Mr. Iervis had two sons and two daughters, viz.

I. William, of Meaford, Gentleman Usher of the Privy Chamber, who married in 1777 Jane, youngest daughter of Thomas Hatsell, Esq.

II. JOHN, of whom presently.

III. Elizabeth, married to the Rev. — Batewell, and died without issue

IV. MARY, who wedded in 1757, WILLIAM HENRY RICKETTS†, Esq., of Longwood, Hants, and had issue,

WILLIAM HENRY RICKETTS, Esq., Capt. R. N., who assumed by sign manual, in 1801, the surname of IERVIS, and was drowned by the upsetting of his barge, 26th January, 1805. He had married the Lady Elizabeth Jane Lambart, daughter of Richard, sixth earl of Cavan, and left two daughters, Martha Honora Georgiana, married, in 1822, to Osborne Markham, Esq., son of the Archbishop of York; and Henrietta Elizabeth Mary, the wife of Captain Edmond Palmer, R. N., C. B.

EDWARD IERVIS RICKETTS, who succeeded his maternal uncle, and is the present VISCOUNT ST. VINCENT.

Mary Ricketts, married to William, Earl of Northesk. The second son of Swynfen Iervis, JOHN IERVIS, Esq., was born at Meaford, 19th January, 1734, and

\* The eldest son of William Parker, Esq., of Park Hall, who commanded a company of foot in the service of CHARLES I., settled at Leek, in Staffordshire, and was grandfather of the first EARL OF MACCLESFIELD.

† For a full and detailed account of the ancient family of RICKETTS, now represented by Thomas Bourke Ricketts, Esq., of Combe, in the county of Hereford, see BURKE's History of the COMMONERS, Vol. I. p. 22.

entered the navy at the early age of ten years. In 1760, he obtained the rank of post-captain, and soon distinguishing himself in his gallant profession, was honoured with the insignia of the Bath. In 1787, Sir John was made rear-admiral of the blue, and in three years after rear-admiral of the white.

In 1793, an expedition having been determined on against the French colonies in the West Indies, the command was intrusted to Sir John Iervis and Sir Charles Grey. They accordingly embarked, and executed the commission with such promptness and alacrity, that, in 1794, the complete conquest of the valuable and important isles of Martinico, St. Lucia, and Guadaloupe, was achieved. For these services the thanks of parliament were voted to the army and navy, and the freedom of the city of London presented to the gallant admiral.

In 1797, Sir John Iervis had the command of the fleet off Cadiz, and on the 14th of February in that year, fought and won the ever-memorable battle of ST. VINCENT: and thus prevented the junction of the French, Dutch, and Spanish fleets, which would have amounted to no less than eighty sail of the line.

The gloom which had previously overspread the country was dispelled by the news of this victory, and the greatest exultation diffused throughout England. Admiral Iervis received the thanks of the two Houses, and was honoured with the title of EARL ST. VINCENT, from the scene of his brilliant action, and of BARON IERVIS of Meaford, from the place of his birth: he obtained also the gold medal, and a pension of 3,000*l.* per annum.

“Contemplating this glorious victory,” says a recent writer, “not in invidious but fair comparison with others, it will readily be admitted, that some achievements may have been more brilliant in the number of

ships captured; but very rarely have the power of the contending fleets been so unequal. The whole life of this gallant officer, which he devoted to the service of his country, was characterised by uncommon energy of mind and superior skill in his profession. The strictest honour and most inflexible integrity ever distinguished his political, and the firmest and warmest attachment his social life."

Lord St. Vincent, who obtained in 1801 a **VISCOUNTY**, with remainder, in default of male issue, to his nephews, William Henry Ricketts, Esq., and Edward Iervis Ricketts, Esq., espoused in 1783 his cousin Martha, daughter of Lord Chief Baron Parker; but by her, who died in 1819, he had no issue. His Lordship died in March 1823, when the earldom and barony expired, the viscounty devolving on his only surviving nephew,

**EDWARD IERVIS RICKETTS**, present **VISCOUNT ST. VINCENT**, of Meaford; in the county of Stafford, who assumed, upon inheriting the peerage, the surname and arms of **IERVIS** only.

His lordship married, first, Mary Cassandra, second daughter of Thomas, Lord Saye and Sele, by whom he has issue—

**WILLIAM IERVIS**, who espoused in 1815, Sophia, daughter of George Narbonne Vincent, Esq., and has two sons and a daughter,

**MARIA**.

The viscount wedded, secondly, Mary-Anne, second daughter of the late Thomas Parker, Esq., of Park Hall, and has two sons and a daughter—

John.

Edward.

**MARY-ANNE**.

T

## NIGHT.

BY MRS. NORTON.

NIGHT sinks upon the dim grey wave,  
 Night clouds the spires that mark the town ;  
 On living rest, and grassy grave,  
 The shadowy night comes slowly down.  
 And now the good and happy rest,  
 The wearied peasant calmly sleeps,  
 And closer to its mother's breast,  
 The rosy child in slumber creeps.

But I !—The sentry, musing lone—  
 The sailor on the cold grey sea  
 So sad a watch hath never known,  
 As that which must be kept by me.—  
 I cannot rest, thou solemn night !  
 Thy very silence hath the power  
 To conjure sounds and visions bright,  
 Unseen—unheard—in daylight's hour.

Kind words, whose echo will not stay,  
 Memory of deep and bitter wrongs :  
 Laughter, whose sound hath died away,  
 And snatches of forgotten songs :  
 These haunt my soul ;—and as I gaze  
 Up to the calm and quiet moon,  
 I dream 'tis morning's breeze that plays,  
 Or sunset hour, or sultry noon.

I hear again the voice whose tone  
 Is more to me than music's sound,  
 And youthful forms for ever gone,  
 Come in their beauty crowding round.  
 I start—the mocking dreams depart,  
 Thy loved words melt upon the air,  
 And whether swells or sinks my heart,  
 Thou dost not know—thou dost not care !

Perchance while thus I watch unseen,  
Thy languid eyelids slowly close,  
Without a thought of what hath been,  
To haunt thee in thy deep repose.  
Oh weary night, oh endless night,  
Blank pause between two feverish days,  
Roll back your shadows, give me light,  
Give me the sunshine's fiercest blaze !

Give me the glorious noon !—alas !  
What reck's it by what light I pray,  
Since hopeless hours must dawn and pass,  
And sleepless night succeed to day ?  
Yet, cold and blue and quiet sky,  
There is a night where all find rest,  
A long, long night:—with those who die  
Sorrow hath ceased to be a guest !



## ROSSINI.

BY GEORGE H. CAUNTER.

“Wilt thou have music?—hark! Apollo sings.”

SHAKESPEARE.

THE genius of the musical drama in Italy, soaring in its loftiest and most noble flights, was struck, bruised and bleeding, to the ground. Cimarosa had ceased to exist. Prematurely cut off in the full meridian of his powers, the dramatic music of his country fell with him, never more to rise and warm the classic land of song with aught save the recollection of past excellence.

Cimarosa was the master-mind of his age and country. Deeply imbued with the noble, though somewhat cold and formal, beauties of his predecessors;—with the stern grandeur of Durante, Leo, and Jomelli—the noble though measured elevation, the unobtrusive though winning tenderness of Pergolese—and the broad and sublime melodies of Scarlatti—he brought forth these beauties in a new and original form, moulded and fashioned after his own lofty imaginings, and gave to them life, warmth, and poetry. Nothing in the Italian drama has ever reached the sublime and majestic simplicity which pervades the strains of Cimarosa; nothing has ever rivalled his conception of the more elevated powers of dramatic song and musical recitation. Cimarosa was, besides, a poet of high order, and as an *improvvisatore*, he was unique: for, to the wonders of extemporaneous poetry he added those of extemporaneous music—a faculty which no other *improvvisatore* ever possessed.

Though professing to follow the school of Durante, Cimarosa belonged to no particular school. He had imbibed the excellences of all, and created one of his own, superior to, and in nowise resembling, any other. The school of Cimarosa would have maintained the musical drama of Italy upon imperishable foundations, had that great composer lived to connect with it the powers of orchestral colouring, and the effect of light and shade with which modern improvement has enabled the Germans to clothe the combinations of dramatic harmony. But Providence willed it otherwise. Cimarosa, the persecuted victim of republican despotism in France, and of regal despotism at Naples, died broken-hearted, in the prime of life, ten days after the birth of the nineteenth century; namely, on the 10th of January, 1801,—just as he was about to wed to his own unrivalled song, the wonders of instrumentation which he had imbibed from the immortal compositions of Mozart. A short time before his death, he had finished a new *opera-seria*, in which he had concentrated the full powers of his genius, and applied it to those effects of the orchestra unknown, at that period, to the dramatic musicians of Italy. By some strange and unexplained fatality—perhaps the jealousy of contemporaries—this posthumous wreath was lost to his fame. The manuscript of his opera was not found by his heirs, and the circumstance of its existence was known only to one or two of the composer's friends. It is to one of the latter that I am indebted for the knowledge of a fact which, had Cimarosa's life run the brief course of another year, might perhaps have prevented the decline of dramatic music in Italy.

Paesiello was a contemporary of Cimarosa, whom he

survived long enough to witness the extraordinary revolution formed in the art by the youthful Rossini. But the powers of Paesiello were not of the highest cast. His strains are indeed pure, graceful, elegant, and full of dramatic feeling; but they come not from the loftier regions of the imagination, which embrace all that is great and vast. They please and tickle the ear; but that is all:—they kindle no soul-stirring emotions; they raise no excitement, none of that enthusiasm which spiritualises the senses, severs them from the dross of earthly feelings, and brings all their energies, pure and intellectual, into the wide expanse of poetry, there to revel in all that is sublime, beautiful, grand, awful, and terrific.

The style of Paesiello wants power and contrast; it cloyes you with sweets, which, in the end, become insipid. Thus, in his *Nina*, the wailings of *la povera pazza per amore* cannot, throughout the whole piece, preserve you from ennui, even when uttered by Pasta herself.

The music of Paesiello has, however, all the acknowledged beauties which distinguish the Italian composers of the latter part of the eighteenth century, adorned with the grace and sweetness peculiar to his own style; but it has likewise most of the defects of that period. This master had no turn for innovation—no power of creating—nothing of original daring. His fancy soared not to high imaginings; its capabilities were confined, and his mind contracted. Spoilt by royal flattery and the sycophancy attendant upon it, he believed himself the great musical luminary of his age. Placed by his royal patron at the head of the *Conservatorio* at Naples, the school he there formed has produced no master of surpassing merit, and that for a very good reason—

because Paesiello was unable to link his own particular genius to the car in which the spirit of improvement of the nineteenth century has conveyed the genius of the musical drama to the high station it occupies in Germany.

This is one of the reasons why the death of Cimarosa was so fatal to dramatic music in Italy. The blow which severed the spirit of this great composer from its form of perishable matter, brought to the earth, in the same fell swoop, the genius of dramatic music, which, with gilded wings and beauteous form, hovered over the classic land of Italy. Its wings disabled, its fair form crushed and bleeding, though immortal, it lay panting upon the ground. After a while, it made an effort to rise, again soared, and again fell exhausted in the attempt. This was its last struggle single-handed, and to it are we indebted for the productions of Paër and Meyer, the last composers of the true Italian school. The operas of Meyer were deservedly successful; they evince genius and power, though not of the highest class. Paër seemed destined to replace Cimarosa. At the outset of his career, he showed capabilities which, it was imagined, would place him at the head of a pure and classic school of the Italian melo-drama, shorn of its imperfections, and supported by the improvements of the present age, in symphony and instrumentation. But alas! ere he had yet run the summer of his career, the genius of Paër was struck with a sudden blight; a frozen wintry blast passed over it! Still in possession of every other faculty, and exercising the functions of a useful and intelligent professor at the Académie de Musique of Paris, he has outlived the annihilation of his faculties as a composer, and can now only weep over the wreck of his once powerful and brilliant imagination.

Rossini at length appeared with a power of almost superhuman energy, and every school, save that of Germany, bowed low before the striking novelty and original beauty of his inspirations. With the aid of the spirit of the musical drama of the north, Rossini lifted the fallen genius of Italy from the ground, staunched its bleeding wounds, and bore it aloft, in a sudden and rapid flight, to the high regions of pure and soul-kindling poetry, whence it took its leave for ever of the sunny and fertile land in which, ever since the days of Porpora, it had loved to fix its abode.

Thus was the genius of song driven from the woods and groves and palaces it had so long haunted, and sent forth from them the inspirations of those immortal strains which, during two centuries, had maintained the music of Italy in high pre-eminence over that of every other country. All is now silent. In the Coliseum, in the Capitol, in the Pantheon, in the great Christian Temple, in the Vatican—among the romantic woods, waters, and rocks of Tivoli—in the vineyards of Vesuvius, in the fertile fields of Puglia, or at the tomb of Cimarosa—on the verdant and sunny plains of Lombardy—in the sea-girt city of marble palaces—in the noble halls of Florence and amid its Appenine scenery,—in vain do you invoke the spirit which animated the strains of a long line of immortal composers;—all is cold and still as death—no respondent voice answers to the call. The noble theatres of La Scala and St. Carlo no longer resound with the lofty imaginings of the great Italian masters. Nothing is now heard in the great lyric theatres of Italy, save the nerveless and puerile efforts of that Bœotian race of composers, who minister to the present degenerate taste of the Italians, in maudlin melodies and sickly musical *concetti*, utterly devoid of

dramatic feeling, and as powerless in effect as they are deficient in the attributes of genius.

Rossini is not the only great master of the present day who has fled with disgust from such a monstrous profanation of his art. Meyerbeer, so full of noble inspirations, and imbued with the grandeur of Mozart and Beethoven, went to drink of the sacred spring at the fountain-head. He sought the musical drama in the land of its birth, and, during his residence there, composed "Il Crociato in Egitto," and five other Italian operas. But the degradation to which he there saw the musical drama reduced, and the bastardised form it had assumed, at length drove him back to his native Germany, whither the genius of the Italian melo-drama had preceded him. Rossini, on the other hand, fixed his abode at Paris, where he has brought his great powers to bear upon the French opera, and founded a new school of musical declamation and dramatic melody, the beauties of which, though distorted by some defects, have added a new and brilliant chaplet to the crown of his already well-earned fame.

The master who claims the merit of having cultivated and brought to maturity the genius of Rossini, is Guglielmi, a composer of eminence, but who, in this country, is known only by name: a pretty clear proof, independently of any opinion I might hazard upon the subject, that his works bear not the imprint of universality. But if Rossini is indebted to him for the elementary knowledge of his art, Guglielmi has had no share in the formation of his style, which is unlike any thing that ever preceded it, and is remarkable for clearness, elegance, strength, and extraordinary originality of character.

Though Rossini rose into sudden celebrity, and blazed

forth like a meteor of surpassing brilliancy, ere the summer of his manhood had well begun, he evinced, in early youth, no extraordinary talents, nor held out any promise of future greatness. The powers of his mind did not receive their developement until he had passed several years as a tenor singer in one of the smaller theatres of Italy, and the spirit which lay dormant within him was roused into action by the master-pieces he helped to perform, and by the marvellous strains of his friend Paganini. Once excited, the expansion of his genius was magical, and in a few short years the whole civilised world was filled with his celebrity.

His first successful work, though not the first he wrote, was a short opera in one act, entitled “L’Inganno felice;” and so little confidence had the director of the theatre at which it was represented, that he at first refused it, and its acceptance was brought about only through the interference of some friends. Its success opened the road of fame and fortune to its author; and the poor, obscure, neglected *primo tenore*, was now sought out and courted as the rising star of the day.

The work, however, which brought Rossini into notice as one of the musical wonders of the nineteenth century, was his opera of “Il Barbiere di Siviglia,” certainly the very best *opera-buffa* of this or any other age. The *libretto* was taken from “Le Barbier de Seville,” by Beaumarchais, and had been written for Paesiello. Nothing either in ancient or modern times has approached, much less equalled, this production of Rossini’s. It combines all the beauties of the kind of drama to which it belongs, with many quite new, and in a degree so far beyond any thing that had been previously imagined, that it is alone sufficient to place Rossini high

in the list of master-minds to which Italy has given birth.

It is singular that he should have built the edifice of his early fame upon the self-same foundation as that of Paesiello. The *libretto* of “*Il Barbiere di Seviglia*,” was not his own choice. Circumstances, needless here to detail, forced him to accept it in the fulfilment of an engagement. Diffident of his own powers—a weakness which he has since fully got the better of—he felt this composition to be a task of difficulty and no little danger. Having applied to Paesiello for his sanction to use the poem, the veteran composer, inflated with the fancy of his own unapproachable superiority, granted it not only without hesitation, but with evident satisfaction, under the idea that the work of his young competitor would prove a failure, and serve as a foil to his. Great, therefore, was his mortification at Rossini’s success; and there was no despicable intrigue to which he did not resort, no mean calumny which he did not employ, to decry his youthful rival. But Rossini triumphed, because the powers of Paesiello had been over-rated, and his own held too cheap. His immeasurable superiority burst forth in a blaze so sudden and so intense, that all could not but acknowledge its power; and it at once dispelled the cloud which envy and intrigue had thrown over it, as the summer disperses the light and humid vapours which hang upon the morning air.

A series of operas followed, all bearing the indelible imprint of that new, warm, expansive, and truly dramatic style of which “*Il Barbiere di Seviglia*,” was the archetype. “*La Cenerentola*,” “*La Gazza Ladra*,” “*Il Turco in Italia*,” “*Elisabetta in Inghilterra*,” and “*L’Italiano in Algieri*,” all display the same elegance



of thought, the same scenic powers; the same warmth of colouring, the same originality of character. As all bear the stamp of a perfectly new creation, and one too of striking peculiarity, it was imagined that in all these operas Rossini had borrowed largely from himself, and reproduced in each the melodies of "*Il Barbiere*." But this was a mistake. All Rossini's music bears an identic stamp which distinguishes it from every other. But if these operas be compared with one another, and with "*Il Barbiere*," it will be found that Rossini has really not borrowed from himself, but only imparted to his music that peculiarity of style which stands out in bold relief from all his productions, each of which contains every variety and shade of character belonging to the subject it treats.

It is, indeed, true, that Rossini very often gives similarity, nay identity of effect, to pieces of the same description. For instance, his *l'avatine* are almost all constructed alike. "*Una voce poco fa*," in "*Il Barbiere*," "*Di piacer mi balza il cor*," in "*La Gazza Ladra*," and "*Di tanti palpiti*," in "*Il Tancredi*," are so nearly akin in their melodical construction and harmonic treatment, that the same bass might serve for either. But the resemblance in melody which this gives them is only one of association, and not of reality. The same similarity is to be found in the overtures to all Rossini's Italian operas; and yet no two are alike. This is one of the master's great blemishes: it sometimes imparts monotony to his style and diminishes its power.

His choruses, his concerted pieces, and his broad, flowing *arie* are full of variety of effect, and of exquisite beauty; but he particularly excels in the dramatic canon invented by Cherubini, and of which that great composer

has made so powerful a use. In the extraordinary force of expression which Rossini has given to this description of piece—in his beautiful arrangement of the voices—in the truth which he makes them impart to the aspirations of dramatic poetry—and in the broad and bold masses of effect with which he clothes them, he stands above every composer of his age. The resources of instrumentation form a component part of Rossini's genius: to them he is indebted for his noblest conceptions; and it is by the indissoluble union of these resources, which he borrowed from the Germans, with his own wonderful, elegant, and appropriate melody, that he has obtained such admirable results.

In the orchestral accompaniments of Rossini, which are so identified with his vocal parts as to form an indissoluble mass and whole, there is a freedom, a boldness, and originality of design, a vividness of colouring, a sunny and pellucid brilliancy of effect, which act with extraordinary power upon the senses. But when he comes to the use of the brass instruments; when he attempts to wield those agents of deep and tragic poetry, of dark and terrible imaginings—those formidable resources of art with which the great Beethoven was wont to express all that is grand, awful and sublime—the task is beyond his strength, and the very weight of his armour bears him exhausted to the ground. He is unable to give due effect to means which require the strength of a giant, and are beyond the scope of his controul; he ably conceives their power, but cannot carry his conceptions into effect. Not but his genius might, if attempted at the outset of his career, have ultimately carried him to a sufficient height; but, as I observed in a preceding paper, he has adopted a wrong method of

combining the brass harmony, which he does not scatter sufficiently to make it effective; and a bad habit of fifteen or twenty years has become a canker, which it would be now impossible to eradicate.

There is, besides this, sometimes a want of scientific knowledge, or rather a carelessness of execution in Rossini's scores, which, whilst the intention of genius is visible, weakens the general effect, and withdraws from his influence some of the most striking resources of harmony. Scrupulously careful, and minutely particular in the composition of his melodies, Rossini has always been unaccountably careless in finishing his instrumentation. Contenting himself with a few masterly touches, and with placing here and there broad masses of great power, he has left the remainder to take its chance. But he very nicely finishes the most delicate figures of his picture, and the instrumental melodies which accompany his vocal melodies are exquisitely beautiful. Most of Rossini's scores have been worked up in the midst of playful conversation, when he has been surrounded by numerous friends. This carelessness, which leads to errors and ungrammatical combinations, is a blot upon his style, and renders his school one of dangerous imitation.

The particular bent of Rossini's genius has generally been mistaken. It does not reach the high and severe character of the tragic melo-drama, but is playful, elegant, and tender. The serious operas which he has produced do not constitute his highest claims to pre-eminence as a composer. It is much the fashion to bestow the most extravagant praise upon "*La Semiramide*," and "*L'Otello*," both of which are materially deficient in the high attributes of tragedy. The genius of Rossini has been dazzled in its

ambitious eagle flight towards the sun; it could not encounter the stern severity of the spirit which it sought to subdue; and it fled back in affright to haunts more congenial to its nature, there to revel in exuberant playfulness, and in the enjoyment of the tender, the romantic, and the picturesque. Whenever Rossini attempts deep tragedy, he is always affected and mannered; the mantling glow which he would fain impart to his abortive creations in this style, is forced, artificial, and ineffective. Instead of the majestic, sublime, free, warm, and flowing strains of Cimarosa, there is an awkward attempt at grandeur, which completely fails; an effort to convey the stern sublimity of tragedy, which warms not the imagination; and there is occasionally an unconscious and certainly inappropriate utterance of strains belonging to the comic muse, to which the genius of the master is yearning to return. The *opere-serie* of Rossini will scarcely outlive the present age.

But he has won the wreath of immortality by his comic operas, and added to it chaplets of never-fading laurel by his powers in the *semi-seria* or romantic;—in the delineation of tenderness and pathos of the most lofty kind—of all that is affecting, and amiable. “*Il Tancredi*” is a master-piece of this kind of composition; heroic and noble, but not dark and horrible. The feelings which it portrays are true and appropriate; its melodies are full of grace, and its dramatic character is of a high order.

I have already mentioned “*Il Barbiere*” and its immediate successors, in terms of the highest praise, and have expressed my admiration of “*Il Tancredi*;” but there are three of Rossini’s operas of transcendent merit, which seem to have been much less admired than they deserve, and which, for some reason beyond my

power to explain, do not stand in the highest rank of favour with the public. I allude to "*La Donna del Lago*," "*Ricciardo e Zoraïde*," and "*Zelmira*." These works will one day shine among the brightest emanations of Rossini's genius. They abound in the most powerful beauties peculiar to the master, and contain that kind of melody which fashion touches not, and which therefore belong to posterity.

It is unfortunate for Rossini's reputation that these efforts of his muse in her most propitious moments, should have failed to captivate the capricious and indiscriminating taste by which his works have sometimes had the misfortune to be judged. This gave a false bias to his mind, and to it may be attributed many glaring defects in which, perhaps, he was making, in opposition to his better judgment, what he considered a praiseworthy sacrifice to those whose souls could not reach the elevation of his.

There are many great and extraordinary beauties in his "*Mose in Egitto*," though, as a whole, it is inferior to his arrangement of the same work for the French opera. The first was brought out in this country under the title of "*Pietro l'Eremita*," a name substituted for that of "*Mose*," in consequence of some scruples against representing scriptural subjects upon the stage, said to have emanated from the Lord Chamberlain of the day. This splendid work, shorn, for the same reason, of some of its most powerful scenes, appeared in a mutilated form at the King's Theatre, and obtained but a negative success.

During seven or eight years past, Rossini has resided in the French metropolis, and his great talents are now applied to the French opera, to which he has succeeded

in giving a character it never before could acquire, and over which he would have reigned in absolute sway, had not Meyerbeer, with his "Robert le Diable," reaped a large share of the dramatic laurels of the Académie de Musique.

Rossini's French operas are among the most powerful of his productions. His "Comte Ory," is perhaps the least perfect; but the "Guillaume Tell" is a work of prodigious power, and one which will retain its popularity on the French stage, longer perhaps than even those of Gluck and Sacchini have done.

It has long been admitted by musicians that the Italians are bad symphonists, and that no master of any school of Italy has produced a good overture. Rossini is not an exception to this truth, though, perhaps, he has displayed, in this part of dramatic composition, more imagination than any other of his countrymen. He is said to be the inventor of the *crescendo*. But this is contrary to fact. It was in use among the Germans, and even among his own countrymen, long before he adopted it; but he gave it a new character, rendered extremely *piquant* by the manner in which he introduced it. In harmonic science, however, Rossini's *crescendi* are below mediocrity, and strike only by the novelty of their arrangement.

With the exception of the overtures to "Il Barbiere di Seviglia" and to "Guillaume Tell," all Rossini's attempts at symphony-writing are feeble. Still they are captivating by an extreme originality in the solo or *cantabile* parts. The overture to "Il Barbiere" is beautifully dramatic and effective; that to "Guillaume Tell" is of great beauty and power, though never departing from a most simple *motivo*. But, struck as the mind

undoubtedly is with this latter production, which forces admiration from you by a species of surprise, still, on hearing it often, you regret the want of some of those beautiful episodes, which impart such charms to the overtures of Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, and Spohr. You listen with intense delight certainly ; but you must not seek this pleasure immediately after hearing the "Fidelio," or the "Egmont," or the "Freischütz."

Notwithstanding these defects, and a certain flippancy of ornament, by an injudicious use of which Rossini at times breaks down in his expression of the more lofty emotions, he has certainly wrought wonders in his art. From the low state to which the musical drama of Italy was reduced after the death of Cimarosa, he has raised it to a level with the improvements of the age, applied to it the wonders of instrumentation, and given it the beauty and vigour of youth. What he has done for dramatic music in France, is apparent in the present excellence of the French opera, which Rossini has cleansed from the cobwebs, filth, and prejudice by which, for many years, it was sullied. To him are the composers of France indebted for opening to them a field of competition, from which the intrigues and jealousy of a few had previously kept them excluded.

The peculiarity of Rossini's style, which is inseparable from his genius, is the cause that he will be the only one of his school. His imitators have been able only to catch his defects, and their productions are always felt to be bad copies of a beautiful original. To catch his beauties, they must kindle their powers at the torch of his genius, and be able to feed the glowing flame with the materials which he alone possesses.

In a former paragraph I observed, that Rossini had

written rather for contemporary than for posthumous fame. This observation, which I intended to apply to his most popular works, may have been taken in too general a sense; it therefore requires some development.

The scores of Rossini, beautiful as they are in design and conception, teem with grammatical errors, and would prove bad models of composition. They are, therefore, merely identic with the vocal melodies attached to them, beyond which they carry no interest. So long as these melodies remain in favour with the public, or in keeping with the taste or fashion of the day, so long and no longer will these scores retain the interest which at present they inspire. So soon as the present style of melody becomes superannuated, these scores will fall into insignificance.

Melody is of two kinds;—one which is affected by the prevailing taste or fashion, and is made up of the particular graces and embellishments of the day;—the other broad, flowing, majestic, bearing the stamp of no particular period, and without ornament; but composed principally of long notes, upon which the sentiment is incrustated and cannot be mistaken; adorned with all the vigour and effect of striking and appropriate harmony and instrumentation. The latter is the real classic melody; classic, because it is imperishable, as being the noble and unsophisticated expression of never-varying truth. It is like those pictures of the old masters, which will be relished in all ages, because they represent that which must be understood by all generations of men.

Handel, the immortal Handel, whose works will never perish, produced much of the first kind of melody, which is now overlooked and forgotten. But his rich and pure streams of the second kind, still flow freely to delight



and refresh with their beauties the present generation, as they will the remotest generations to come. Cimarosa has very little of the first kind; Mozart and Beethoven none; Winter, Weber, and Spohr, not much; Meyerbeer a great deal in his Italian operas, but none in his German and French. All these masters have written for posterity.

Most of the works of Rossini consist of the first kind of melody. He introduced a new style of ornament, which forms one of the most marked peculiarities of his music, principally made up of *appoggiature* and embellishment, which, without the amazing powers imparted to it by his genius, would degenerate into mannerism. This style is supportable only in his music. But the fashion of ornamental and florid passages is only ephemeral and likely to vary, because it is not a necessity in the expression of truth and poetry. It depends, therefore, upon mere accident or caprice. Hence it is, that notwithstanding the great power and effect which Rossini has given to this style, it will not outlive the generation destined to succeed him. Other composers, without his genius perhaps, will, as they successively appear, give birth to a new style and taste; and the present admired strains of Rossini will share the same fate as many of those of his great predecessor Handel. But Rossini is not without claims to the admiration of future generations. He has produced some few works teeming with classic beauties, and these will stand the test of ages.

In sum, Rossini is one of the greatest composers which the nineteenth century has produced. He has appeared as the creator of a new and fascinating style; and he has raised from the dust the degraded and fallen melo-drama of his country. In a few short years, he filled the world

with his renown, and acquired a universality of fame which no dramatic musician ever reached in so short a period. He has done much for his art, notwithstanding his faults. His “Barbieri” is alone sufficient to immortalise him; it is, and must ever remain, the archetype of the *opera-buffa*. Nor is this his only title to the suffrages of posterity. When his abortive attempts at the composition of the tragic opera shall be forgotten, and his now popular works have sunk, with the spirit which popularises them, into the all-devouring gulf of time, then shall those noble works, now neglected, form, with “Il Barbieri di Seviglia,” the structure of his immortality.

## THE WANDERING WIND.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

THE wind, the wandering wind  
 Of golden summer eves !  
 Whence is the thrilling magic  
 Of its tones among the leaves ?

Oh, is it from the waters,  
 Or from the long, tall grass ?  
 Or is it from the hollow rocks,  
 Through which its breathings pass

Or is it from the voices  
 Of all in one combined,  
 That it wins the tone of mastery ?  
 The wind, the wandering wind !

No, no, the strange sweet accents  
 That with it come and go,  
 They are not from the osiers,  
 Or the fir-trees, whispering low.

They are not of the river,  
 Nor of the caverned hill :  
 'Tis the human love within us  
 That gives them power to thrill.

They touch the links of memory  
 Around our spirits twined,  
 And we start, and weep, and tremble,  
 To the wind, the wandering wind !

## THE PROPHECY.

BY THE REV. H. CAUNTER.

“ He was brought to this  
By a vain prophecy.”  
HENRY THE EIGHTH.

It was the morning of the Montem. Eton was a scene of the busiest preparation. Clavering was senior collegier, and was therefore to be the chief actor in the pageant of the day. Morley, his friend and cousin, was to be one of the runners, for which he had provided a splendid fancy dress, that bid fair to eclipse every other in the procession. At the appointed hour, the merry collegers proceeded in regular array to Salt-hill, where the captain of the academic band, ascending a certain eminence, flourished a flag as preliminary to the busy proceedings of the morning. After this ceremony had been duly performed, the runners set out upon their usual expedition of authorised robbery, stopping every passenger from the prince to the bargeman, and demanding salt, an Etonian synonyme for money, under pain of summary castigation.

As Morley was traversing a retired road on his return from a most profitable predatory excursion, he observed a very extraordinary figure standing in the centre of his path. He appeared to be a man upwards of fifty, upon whose brow, however, suffering rather than years seemed to have indented many deep lines, which imparted to his

countenance an expression of sternness rather than of amenity. His eyes were dark, prominent, and full of fire, showing that, in spite of wrinkles, which traversed his forehead in broad and clearly defined ridges, the spirit was yet unsubdued by the great conqueror Time; and that though he had passed into the "yellow leaf," his faculties were still green. His hair was short, thick, and grizzled; his eyebrows exceedingly bushy and prominent, while the flowing beard, which almost covered his expansive chest, was nearly white, except that portion of it which grew upon the cheek and upper lip. This was quite black, and blending with the exuberant growth beneath his chin, gave him an appearance, though by no means repulsive, yet somewhat approaching to the superhuman. He had evidently been handsome. The wreck indeed of beauty was upon his lineaments, but they were nevertheless noble in ruins. Though the hand of time had begun to crumble the fabric, still the grandeur of the present was enhanced by associations of the past.

The stranger's figure was tall, and of fine proportions. He wore a sort of tunic, confined by a thin silk girdle, which showed it to great advantage. It was evident that he affected singularity, and he certainly had attained his object. Upon his head he had an undress hussar cap, and from his shoulders hung a mantle of purple cloth, edged with tarnished silver. His hose were of grey cotton, carefully gartered with white ribands, and he was shod with a short buskin which reached just above the ankle. He seemed fully to have subscribed to the court fool's maxim, that "motley's the only wear." Though, however, there was something fantastic in his dress, it was by no means unbecoming. There was an odd sort

of elegance about it, which arose perhaps more from the fine symmetry of the figure which it covered, than from any harmonious combination of the colours which composed it. Morley remembered to have heard that a person had been frequently seen in the neighbourhood who was supposed to be mad, and who it now occurred to him precisely answered to the description of the figure before him. He nevertheless advanced boldly towards the stranger, and demanded salt.

“Salt? what mean you?”

“Money.”

“Go to the rich.”

“We exact from rich and poor alike.”

“Exact! thou art then both publican and sinner.”

“Come, wilt thou depose thy tribute?” and he extended the mouth of a richly-embroidered bag. “Let me beg, venerable sir, that I may not be detained.”

“Beg! Thou art too fine for a beggar; thy livery belies thy calling. I should have taken thee for some knave’s serving man, who had robbed a theatre to apparel thee; but that I am more charitably disposed to think thou art some ape’s serving monkey.” The blood rushed to Morley’s cheek in a torrent. “I tell thee again thou art too fine for a beggar. Go to—go to—silly dog!”

“I beg not, but exact.”

“And suppose I should refuse thy demand—thou art not a very formidable assessor.”

“Then force should compel it.” The stranger smiled scornfully. “Come, disburse; a sixpence will purchase your security from any further molestation: we take anything but copper.”

“If a sixpence could be divided into intangible atoms,

I'd rather blow them to the winds than give thee one. Fie upon your custom. You rob!—aye, you may frown, young bully, and strut like a peacock round a well—I say it at all risks, and in good current English,—you rob in order to make a gentleman of your school-fellow, and purchase an honourable title with the fruits of knavery. Beware of him, young man! He will be a serpent in your path, and sting the hand that fosters him. Take heed, I say; he will repay thy legalised larceny in his behalf, with the devil's requital. A word to the wise—if thou'rt a fool, why thou wert born no better than thy kind, and wert therefore born to be fooled.”

“What mean you?”

“I mean, in the first place, that I will not give the value of a rush to help to mature an embryo villain. I mean, in the next place, that this Clavering, for whom thou art graceless enough to pillage the poor passenger, is that villain.”

Morley was staggered. He felt his heart throb with indignation, but was completely overawed by the manner of the mysterious person who addressed him. There was a something in it at once so commanding and uncommon, associating too, with it, as Morley did, an idea of insanity, that he could neither summon resolution to exact a contribution from him, nor divest himself of an apprehension that there was a prophetic spirit in his words; for impressions often get the better of our judgments, and force us to believe, in spite of the contradictions of our reason. Belief is independent of our wills, and we are frequently conscious of a credulity which we should be extremely reluctant to avow, and of which our very consciences make us feel ashamed. Morley tried

to shake off the impression which had so suddenly overcast his spirits, but no appeal to his better sense could overcome its influence. He felt unaccountably depressed; nevertheless, affecting to laugh at the ominous prediction, with a smiling countenance, but a throbbing heart, he said to his mysterious interlocutor, in a tone of assumed pomposity, "How long hast thou been a prophet, sage sir? I cry thee mercy; I thought the season of prophecy had gone by. Art thou another Cornelius Agrippa, or a male Mother Shipton, whose vaticinal, like the sibyl leaves, contained prophecies that never came to pass, except when some kind soul was, sottish enough to do a silly thing, merely for the sake of realising the prophecy. Nay, tell me, thou modern Archimago, canst thou really look behind the curtain of the present, down the dark vista of the future, and tell of things to be? 'Thou art beside thyself,' as the Roman said to the Apostle of Tarsus, 'too much learning has made thee mad.'"

"It is well, boy; thou art a cunning simpleton, but a mole would have perception enough to discover how poorly that smirk and flippant wagging of the tongue hides the tremor within. There's lie written upon thy face; 'tis marked as legibly as coward upon thy heart; for while the one assumes the smile of incredulity, which is unblushingly contradicted by the pallid cheek and quivering lip, the throb of apprehension disturbs the other." Morley was struck dumb. He felt this to be too true, and his awe of the stranger increased. The latter continued—"Remember, I have warned thee. Thou art young, and hast not yet tasted the bitters of disappointment. I have 'wrung them out.' They are prepared for thy speedy quaffing, and they shall be as



‘the gall of asps,’ within thee. Again, I bid thee beware of Clavering. Farewell !”

He was about to depart, when Morley, impelled by a superstitious excitement, which he had never before felt, but could not now controul, exclaimed—

“ Stay ; one question before we part. As I am to be unhappy, is my life to be long or short ? ”

“ Let me see thy palm.” He took Morley’s hand, and after having attentively surveyed it for several moments, said, in a tone of most painful and almost appalling solemnity, “ Thou wilt not count the midnight hour of thy thirty-fourth birth-day ; death will take thee with the bloom upon thy cheek—the worm will feed daintily upon it—but we must all die ; what matters it when ? ”

Saying this he slowly turned, slightly bent his head, and left the astonished Morley almost transfixed to the spot. A sudden thrill passed through his whole frame. His brain began to whirl, and his heart to sicken. It passed, however, in a few moments, but was succeeded by a depression which fell like a paralysis upon his hitherto buoyant spirit. He was ashamed of his want of energy, still he found it impossible to baffle the despondency which was stealing upon him. He felt as if he was about to be the victim of some indefinable visitation. He was conscious, it is true, of the utter absurdity of such an apprehension, yet he could not stifle it ; he could not get rid of the awful impression which the words, and especially the last words, of the stranger had left upon him. It seemed as if his inmost soul had been laid bare to the scrutiny of that mysterious man, for he was evidently acquainted with the emotion which his warning had excited within him, and which Morley used his best endeavours to disguise.

“Is it possible,” he thought, “that I can have anything to dread from Clavering? We have been reared together. We have been attached from infancy, and he has never wronged me. Why then should I suspect him? It were unjust—nay, it were base to question his integrity or to doubt his love.”

Morley was extremely distressed, and joined his companions in no very enviable frame of mind. It was some days before he entirely recovered his spirits; and even when he had recovered them, the recollection of that mysterious being who had cast such a dark shadow before his future path, would frequently intrude to perplex and disquiet him. He had no absolute faith in the gift of vaticination. In all appeals to his reason upon this question, the answer was brief and unequivocal. Nevertheless, whatever might be the suggestions of his reason to the contrary, he could not, against the direct bias of his feelings, shake off the impression so emphatically forced upon his mind, by the prophetic caution which he had received to beware of Clavering. Time, and a change of scene, however, at length weakened in his mind the freshness of this strange event; and the remembrance of it eventually became no longer painful.

To account for the bitterness of the stranger's expressions against Clavering, it will suffice to state that the latter had seduced, and heartlessly abandoned, a poor, but amiable girl in the neighbourhood. This Morley knew; yet such is the force of that happy liberality of principle inculcated among the better born of the land, when in *statu pupillari* at those great fountains of learning, our public schools, that he never allowed it for a moment to engender a thought that such a trifling accident could in any way operate upon Clavering's

friendship for him. He therefore could not make up his mind to suspect his cousin's integrity of feeling towards himself; and, in spite of the stranger's warning, treated him, as he had ever done, with confidence and regard.

Four years soon passed, and the friendship of the cousins had not abated. Clavering had passed through his academic ordeal, and taken his degree, though his character at college had been anything but unblemished. He had acquired some equivocal propensities, and had been suspected of several very questionable acts, which had nearly been the cause of his expulsion from the university. This was not unknown to Morley; and occasionally the warning of the stranger shot like a scathing flash across his memory, leaving a momentary pang at his heart; but that regard which had been nurtured in infancy and matured in manhood, was too deeply rooted within him to be staggered by what might after all be nothing more than a whimsical caution, the mere chance ebullition of madness. Shortly after Clavering quitted the university, he associated himself with a set of men whose characters were at the best doubtful, and Morley was earnestly advised to break off all intercourse with a man who was evidently declining every day in the good opinion of all who knew him. Morley, nevertheless, could not make up his mind to relinquish the society of his kinsman, for whom he had so long felt a very sincere attachment, because some few rumoured deviations from strict propriety of conduct were laid to his charge, but which had not been substantiated even by the shadow of a proof. His eyes, however, were unexpectedly opened to the baseness of his kinsman's character. To Morley's consternation, Cla-

vering was suddenly taken up on a charge of forgery to a very considerable amount, and upon his examination he had the atrocious audacity to implicate his relative, who was in consequence apprehended as an accomplice, put upon his trial, but, though not indeed without a very narrow escape, honourably acquitted. Clavering was found guilty and executed.

For a considerable period after this tragical event, the warning and prediction of the stranger were constantly recurring, with the most painful intensity, to Morley's mind. He had been warned by that extraordinary man to beware of Clavering, and by neglecting the warning his life had been placed in jeopardy. He remembered the prediction which limited his life to his thirty-fourth birth-day. He was now scarcely three-and-twenty, but eleven years seemed so short a term to one who had a strong desire of life, that he became melancholy as he looked forward to its terminating so speedily. In spite of himself he could not bring his mind to feel, though he could easily bring his reason to admit, the absurdity of a prediction of which no human creature could have a divine assurance, because such divine communications have long since ceased to be made; and he seemed to grow daily more and more convinced that the hour of his death was written in the lines of his palm, and had been read by the mysterious stranger. He knew the idea was weak—that it was superstitious, but he could not controul it. It was a sort of mental calenture, presenting to his mind what his reason readily detected to be a figment, but which his morbid apprehensions substantiated into a reality. He became so extremely depressed, that his mother, his now only surviving parent, began to be exceedingly alarmed. Seeing her

anxiety, he fully stated to her the cause of his unusual depression. She argued with him upon the folly, nay, the criminality of giving way to an apprehension which, in the very nature of things, must be perfectly groundless; since even the sacred scriptures represent the hour of death as a matter hidden amongst the mysteries of Providence, and therefore beyond the penetration of man. The caution which the stranger had given him to beware of Clavering afforded no proof of extraordinary penetration, since one who had shown himself to be so wantonly profligate in youth, as Clavering had done, was a very fit object of warning; and surely it could be no evidence of supernatural endowment, or the gift of more than ordinary foresight, to bid a person beware of a bad man. These representations were not without their effect; yet as the clouds of despondency dispersed but tardily, his mother persuaded him to go abroad with some sprightly friends, hoping that change of scene might restore his mind to its wonted repose. Nor was she deceived; after an absence of three years he returned quite an altered man. The impression left by the prophecy of the stranger seemed to have entirely passed from his memory. He had formed new friendships, marked out new prospects, and appeared to look forward without any withering apprehensions of evil. His mother was delighted to observe the change, though even she, as he advanced towards his thirty-fourth birth-day, could not help entertaining certain misgivings, when she thought upon that melancholy prediction, which had so long cast a shadow across the course of her son's peace.

Year after year rolled on without any event happening to interrupt the uniformity of a very chequered

life, until Morley entered upon the thirty-fourth year of his age. The impression originally left by the stranger's prediction had been entirely effaced, and, as he never mentioned the circumstance, his mother justly surmised that he had forgotten it altogether. She had not, however. She watched the days, weeks, and months roll on, with the most painful anxiety; not that she believed the stranger's prophecy was about to be accomplished, but because she longed to be assured of its fallacy. Anxiety and belief clashed, and the latter was shaken by the perpetual collision. The possibility of its fulfilment was ever present to her mind, and this possibility, however apparently remote at first, was brought nearer and nearer every time it recurred to her thoughts, until at length it appeared before her with all the vividness and amplitude of reality. The death of her only son was an idea continually presented to her waking thoughts, as well as to her slumbering faculties; so that however strongly her reason might argue against its probability, still the phantoms of thought would arise without any formal evocation, and they addressed themselves more potently to the mind's eye, than the wiser suggestions of reason to the understanding. So manifest was Morley's emancipation from the fetters of that moody apprehension which had formerly enslaved his mind, that not only was his spirit buoyant, and his peace undisturbed, but he evidently looked forward to happiness in time as well as in eternity, since he had paid his successful addresses to a very beautiful girl, and the period was appointed for their union. It was fixed for the day after the lady should attain her one-and-twentieth year, which would carry Morley nearly to his thirty-fifth; so that it was clear he anticipated no intervening

evil: on the contrary, he talked of the consummation of his happiness with a fluency and earnestness, which clearly showed that he fully expected to see it realised. His mother was pleased to observe that he no longer clung to those old recollections, which she even now feared to revive, and to which she could not herself revert without a strong but indefinite apprehension of danger.

The morning of the thirty-fourth birth-day at length dawned, and Morley rose from a night of peaceful slumber in the best health and spirits. He seemed not to have a single care upon his thoughts, which were apparently undimmed by one painful recollection. A select party of friends had been invited to celebrate the day. The spirits of the mother became more and more elastic as the time advanced; and when the friendly party sat down at her hospitable table, every apprehension of evil had entirely subsided, since her son was at her side in full health and unusual animation. There were only now a few hours to the conclusion of this long-dreaded day, and the almost impossibility of anything like fatality supervening, seemed so clear to her mind, that she became satisfied the Eton stranger was an impostor, and her heart was consequently entirely released from dread. Morley was the more animated at observing the unusual flow of spirits which she exhibited, as he had observed her of late frequently depressed, and his filial affection was of the most ardent kind. As he looked at her, a bright tear stole into his eye, but the tender smile which followed showed that it was neither the tear of sorrow nor of agony. It was now eight o'clock, and Morley was in full health and spirits. The cloth had been removed, and the ladies were about to

retire, when his mother, no longer able to conceal the joy which had been long struggling for vent, exclaimed exultingly :

“ My child, has not the stranger who accosted thee on the day of the montem turned out to be a false prophet ? This is your thirty-fourth birth-day ; there you are, alive and well. I wish he were now present, that we might have the benefit of laughing at the charlatan’s confusion.”

Every drop of blood in a moment left Morley’s cheeks ; his eye fixed, and after a pause he murmured, “ he has not yet proved himself to be a false prophet.” Seeing that his mother was distressed at his manner, he rallied and affected to treat the matter with indifference. The ladies now retired ; but it was evident that the mother’s ill-timed observation had aroused some fearful reminiscence in the mind of her son.

He scarcely spoke after the ladies had retired. The shock occasioned by a dreadful recollection so suddenly re-awakened had, in a moment, struck like an ice-bolt through his frame, and chilled every faculty of his soul. His friends sought to divert his mind, but unavailingly. “ Like a giant refreshed with wine,” the thought which had now slumbered for years, arose the fresher from its long repose, and carried with it through his heart a desolation and an agony which nothing could enliven or abate. The convulsive quiver of his lip, and the strong compression of his eye-lid, showed that there was a fearful agitation within him. He tried to appear undisturbed, but in vain ; it was too evident that he was not at ease. Nine o’clock struck ; it boomed slowly and solemnly from the church-tower through the silence of a cold autumnal evening, and smote sullenly upon Mor-



ley's ear like the wail of the dead. He started, his cheek grew pale, his lip quivered more rapidly, his fingers clenched, and, for a moment, he sunk back in his chair in a state of uncontrollable agitation. His friends proposed that they should repair to the drawing-room, in order to divert him from the dreadful apprehension which had evidently taken such a sudden possession of his mind. Every one present was aware of his montem adventure, and attempted to banter him upon the folly of giving way to such unreasonable fears; but the revived impression had taken too strong a hold upon his soul to be so easily dislodged. He struggled, however, to conceal his emotion, and in part succeeded. \*

When he joined the ladies, he appeared calm, but grave; yet there was an occasional wildness in his eye, which did not escape the perception of his anxious mother, and disquieted her exceedingly. She, however, made no allusion to his change of manner, conscious that she had unwittingly been the cause of it, and fearful lest any recurrence to the subject should only aggravate the mischief. Morley talked, and even endeavoured to appear cheerful, but it was impossible thus to baffle the scrutiny of affection; maternal anxiety was not to be so easily lulled. There was an evident restraint upon the whole party, and at an early hour for such a meeting, about eleven o'clock, they broke up. Morley took a particularly affectionate leave of all his friends; they seemed to fall in with his humour, satisfied that his present moodiness of spirit would subside with the morning, and that he would then be among the first to join in the laugh against himself. It only wanted one hour to the conclusion of the day, and he was in perfect health, though somewhat troubled in spirit. One of his friends, a medical man, who lived

at some distance, was invited to remain until morning, to which he acceded, and shortly after eleven o'clock, Morley took his candle, and retired for the night. As he kissed his mother, he clung affectionately round her neck, and wept bitterly upon her bosom. She at length succeeded in composing him, when he retired to his chamber. He slept near her. She was exceedingly uneasy at observing the great depression by which he was overcome, and severely reprobated her own folly in having so suddenly recalled a painful recollection. She, however, did not feel any positive alarm, as the hour of midnight was fast approaching, and she flattered herself that as soon as the village clock should give warning of the commencement of another day, his apprehensions would dissipate, and his peace of mind return, without any fear of future interruption. By this time she was undressed, and about to extinguish her light, when she fancied she heard a groan; she listened; it was repeated, and appeared to come from her son's chamber. Instantly throwing on her dressing-gown, she hurried to the door, and paused a moment to listen, in order to be assured she had not been deceived. The groan was repeated, though more faintly, and there was a gurgle in the throat, as of one in the agonies of death. She opened the door with a shriek, and rushed to the bed. There lay Morley, upon the drenched counterpane, weltering in his blood. His right hand grasped a bloody razor, which told all that it could be necessary to tell of this dreadful tragedy. He had ceased to breathe. By his watch, which lay on a chair close to the bed-side, it still wanted ten minutes of twelve. He had not counted the midnight hour of his thirty-fourth birth-day. The stranger's prophecy was fulfilled.

## THE SUN AND MOON.

FROM THE GERMAN OF EBERT.

MOON.—O Sun, ere thou closest thy glorious career,  
 (And brilliant thy wide course has been,)  
 Delay and recount to my listening ear,  
 The things which on earth thou hast seen.

SUN.—I saw, as my daily course I ran,  
 The various labours of busy man ;  
 Each project vain, each emprise high,  
 Lay open to my searching eye.  
 I entered the peasant's lowly door,  
 I shone on the student's narrow floor ;  
 I gleamed on the sculptor's statue pale,  
 And on the proud warrior's coat of mail.  
 I shed my rays in the house of prayer,  
 On the kneeling crowds assembled there ;  
 In gilded hall and tapestried room,  
 And cheered the dark cold dungeon's gloom.  
 With joy in happy eyes I shone,  
 And peace bestowed where joy was gone.  
 In tears upon the face of care,  
 In pearls that decked the maiden's hair,— {  
 I shone on all things, sad and fair.  
 But few the eyes that turned to Heaven,  
 In gratitude for blessings given ;  
 As on the horizon's verge I hung,  
 No hymn or parting lay was sung.

MOON.—Thou risest in glory, my journey is o'er ;  
 Alternate our gifts we bestow ;  
 Yet seldom behold we the hearts that adore  
 The Source whence all benefits flow.

SUN.—Thou comest, O Moon, with thy soft-beaming light,  
 To shine where my presence has been ;

Then tell me, I pray thee, thou fair queen of night,  
 What thou in thy travels hast seen.

MOON.—I shone on many a pillowed head,  
 On greensward rude and downy bed;  
 I watched the infant's tranquil sleep,  
 Composed to rest so calm and deep;  
 The murderer in his fearful dream,  
 Woke starting at my transient gleam.  
 I saw, across the midnight skies,  
 Red flames from burning cities rise;  
 And where, 'mid foaming billows' roar,  
 The vessel sank to rise no more:  
 I heard the drowning sailor's cry  
 For succour, when no help was nigh.  
 On mountain path, and forest glade,  
 The lurking robber's ambuscade,  
 I shone,—and on the peaceful grave,  
 Where sleep the noble and the brave, }  
 To each and all my light I gave;  
 And as my feebler silver ray  
 Vanished before the dawn of day,  
 In vain I lent my willing ear,  
 One word of gratitude to hear.

SUN.—We still travel onward our task to fulfil,  
 Till time shall be reckoned no more;  
 When all shall acknowledge the Sovereign Will.  
 That made them to love and adore.

## GENEALOGICAL MEMOIR OF LADY SARAH BAYLEY.

THE family of LADY SARAH BAYLEY, that of VILLIERS EARLS OF JERSEY, is one of the oldest of the realm. Its founder in England, Payan de Villiers, a scion of the house of Villiers, seigneurs of Isle Adam, in Normandy, joined the expedition of the Conqueror, and was by that monarch, after the victory of Hastings, made Lord of Crosby. This Payan was ancestor of Sir Nicholas de Villiers, who, in the reign of Edward I., distinguished himself as a soldier of the Cross, and assumed the arms which are at this day borne by the Earl of Jersey. From Sir Nicholas descended Sir John Villiers, of Brookesby, in Leicestershire, who, in 1487, displayed great valour at the battle of Stoke, whilst fighting under the royal standard at the head of a chosen band of forces which he had raised himself in aid of King Henry VII. He was esquire of the body to that monarch, and a Knight of the Bath. His grandson, SIR GEORGE VILLIERS, a person of eminent note, born in 1544, was sheriff of the county of Leicester in 1591, and received the honour of knighthood in 1605. Sir George married, first Audrey, daughter and heiress of William Saunders, Esq., of Harrington, Northamptonshire, by whom, besides three daughters, he had :

Sir William Villiers, created a baronet in 1619, which title became extinct with his male line on the demise of his grandson in 1711.

Sir Edward Villiers, of whom presently.





Sir George espoused, secondly, Mary, daughter of Sir Anthony Beaumont, of Glenfield, county of Leicester, who, surviving her husband, was, by James I., created Countess of Buckingham. By her he had issue :

JOHN, created Viscount Villiers of Stoke, and Viscount Burbeck, who died without issue in 1657.

GEORGE VILLIERS, the celebrated DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, who, by the graces of his person and address, rose to a height of power perhaps never possessed by any other British subject, and enjoyed the favour and confidence of two successive sovereigns to a degree unparalleled in history. This nobleman falling by the hand of the fanatic Felton, the 23rd August, 1628, was succeeded by his son, GEORGE, the second Duke, the witty but profligate courtier and minister of King Charles II., at whose death, without legitimate issue, the title became extinct.

SIR EDWARD VILLIERS, the second son of Sir George by his first marriage, having been employed in 1620 as ambassador to Bohemia, was nominated, in 1622, through the interest of his half-brother, the Duke of Buckingham, president of the province of Munster, in Ireland, upon the decease of the Earl of Thomond. Sir Edward espoused Barbara, eldest daughter of Sir John St. John, of Lidiard Tregose, in the county of Wilts, and niece of Sir Oliver St. John, created, 3rd January, 1620, Viscount Grandison, in the peerage of Ireland, with limitation of the honour to her (Lady Villiers's) posterity. By this marriage Sir Edward had four sons and three daughters. He died 7th September, 1626, lamented more deeply than any governor who had previously ruled the province, and was interred in the Earl of Cork's



chapel, at Youghall, where the following lines were engraved on his tomb:—

“ Munster may curse the time that Villiers came,  
 To make us worse by leaving such a name  
 Of noble parts, as none can imitate,  
 But those whose hearts are married to the state.  
 But if they press to imitate his fame,  
 Munster may bless the time that Villiers came.”

WILLIAM VILLIERS, ESQ., the eldest son of Sir Edward Villiers, succeeded to the estate of his father, and upon the demise of his uncle, in 1630, inherited his title as second Viscount Grandison. His Lordship, a staunch adherent of King Charles I., after signalling himself on various occasions, was mortally wounded at the siege of Bristol, in 1643, leaving by Mary, daughter of Paul Viscount Bayning, an only daughter Barbara (wife of Roger Palmer, Earl of Castlemain), afterwards Duchess of Cleveland, and mistress of King Charles II. His title devolved upon his brother,

JOHN, third Viscount, who was succeeded by his brother,

GEORGE, fourth Viscount, whose grand-daughter Harriet wedded Robert Pitt, Esq., by whom she was mother of the immortal William Pitt, first Earl of Chatham, and whose grandson,

JOHN, fifth Viscount, was created EARL GRANDISON, of Limerick, 11th September, 1721. At this nobleman's death, in 1746, the latter title expired, and the viscount's title devolved upon William, third Earl of Jersey, great grandson of Sir Edward, fourth son of the above-mentioned president of Munster. This Sir Edward, a distinguished cavalier of the civil wars, being wounded at the battle of Newbury, received the honour of knight-

hood from King Charles II., and was appointed Governor of Tinmouth Castle. He had likewise a grant, from the same monarch, of the royal house and manor of Richmond. His eldest son and successor,

EDWARD VILLIERS, was founder of the honours of the Earls of Jersey. This gallant gentleman accompanied King William in the successful expedition of 1688, and was by that monarch created BARON VILLIERS OF HOO, VISCOUNT VILLIERS OF DARTFORD, both in the county of Kent, and subsequently EARL OF THE ISLAND OF JERSEY, 13th of October, 1697. His Lordship was succeeded by his eldest son,

WILLIAM, second Earl. This nobleman had two sons, the younger of whom was created EARL OF CLARENDON, and the elder,

WILLIAM, succeeded upon his father's demise, in 1721, to the family honours as third Earl, and at the death of his cousin John Villiers, Earl of Grandison, in 1766, became Viscount Grandison in Ireland. His Lordship was succeeded by his son,

GEORGE BUSSEY, fourth Earl, born 9th of June, 1735. This nobleman, who was a Lord of the Admiralty, and Captain of the band of Gentlemen Pensioners, espoused, March 26, 1770, Frances, daughter and heiress of the Right Rev. Philip Twisden, Lord Bishop of Raphoe, by whom (who died 25th of July, 1821) he had with other issue ;

GEORGE CHILDE VILLIERS, who at the demise of his father, 22nd of August, 1805, succeeded as fifth and present EARL OF JERSEY, and

LADY SARAH, who on the 12th of September, 1799, was married to CHARLES NATHANIEL BAYLEY, Esq.,

and has four children— William— Charles, Augusta, married to Captain Davison—Georgiana.

Mr. Bayley is nephew of the celebrated Bryan Edwards, Esq., author of “ The Civil and Commercial History of the West Indies,” a work which displayed great ability, and which became extremely popular at the time of its publication, about fifty years since. At his decease he left his West Indian estate to his nephew, Mr. Bayley, whose house has occasionally been the resort of most of the wits and poets of our own day.

### SONNET FROM PETRARCH.

FROM what pure vein, love, didst thou delve the gold  
 To form those twin bright tresses ? from what thorn  
 Those roses pluck ? that snow so pure, so cold,  
 On what Alps find, my loved one to adorn ?  
 Where gav'st thou life to smiles inanimate,  
 Promethean Godhead ! kindling with stol'n fire  
 Pearls set in coral ? Beauty's whole attire  
 Which diadems her brows with more than royal state.

What winged angels' harps or seraphs' lyres  
 Taught their blest music to her gentle tongue ?  
 And, say, what distant orb in ether hung  
 Supplied her bright eyes with those magic fires,  
 Whose flash arouses war and peace by turns,  
 Chills and inflames at once, freezes and burns ?

## INFANCY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WOMAN'S LOVE."

How beautiful is Infancy !

The bud upon the tree  
With all its young leaves folded yet  
Is not so sweet to me.  
How day, like a young mother, looks  
Upon the lovely thing,  
And from its couch, at her approach,  
How rosy sleep takes wing.

O this makes morning's toilette-hour  
So beautiful to see ;  
Her rising wakens all young things,  
The babe, the bird, the bee.  
The infant sun-beams, from the clouds  
That curtain their blue bed,  
Peep forth, like little ones that fear  
Lest darkness be not fled ;  
Till morn assures them, and they wave  
Their saffron wings, and take  
The rapture of their rosy flight,  
O'er lea, and lawn, and lake ;  
Gladd'ning the glowing butterflies  
That float about like flowers,  
And the bee abroad on busy wing  
To seek the budding bowers ;  
And breezes upsprung from the sea,  
And hurrying o'er the hills,  
Brushing the bright dew as they pass,  
And rippling all the rills.

But Infancy ! sweet Infancy !  
Thou'rt sweeter than all these,  
Than bird, or bee, or butterfly,  
Or bower, or beam, or breeze ;

Far sweeter is thy blooming cheek,  
Thine eyes all bland and bright,  
Thy mouth, the rosy cell of sound,  
With thy budding teeth all white ;  
Thy joyous sports, thy jocund glee,  
Thy gushes of glad mirth,  
The clapping of thy rosy hands,  
Thou merriest thing on earth !  
Thou gift of Heaven—thou promise-plant—  
On earth, in air, or sea,  
There's nothing half so priceless, or  
So beautiful as thee !

## THE LOST ELECTION.

BY MRS. NORTON.

NOTHING is more curious, and at the same time more melancholy, than the revolution which takes place in our minds when we first begin to reflect, as it were, independently, and without reference to the opinions and prejudices of those amongst whom we have been fostered and brought up. There is a period in every man's life, at which he seems to pause, and take a survey of the past and the future—at which his head seems to clear, and his heart to expand—and at which, for the first time, he sees every thing under a new light. We seem hitherto only to have dreamed, and now to awake; to wake to much of triumph and expectation—to more of mortification and sorrow; and let this period be early or late, according to the quick or slow development of differently constituted minds, the impression is alike to all: and resembles—not the slow dawning of the tardy day to one who has watched for its morning—but the broad and sudden burst of light on the eye of a startled sleeper. I know not how others have felt with regard to this moral phenomenon; this first spreading of the soul's wings: but I look back with irrepressible regret to the days when I allowed others to think and decide for me; when my revered tutor had not taken the form of “a quiz” in my eyes, nor my father that of a very stupid, prejudiced, and irritable old man: when my dear, dear old maiden aunts (whom I never again shall be able properly to appreciate) agreed “never to quarrel before

the dear child, for fear of weakening their authority;" and spared me, their occasional visiter, the petty jealousies—the ludicrous bickerings—the bitter sayings—which they never would spare one another—when my uncle the admiral was a hero, whose fame was beyond Nelson's—and our old gamekeeper a second Robin Hood.

" Ah ! happy days, once more who would not be a boy ! "

My awe of my father has long changed into a determination to humour his prejudices, and bear with his occasional harshness, for the sake of his real kindness at other times—my respect for my tutor into wonder at my past blindness—my love for my maiden aunts into an instinctive shrinking from their society. I have long perceived the admiral to be the most drunken and common-place of " excellent officers ; " and only refrain from informing against the gamekeeper, on account of his good nature to me when a boy. But these were household prejudices ; trivial in themselves — though painful in their extinction. I had others, far dearer, because apparently more intangible—fine—lofty, though, I confess, exceedingly vague ideas about the glory of Britain ; the beauty of the white cliffs of Dover ; the superiority of our navy ; the blessing of trial by jury ; the respect paid by foreign nations to

" The flag that braved a thousand years  
The battle and the breeze ; "

and the perfect representation of the English people, together with their born and natural right to choose their own representatives.

Some of these prejudices, or prepossessions, still exist, and long may they continue ; for they were instilled by my mother, whose advice I still respect,—for she

never made a parade of her authority—whose opinions still seem wise, because she never affected wisdom ; but there is one which has been unfortunately shaken. I may have been a very dull, or a very obstinate lad ; but for a very, very long time, I persisted in believing an election to be the most glorious display of eloquent patriotism on the part of the candidates ; and of disinterested and intelligent decisions on the part of the electors, that a man could have the good fortune to witness : and this even before the Reform Bill.

Alas ! that I should have seen with mine own eyes, and heard with my own ears, in the election for the borough of M——, a complete contradiction of all the hoarded prejudices of my boyish days. It was early in December last, that my friend Welford called at our retired place, near the village of Haslemere, and astonished me by his utter incapability of thinking or speaking of any thing but “ the approaching contest,” between Francis Mordaunt, the poor descendant of a long line of papa and mamma Mordaunts, some of noble rank, and all of noble blood ; and Tower Puggins, a most respectable gentleman in the mercantile line, who, if he could not be accused of being

“ The tenth transmitter of a foolish face,”

handed down (involuntarily) a copy of some *ci-devant* Puggins, and “ gave the world assurance of a man.”

Welford talked, argued, and stormed ; he loved the race of Mordaunts—had seen the proposed candidate eating pap in his nurse’s arms—was a man of weight and influence in the borough for which the Hon. Francis was standing ; and had exerted that influence to the utmost in his favour. My father asked him to take a glass of



brandy and water after dinner. Silently he assented—silently he poured it out; and then angrily exclaimed, “Nothing but claret drunk, sir! nothing but claret drunk—why, Puggins’s committee have uncorked more claret in three weeks, than has been drunk in the borough for three years.”—“Poor fellow!” said my father, looking stealthily in Welford’s face. I added, interrogatively, “It must be a great annoyance to Mrs. Welford, the noise and worry of an election?”—“He’s a monied man, sir—a monied man—that’s what it is—the people’s heads are turned; but I have every hope of Mr. Mordaunt’s success—of his eventual success.” My friend paused—my father dropped into his after-dinner doze. I sipped my brandy and water, and wondered at the interest people contrive to take in other people’s affairs. My friend again broke silence; long and loud he talked. My father continued to sleep. I continued to sip. My head grew a little drowsy; and my intellects a little confused. I heard occasionally the words “Puggins—Mordaunt;”—“Mordaunt—Puggins;” and visions of a boxing-match on Haslemere common, which I had lately witnessed, floated before my eyes; but the combatants were unaccountably represented by the candidates for M——. I was roused by a strong and energetic pressure on my wrist; and an exclamation, in which “go” was the only audible word.—“Go—go it!” shouted I to the imaginary boxers; and I woke to find Welford grasping my arm; his heart was full; his tumbler was empty; he was endeavouring to persuade me to accompany him to M——. “You have never seen any thing of the sort,” argued he, “and it is high time you should; besides, the presence of two or three gentlemen of the county among Mr. Mordaunt’s friends, will gratify him,

and have, perhaps, a good effect on the townsmen. You may consider my home as your own, while you stay; and my wife will try to make you comfortable; do go!" Welford's kindness—the brandy and water; and the recollection of Mrs. W., with a complexion like a china rose, in a dark blue dress, so overcame me, that I nearly wept, as I returned the pressure of his "iron hand;" and promised to depart with him the next day, if my father could spare me.

Late the next evening, we accordingly reached the scene of action. Through the dim December mist, I could only see that the walls were covered with handbills; and the streets thronged with people, who, at another time, would have been quietly in bed, or smoking their pipes by their own fire-sides. Long after I had retired for the night, the pattering feet of restless voters—the drunken songs—or still more disagreeable drunken brawls in the street—startled me into wakefulness. At last a voice said, "Macbeth shall sleep no more," though not precisely in those words; but (as nearly as occasional hiccups would permit me to judge) in the following fragment:—

A tower of strength Tower Puggins shall be,  
And shall kick up his heels at the enemy!  
And when we gets him at the top of the poll,  
Franky Mordaunt down in the mud may roll!  
Tower Puggins is all that the 'art could desire;  
He's free—and he's ———

just as I was listening with the greatest attention for the expected list of Mr. Puggins's good qualities, a scuffle took place below my window, and the singer's voice descended to plain prose. "You say—Puggins for ever! you varmint, you!"—"I woan't!" responded a yet more

drunken voice, half choked by the pressure of the speaker's fingers on his throat. "You woan't! I'll make you." "You shaunt."—Another struggle—a fall—"Now you cry—Puggins for ever! you drunken beast."—"Murder!" growled the fallen hero. "Not murder; you needn't go for to cry that; cry, Puggins for ever!" A rattling in the Mordauntian's throat made me fling up the window in time to hear him struggle with a sentence, which sounded like "Puckr-r-r-rigins-f-ver!"—"Get away from under my window!" shouted I. "Who are you for?" was the sole answer. "Get away, I tell you."—"Are you for Puggins or Mordaunt?" screamed both assailants. "I don't care a curse for one or t'other," said I, thoroughly exasperated; "get away, and let me go to sleep, or I'll send for the police." A handful of mud from the Pugginite, immediately followed by another from the Mordauntian, punished my rash confession; and, much colder and damper than before I opened my window, I got into bed, to make a twentieth attempt at rest.

The morning was ushered in (if possible) with more confusion than the night had closed. I proceeded to the breakfast-room, and found my lovely Mrs. Welford looking as like a china rose as ever; and decorated with blue knots. The young ladies of the house ditto; and a Mr. and Mrs. Mordaunt, cousins to the candidate for M——, also profusely adorned with the same colour. Mrs. Mordaunt was a middle aged, obstinate looking woman, and wore her blue, neither with the graceful gaiety of the girls, nor the smile between kindness and compliment of my admired rose. No; she seemed merely determined to wear what her husband called, all that blue, without reference to her own satisfaction, or

that of others. She had a blue gown, a blue shawl, a blue bonnet, and it is even affirmed she had blue stockings! but, on so short an acquaintance, it was impossible for me to determine this point.

There was a restless expression in her small and quick brown eye, which made me somehow conjecture that she thought it possible they might all look "very blue" before night, independent of their colours. I glanced from her to Welford; and on his brow also I spied something which made me feel insecure. I knew him to be as clever and clear-headed in judgment as he was eager and warm in his efforts for his friends. "Has any thing gone wrong?" whispered I. "Not positively," answered he; "but six of our voters have found they have business at Portsmouth."—"Dear, how unlucky!" exclaimed I; "business at Portsmouth! but could they not put it off for a couple of days?"—"Put it off," said Mrs. Mordaunt, contemptuously, "they are gone in two postchaises from the *Rose and Laurel*!" I remained for an hour ignorant of the meaning of the emphasis laid on the last words. At the expiration of that time, I discovered that "the *Rose and Laurel*" was Tower Puggins's house; his house of entertainment for man and beast (*i. e.* for man sober, and man drunk); and the place where his horses and grooms put up. I understood—I saw—I comprehended—and not being accustomed to the feelings and opinions of Mr. Francis Mordaunt, I expressed to him my ardent desire that he could persuade six Pugginites to start for Portsmouth from the *Mordaunt Arms*, which was our house. "Sir," said the indignant candidate, "I had rather lose three elections!" I thought him unwarrantably touchy—so I said no more.

At this moment the door opened, and a very lovely, timid-looking person appeared, whom I discovered in a moment, by the universal eagerness with which she was greeted, to be the candidate's bride. Her hair was raven-black, and hung in glossy curls round a face whose natural complexion of tinted alabaster was deadened to marble paleness by indisposition. She sat down, apparently fatigued with the effort she had made to join us at so early an hour, and raised her large loving eyes to her young husband's face, as if to read the chances of his election there. He was about to answer the tacit inquiry, when Mrs. Mordaunt exclaimed, "How beautifully you are dressed, Mrs. Francis, where did you get that blue and white scarf?"—"I hardly know," responded the little bride. "To tell you the truth," added she, laughing, "I sent my maid out very early yesterday on a ramble through the town, and she looked in at every shop window till her taste was satisfied." The maid, who was rich in such taste for scarfs, was summoned, and declared she had bought the admired article at Mr. Oxley's. "Mr. Oxley's! Good heaven!" exclaimed Welford. "Dear me!" echoed the rose.—"Damnation! what fools women are!" muttered the elder Mr. Mordaunt, while the younger, fondly pressing his bride's hand, murmured, "Never mind, my own Fanny, you did not know." The expression of anger, consternation, and anxiety on every body's face, brought a pink flush into the pale cheek of the invalid. "What have I done?" said she; "does it signify where I bought it?"—"Signify, my love! to be sure, nothing ever was so vexatious; there is not a man more bitter against us in the town, turncoat that he is; his father was my grandfather's shoe-boy. But for my father's kindness, he would not

to-day have the power of giving six votes against me ; but no matter—here, John! Mary ! Betsey ! Thomas ! some of you !—run down to Mrs. Bradbury's, and request her, in Mrs. Francis Welford's name, to send scarfs, of her own selection, for all the ladies here—there, I think that will do," added he, with a relieved air, "and then you must just take off that confounded thing, and put on the one she sends."—" But, dear Francis," remonstrated the bride, "the thing only cost twelve shillings—can it signify?—it would be such a pity not to wear it, after Fanchon's trouble to get such a very beautiful pale blue ;" and she looked affectionately at the folds of the scarf as it hung over her graceful arm. The gentlemen pulled out their watches, and declared they must hasten into court to hear the candidates proposed. The ladies were still discussing the merits of Mrs. Francis's toilette, when John, Thomas, Mary, and Betsey, who had all run down the town to repair the Oxleyism by a purchase at widow Bradbury's, all came back again, breathless with hurry, and bringing—no welcome shawls, but a little square-folded, thimble-sealed, angry-looking letter, which, being opened and read aloud, was found to contain the following display of English composition and electioneering dignity :—

" Mrs. Bradbury presents her compliments to Mrs. F. Mordaunt, and begs to say, that she could not think of demeaning herself to send what Mrs. F. M. has already made a purchase of at Mr. Oxley's over the way, and therefore begs Mrs. F. M. to excuse the scarfs, &c. they not being coming. Mrs. Bradbury doesn't mean any disrespect to the family in not sending the articles, by no means ; but thinks when Mrs. F. M. is a little older, she will learn that it takes a great deal to get a

friend, but very little to lose one; and can't think why Mr. Oxley was preferred to the old house, who have always, till now, stuck by the Mordaunt family: but remembering people should do as they want to be done by, and not forget and insult old friends, considers themselves entirely at liberty from henceforth."

"That's four!" exclaimed Francis Mordaunt, "No, seven," said Welford, gloomily—"seven, if you count her nephews, the Wellses and the Bradburys together—seven."—"Seven what? Four what?" said the little bride, while the tears rose to her eyes at the irrepressible vexation visible on her husband's countenance. "Seven votes my love—seven votes lost!"—Exclamations of wonder, anger, sorrow, &c. mingled together, and the party hurried off to the Town Hall, while I calculated what difference the six gentlemen, who had business at Portsmouth, and the seven offended Bradburys, would make in a supposed majority of thirty-three. I was satisfied that twenty would equally secure Mr. F. Mordaunt's return, and entered the court with a light heart.

While the Town Clerk was reading the writ, and going through the necessary preliminaries, I gazed round me "to see what I could see," and enquired of Welford all that I wished to understand. There were four candidates for the borough; two to come in, and two to be disappointed. I looked at them all. There was an old, portly, respectable country gentleman, who looked contentedly round, and now and then leaned over the barrier to speak to one or other of a series of stout-built young men, strongly resembling a family of large puppies with black and tan muzzles. These I discovered to be the old gentleman's sons. There was a fine soldier-

like, middle-aged gentleman, who did not look contented; who had refused to nurse the people's darling baby Reform, and who was consequently exceedingly unpopular in a borough which originally stood in schedule B.; but being afterwards allowed "to stand as it was," felt completely satisfied with Lord John Russell's Bill, and its various amendments.

The old gentleman, Mr. Wareham, was I found sure to be elected, and the soldier, Colonel Ainslie, sure not to be elected, so I thought no more of them; but turned my attention entirely to Tower Puggins, between whom and Mr. F. Mordaunt was to be "the tug of war." Tower Puggins was a short, undistinguished looking individual, with a complexion naturally red, and at present between heat and agitation deepened to the colour of new copper. He looked, as one of his friends remarked on another occasion, as if he had just come from superintending the cookery of his own dinner. His political career, such as it was, had been varied by many of "the chances and changes of this mortal life." He professed always to act up to his principles; but then his principles were those of his party, and he had not always belonged to the same party. It was whispered, indeed, that he had changed four times, as they do in that intellectual game of "puss in the corner." The last obvious variation was his presenting himself as a "reform candidate;" after making several excellent and plausible speeches against reform in the House, and opposing his majesty's ministry, (God bless them!) so energetically before the elections, that when, after this election, a large purple flag, with "Puggins and Reform!" printed on it, flapped in the faces of some distinguished statesmen who were passing through M——,



one of them could not repress an ejaculation, which, if translated by O'Connell into "lady language\*," would probably be found to mean, "D——n his impudence!"

*Au reste*, Tower Puggins was not a dull, or an uneducated man, but his talents were what is termed of the middling order—so indeed was every thing about him; he was of a middling height—belonged to the middle orders of society—had a middling good reputation—a middling fortune—made middling speeches—even his looks were, as the bar-maid at the Rose and Laurel expressed it, "middling well, and well enough."

Well, there stood Puggins; and he spoke to the unwashed populace, and told them that he stood before them the same as he had ever been—that since the age of nineteen, when they first knew him, he had not changed—(he meant he had not grown,)—that he was steady to his principles—was the greatest reformer of the three reform candidates—and then he talked of retrenchment, as if he would have wrung all the salaries from all the public men, and bought broth and mutton for the poor with the proceeds. And the people cheered him heartily, for they knew the words reform and retrenchment meant something beneficial and agreeable, and they did not know that there were ever any political changes, except a change of ministry. And the Hon. Francis Mordaunt spoke, boldly and briefly, and had his portion of cheers—and mentioned his steadiness of principle, and asked, like the unhappy Masaniello—

\* Vide the debate on the Address in the House of Commons, in the course of which O'Connell, having been called to order for applying the term "bloody" to the King's Speech, professed himself ready to use *lady language*, and inquired if there were any objection to the word "brutal."

"What have I done, my people—(not to be murdered like that royal fisherman, but)—to be turned out?" They wanted reform, and he had voted for reform—this he explained clearly, and several hurrahs supported the assertion—but did they not also cheer Tower Puggins's assertions?

And Mr. Wareham spoke, and the five black and tan muzzles turned towards him with respectful approbation, and distant visions of future M.P.ships—and with regard to his speech, "seeing was believing," for it was impossible to hear—but I was told that he was so determined in his principles, that he never listened to any debate in the House, for fear it should shake them, but slept through it all, and was awakened to give his vote on the right side.

And Colonel Ainslie spoke, which was a pity, for few would listen, and few understood any thing more than that he was defending opinions, which they, a portion of England's people, had pronounced incorrect.

Then, when I thought the speeches were concluded, to my great surprise, several other minor actors appeared and harangued, some better and some worse—some, very good sense in very bad English; and others, a great deal of nonsense in tolerable grammar. A very passionate grocer flounced, and stormed, and bullied, and seemed more determined to speak, in proportion as the company seemed less inclined to hear him, and amid uproar, riot, confusion, hooting, and suffocation, we left the court to prepare for the polling.

That was a weary business, though to me it seemed more familiar and interesting than the preceding ceremonies, on account of my acquaintance with Hogarth's celebrated pictures. I was irresistibly reminded of these

when I saw an old man, stone blind, led up the steps to vote, and several brought from the hospital, to exercise their right, perhaps for the last time. Here again my inexperience was taken by surprise. I had seen the Wellses and irate Bradburys go to the poll. I had heard them distinctly state that they voted for Tower Puggins and Mr. Wareham—that we were already prepared for; but what was my astonishment when Welford came angrily up to me, and said, “there are the three Eweses have voted slap against us—had their positive promise—never knew such rascals in my life,”—and he passed on to the next polling place—and immediately afterwards, Francis Mordaunt himself addressed ~~us~~ with “Where’s Welford?—There’s no depending on these fellows—widow Hart’s son has just given a blumper to Puggins.”—“Ayç,” said some one in the crowd, “if Mr. Puggins can afford to give fifteen guineas ç-piece for Mrs. Hart’s geraniums, t’ant no wonder,” and a general groan from the Mordauntians, followed by a temporary scuffle with the Pugginites, immediately around them, succeeded the speech. “Five other votes gone! My young friend could only come in by a majority of fifteen. Well, that would be sufficient!”

Mopping ourselves with our silk handkerchiefs—hot, angry, and tired, we returned to Welford’s house for some luncheon, and having drunk all the wine which was produced, and answered the anxious inquiries of the ladies as to how the day was going, we again sallied forth—again to meet with an agreeable surprise. Mr. Wareham had been Francis Mordaunt’s colleague in the last parliament, and was that sort of acquaintance technically termed “a friend,”—it was this probably which caused Francis Mordaunt to quote the old proverb,

“Protect me from my friends, and I will protect myself against my enemies,” as he pointed to several hand-bills which were being paraded through the street, pasted on the walls, and even put up on the Town Hall itself, and on which were inscribed in large letters—

“Mr. Wareham’s committee disclaim all coalition with either of the other candidates.”

There was but one candidate to whom he could be supposed naturally to lean, and that one, as he read the first placard, said, and said truly, “My election is as good as lost.” From that hour, Tower Puggins became, according to the words of the laudatory song I had heard on the first night of my arrival, “a tower of strength”—and when evening closed in, it found Puggins with a majority of thirty over his opponent, and the rival bands striking up at one and the same time—“He promised to buy me a bunch of blue ribands,” and “See the conquering hero comes !”

A few hours of the next morning decided the fate of the borough of M—— for the present Parliament, leaving its interests in the hands of Wareham and Puggins.

More speaking followed—the candidates who were returned humbly thanked their friends; and the candidates who were rejected did precisely the same, with the sole difference that the former congratulated their party on their own success, and the latter condoled with their supporters on their defeat. The passionate grocer again endeavoured to obtain a hearing, and again failed; there was hooting, cheering, noise, and suffocation, and the whole thing was over, as I supposed. Again, I was destined to be enlightened. I found Mr. Mordaunt’s com-

mittee had refused permission to Tower Puggins to be chaired, the consequence of which was, that Mr. Wareham, the five black and tan muzzles, and some wives and children, who had come on purpose to see the show, returned with their ribands on, to put them by for another day. Tower Puggins returned to his lodgings to eat his dinner previous to his departure for the metropolis; and in the meantime, the disappointed voters of the Mordaunt party insisted on drawing Mr. Francis Mordaunt in his carriage two miles out of the town. I was very much surprised (and so was Puggins) at this method of taking a defeat; but the little bride was half consoled, when, on her husband's return from a procession which bore a great resemblance to a troop of ants collected round a dead beetle, she flung her arms round his neck, and said, "After all, love, you see you were the popular candidate, in spite of the lost election."

I returned home to meditate on all I had seen and heard, and wonder the people who voted knew so little what they were voting for.











## BISHOP'S AUCKLAND PALACE.

THIS most princely palace, formerly a castle, is seated upon a hill between two rivers, and has been, for a long period of time, the chosen residence of the bishops of Durham. Its original castellated form, erected, it is supposed, by Antonius de Beck, is entirely lost. According to Leland, "he raised a great haulle, and divers pillars of black marble speckled with white, and an exceeding faire gret church, with others there. He made also an exceeding goodly chapelle of ston, well squarid, and a college with dene and prebends in it, and a quadrant on the north-east side of the castelle for ministres of the college." There are scarcely any remains of these—the quaint description of the writer has survived them; and now, the "great haulle" and "exceeding faire gret church," have been long since transformed, or rather have made way for one of the most splendid episcopal seats in the empire.

Bishop's Auckland Castle more nearly approaches to the grand and magnificent monasteries which we find on the Continent than any other structure of the same kind we have seen in England. It is an irregular pile, built at several periods, and can boast of no very great antiquity; indeed, excepting the church, there are no remains of the labours of Antonius de Beck; for this place, having been granted by parliament to that furious partisan, Sir Arthur Hazlerigg, he demolished almost the whole of the buildings there—prostrated in all directions the fond erections of Beck's architectural fancy,

and in a very short space of time converted the ruins into a spacious and noble dwelling for himself. A like fate, however, in turn attended Sir Arthur's Vitruvian achievements,—for the celebrated Dr. Cousin, influenced by a strange prejudice or superstition, razed it to the ground, and erected in its stead the new palace, which now exists on the site of the old castle. To this he added the chapel with all its splendid collection of books, plate, and ornaments for the service of the altar. The palace, therefore, as it now stands, can lay claim to no earlier existence than the date of the Restoration.

During the commonwealth, nearly the whole of the episcopal palaces had been ruined and dismantled, and Auckland with the rest. When the king (Charles II.), after the battle of Worcester, took refuge in France, Dr. Cousin, who had been deprived of all his preferments, and entertained very rational fears of personal restraint and danger, accompanied him, and officiated alternately with Erle, afterwards bishop of Salisbury, as minister of the royal chapel. Cousin followed faithfully the fortunes of his sovereign, and at the Restoration was appointed by Charles to the deanery of Peterborough, and was the first who officiated in that cathedral after the king's return. He was shortly afterwards translated to the deanery of Durham; but, before his actual inauguration, was nominated to the vacant bishopric of the same diocese.

A series of the most merciless persecutions, contrived and excited by his enemies, had produced in Cousin an aversion, even to touch or look upon, much more to possess, any thing that had belonged to or had been associated with them. He, therefore, upon his appointment to the bishopric, resolved to destroy the work of

hands which had been dipped in the blood of the martyr Charles I., and soon, in his excess of piety, accomplished it. The bishop, having thus pulled down, restored the materials to their original character.

The roof of the chapel is wood, supported by two rows of pillars, each consisting of four round columns. The shafts of some of the columns are sixteen feet in height. On the floor, a plain stone, with a modest epitaph, informs us that the pious refounder lies beneath, and that he died in the year 1671. On the old wainscot of a room below stairs, are painted the arms of a curious congregation of potentates, consisting of those of Queen Elizabeth,—all the European princes,—the emperors of Abyssinia,—Bildelulgerid, Carthage, and Tartaria,—sixteen peers of the same reign, knights of the Garter;—and above all these, the arms of every bishopric in England.

The palace is seated in a beautiful park, watered by the little river Gaunless, which empties itself, after a short course, into the Wear. The park is thickly planted, and possesses an abundance of large alders, which, through the influence of age, have to all appearance entirely lost the nature of that tree, and have now assumed the likeness of ancient oaks. Nothing can exceed in beauty the approach through the grounds to the castle,—varied with verdant slopes, rising grounds, woods, and deep precipices impending over the Wear.

The eminence upon which the town of Bishop's Auckland and the castle are situated is one hundred and forty perpendicular feet from the level of the plain below; the banks are formed into hanging gardens, and the whole aspect is remarkably beautiful. The approach to the castle is through a fine Gothic gateway, erected by

**Bishop Trevor.** The landscape around is wild and irregular; consisting of woodlands, wild cliffs, and eminences, highly picturesque, and presenting a delightful prospect of simple and undistorted nature.

The bishops of Durham have, for many ages, claimed and held the county palatine of Durham by prescription; and the reason always assigned for the usage of such county palatine was that, in former times, when Scotland was frequently at war with England, it was requisite to lodge an immediate power in some neighbouring nobleman to raise troops to defend the country, and oppose the sudden inroads of the Scots, as immediate action was necessary, and must have taken place, if the country was to be protected at all, long before the king could be consulted.

Most of the royal grants, or confirmations of grants, to the bishops of Durham, touching the Jura Regalia, declared it to be for the advantage, common weal, and better defence of the realm against the Scots; and the county palatine of Chester was created in like manner by William the Conqueror, to protect us against the Welsh,—with this difference only, that Hugh Lupus, Earl or Count Palatine of Chester, was a layman, and nephew to the king, who reposed, therefore, greater confidence in him.

In those times, the church exercised vast influence over the princes, and almost unlimited power over the people; it was very rare for a prince to trust a layman with such authority in the civil regimen, unless as in the instance of Hugh Lupus, Earl and Count Palatine of Chester, who was a near relative, and consequently attached to and dependent on his own family.

The clergy, moreover, possessing all the learning of

the time, divided amongst themselves and enjoyed all the offices of any consideration both in state and law. The bishop and monks of Durham claimed all, and really held the greatest part, of the lands from the Tees to the Tyne, and along the sea coast of Northumberland to the Tweed; the city of Carlisle, and fifteen miles around of the county of Cumberland; and Teviot-dale and Tindale, in the county of Northumberland. All of these possessions were known as St. Cuthbert's patrimony, and the people were distinguished by the title of holy work-folks.

It was considered at that period highly expedient and politic to lodge this great power in the hands of the bishop and count palatine of the church, not only as the church had the greatest interest and estate in such possessions, but, also, that it would have been dangerous in the last degree to have entrusted such dominance and authority to a temporal lord, or subject, by inheritance; for, by perpetuating such excessive power in his own line, he might ultimately menace the king's government, and bring about a rent and division of the realm.

There is a curious ceremony which is still performed on the occasion of the investiture of the bishop of Durham. It appears that in the fourteenth year of bishop Skirlaw, Dionisia Pollard died, possessed of certain lands held then in socage, by the tenure of presenting a falcon to the bishop on his inauguration to the dignities of that see. The following address, accordingly, is pronounced to his lordship by the representative of the Pollard family:—"My lord, I, in behalf of myself, as well as some other possessors of the Pollard lands, do humbly present your lordship with this falcon, at your

first coming here, wherewith, as the tradition goeth, he slew a venomous serpent, which did much harm to man and beast, and by performing which service we hold our lands."

We must not forget to mention that Bishop's Auckland palace contains within its walls some exquisite specimens of works of art. The chapel has received the addition of a new altar-piece, and a picture of the Resurrection, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, being the original design intended by him for the new painted window at the east end of Salisbury Cathedral. There is, also, a handsome monument by Nollekens, to the memory of Bishop Trevor; a full-length painting of Jacob and the Twelve Patriarchs, by Ribere, better known by the appellation of Spagnoletto; four heads of the Evangelists, by Lanfranc; the Four Fathers of the Latin Church, by Bloemart; and the Cornaro Family by the immortal Titian. It were, indeed, impossible adequately to describe the surpassing beauty of the latter performance. It requires no professional eye to recognise the master-touch that accomplished the celebrated "Last Supper," which is now at the Escorial in Spain, or the still more beautiful "Christ crowned with thorns," in the possession of the Milanese. We do not wonder at the noble compliment paid by Charles the Fifth to Titian, when he was sitting for his picture to him; the latter dropped his pencil; the prince instantly stooped and picked it up, returning it to the artist with these words: "The merit of a Titian is worthy the attendance of an emperor." Charles, indeed, knew how to value the excellence of such a man. The Cornaro Family, in Bishop's Auckland palace, represents three persons in full flow-

ing mantles, and six children all kneeling, and adoring the cross. There is also in this palace a fine portrait of Tycho Brahe, the Danish astronomer.

The present bishop resides almost solely at Bishop's Auckland. He has also a palace in the vicinity of Durham Cathedral, which, however, is capable of no comparison with the subject of our foregoing observations.

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## CHARADE.

BY LORD NUGENT.

My first is rare; alas! how rare! and oh,  
How far my cruel second may remove it!  
To know my whole, my first you first must know;  
When once 'tis known, to know it is to love it.



## “AND I TOO IN ARCADIA!”

BY MRS. HEMANS.

A celebrated picture, by Poussin, represents a band of youths and maidens suddenly coming upon a tomb which bears the inscription “Et in Arcadia ego.”

THEY have wandered in their glee  
 With the butterfly and bee,  
 They have climbed o'er heathery swells,  
 They have wound thro' forest dells,  
 Mountain moss hath felt their tread,  
 Woodland streams their way have led ;  
 Flowers in deepest Orcad nooks,  
 Nurslings of the loneliest brooks,  
 Unto them have yielded up  
 Fragrant bell and starry cup ;  
 Chaplets are on every brow,  
 What hath stay'd the wanderers now ?  
 Lo ! a grey and rustic tomb  
 Bowered amidst the rich wood gloom,  
 Whence those words their stricken bosoms melt-  
 “I too, shepherds ! in Arcadia dwelt !”

There is many a summer sound  
 That pale sepulchre around ;  
 Thro' the shade young birds are glancing,  
 Insect wings in sun-streaks dancing,  
 Glimpses of blue festal skies  
 Pouring in when soft winds rise ;  
 Violets o'er the turf below  
 Shedding out their warmest glow ;  
 Yet a spirit not its own,  
 O'er the greenwood now is thrown !  
 Something of an under note  
 Through its music seems to float,

Something of a stillness grey  
 Creeps across the laughing day,  
 Something from those old words felt—  
 “ I too, shepherds, in Arcadia dwelt.”

Was some gentle kindred maid  
 In that grave with dirges laid ?  
 Some fair creature, with the tone  
 Of whose voice a joy is gone,  
 Leaving melody and mirth  
 Poorer on this altered earth ?  
 Is it thus ? that so they stand,  
 Dropping flowers from every hand ;  
 Flowers, and lyres, and gathered store  
 Of red wild-fruit, prized no more ?  
 No, from that bright band of morn  
 Not one link hath yet been torn ;  
 'Tis the shadow of the tomb, †  
 Falling thus o'er summer's bloom,  
 O'er the flush of love and life,  
 Passing with a sudden strife:  
 'Tis the low, prophetic breath  
 Rising from the house of death,  
 Which thus whispers, those glad hearts to melt—  
 “ I too, shepherds, in Arcadia dwelt.”

## GEORGE ASPULL.

BY G. H. CAUNTER.

‘ Oh ! what a noble heart was here undone,  
 When Science’ self destroyed her favourite son !  
 Yes ! she too much indulged thy fond pursuit,  
 She sowed the seed, but death hath reaped the fruit.  
 ’Twas thine own genius gave the final blow,  
 And help’d to plant the wound that laid thee low.  
 So the struck eagle, stretched upon the plain,  
 No more through rolling clouds to soar again,  
 Viewed his own feather on the fatal dart,  
 And wing’d the shaft that quiver’d in his heart.”

BYRON.

At a time when it is unhesitatingly asserted by men, whose opinions carry with them but too much weight, that the English are decidedly not a musical people—and, in truth, the backward state of music in this country would seem to justify the calumny—it may not be amiss to devote one of these papers to the greatest musical prodigy which the nineteenth century has produced in any country, and which nevertheless owes its birth, and growth, and nurture exclusively to England. In an age teeming with precocious musical talent among our continental neighbours, when infants scarcely emancipated from the nurse’s arms are, in the accomplishment of mechanical difficulties on musical instruments, made to compete with the mature genius of manhood, it may somewhat startle those who deny to the natives of our island the faculty of being moved by the more intellectual

combinations of "sweet sounds," when we assert that an infant musician, born and educated in England, has so far surpassed all his youthful contemporaries as to be the only one who, since Mozart, has redeemed the promise of his childhood. With the sole exception of George Aspull, the infant artists of the nineteenth century have attained the threshold of manhood but to fall back into mediocrity. Their genius has never reached maturity ; like the fruit which in early spring shoots forward too prematurely, only to encounter the latest blasts of the expiring winter, it has not ripened.

A remarkable instance of this is so closely connected with the first appearance of George Aspull in the musical world, that we cannot help adducing it. When, at the early age of nine years, our young countryman was preparing to display his infant powers before the public of this great metropolis, a youth named List arrived from Germany with a similar intent. He was a stripling of fourteen, possessing extraordinary powers of execution on the piano-forte, as well as the faculty of extemporaneous performance. But his manner was cold, the beam of inspiration mantled not upon his brow, the workings of his mind could not elevate it into passion, and his display as a musical improvisatore was the mere consequence of his mechanical skill, for it consisted solely of the same round of common-place though brilliant passages, of the same harmonies and modulations, and it rose not superior to what might be expected from any youth of moderately good capacity, who had acquired an equal command over his instrument. George Aspull, on the other hand, possessed not the physical means of showing the same powerful and finished execution. His little hands could not reach the combinations struck with

so much ease by his rival ; nor had he strength of finger sufficient to effect all that his mind embraced. Still was his execution wonderful for such a mere infant ; and there was poetry in his very imperfections, for they all partook of the warmth, boldness, and truly original inspirations of a most powerful mind, strongly characterised, though in one so young. His extempore effusions were quite his own, unlike every thing else ; they had a power which would not have disgraced genius of maturer years, and they left those of List at an immeasurable distance below them. But how were the miraculous gifts of this infant artist appreciated ? Why, the public flocked to the concerts of the young German, and the great intellectual superiority of the little English boy was thrown into the shade. But mark what followed. From that period List made no further progress, and has ever since remained stationary. Having reaped his golden harvest in this country, he retired to Paris, where he soon sunk to the real level of his talents ; nor could he again reach the surface to which his extraordinary execution, as a stripling, had for a moment raised him. A few years subsequent to his departure from this country he composed an opera, which, upon the strength of his former reputation, was represented at the Académie de Musique, at Paris. But it proved a failure, though strongly supported by his friends. It was crude, unconnected, and puerile ; it bore no marks of surpassing merit, nor was it even warm with the glow of enthusiasm. It was soon forgotten, and its author with it ; and List, now in the bloom and maturity of manhood, has dwindled into the mere music-master—into a simple teacher of the piano-forte.

Meantime, as George Aspull grew in years, his genius

gradually acquired development together with his physical powers. His mind was fired with the same spark which gave life and being to the genius of a Mozart and a Beethoven. Most closely did he follow in the footsteps of those two great men; and had his life been spared, there is no doubt that he would have placed the music of England upon a footing which it requires but the first impulse of true and powerful genius to reach.

When I first heard George Aspull he had just completed his eighth year. I met him accidentally at the house of a friend, and at a period too when I was sick and weary of the jingling and immature performances of musical children. I beheld him, therefore, at first, with a sort of prejudice. But when I saw the little fellow, with his large and remarkable head, presenting a most extraordinary phrenological development, seated at the piano-forte upon the knees of a lady, and treating extemporaneously, with warmth and poetry, originality, and science, a casual subject which had been given to him, I was struck with amazement and admiration. This was a true specimen of instinctive genius; its utterings were spontaneous; they could not have been taught him, for they imitated nothing before heard, and bore the identic stamp of an infant mind soaring with unfledged wings to high and noble imaginings. I have heard Hummel—I have heard most of the celebrated musical improvisatori upon the continent; but not one of them reminded me of the extempore strains of Beethoven so strongly as the still imperfect flights of this infant artist. Let me not, however, be misunderstood. I speak only of relative genius; I do not mean to place a child upon a level with a giant; but this I

boldly aver, that it is from such children as this that giants are formed.

In the cultivation of the powerful musical genius with which nature had endowed him, George Aspull enjoyed the same peculiar advantage as Mozart. He was under the constant care, guidance, and tuition of an intellectual parent, a man of highly-gifted mind. Mr. Aspull, George's father, combines the feelings of a philosopher with the ardent enthusiasm and pure taste arising from a just perception of the beauties of art. He trained and nurtured the expanding genius of his son, like the delicate tendril of the vine, lopping off with an unflinching hand those useless and parasitical branches which shoot forth in useless exuberance, devouring the sap, and producing no fruit. He devoted the whole of his time and attention to his son, watching and instructing him with the most incredible and patient perseverance—correcting in his performance, in his touch, in his tone, in every thing, in short, which he did, whatever might bear amendment even in the minutest degree ; and above all, most carefully checking the fantastic overflowings of a youthful imagination, which, however their brilliancy may deceive and captivate for an instant, are but the mere illusions of false taste.

George Aspull possessed also another advantage which Mozart had not—that of a literary education. His father, without neglecting the boy's professional tuition, took great pains to develop the other resources of his mind. Thus he was not a mere musician, ignorant in all matters beyond the scope of his art. At the period of his death he was a youth of highly-cultivated understanding, and possessed general information far beyond his years. But the poetry of his imagination

led him to cultivate other arts besides his own. He had an extremely fine taste for painting and sculpture ; and, though so young, he was a much better judge of pictures than many who have established their characters as cognoscenti. He had, besides, a great love of antiquarian research, which led him, of his own judgment and knowledge, to form a valuable collection of coins.

After hearing George Aspull as an infant, I lost sight of him for six or seven years. But during this interval he was not absent from my thoughts, and many of the leading continental composers cannot have forgotten my description of him. When I next heard of him, he had fully justified my expectations. Nothing could be more striking, nothing more truly elevated and beautiful than his extemporisations. His mind, seemed to embrace, simultaneously with his subject, all the orchestral combinations of the great German school, and his inspirations were poured forth with an enthusiasm and vigour of imagination quite astounding. Even the most cramp subjects were treated with a power of effect and sweetness of melody as striking as it was novel. There was in him a sensitiveness of perception and feeling which kindled the most thrilling emotions in the bosoms of those who heard him play. Every thing he uttered upon his instrument was clear and comprehensible—all he executed was felt and appreciated ; and such was his power upon the piano-forte, that he startled you as he brought in vivid colouring to your imagination the combined effects of the stringed, wind, and brass instruments of the orchestra. He had acquired a facility of modulation which I have scarcely seen equalled by the greatest masters. So delicate were his



organs, that every harsh or grating combination was repulsive to him ; and he had acquired the power of softening and imparting sweetness and elasticity even to the most abrupt transitions. When he modulated, all seemed graceful, flowing, and natural ; yet so rapid were his changes of key, that it was difficult, if he were forewarned, to detect him in any particular one. He would pass, with the most fluent ease, into all, even the most remote, as fast as any person standing by would call for them, without suffering his subject to slip from his grasp, or departing for a moment from an elegance of melody belonging wholly to himself. He would extemporise not only upon any regular subject, but upon a single bar taken at random from any piece of music, upon two, three, four, or any number of notes in the scale, or even upon a single note ; and the powerful resources he developed in these performances were truly marvellous.

Nor was this all. By dint of the most assiduous and patient labour, his father had enabled him to obtain upon the piano-forte a peculiarity of touch and tone, by means of which he could render entirely new effects upon that instrument. This he had carried so far as to imitate some of Paganini's most striking passages, and to sprinkle in his performances those vivid and innumerable points of sound which gave the idea of millions of bright stars scattered through the air by the hand of a giant musician. Incredible as it may seem, George Aspull obtained harmonic notes from his piano-forte ; and a little before his death he and his father had brought a contrivance to bear, whereby the most complicated scales might be played upon that instrument in harmonics.

It is not, however, upon his merits as a mere performer, that George Aspull would have built the edifice

of his greatness, had he lived to assume the station for which nature had formed him. His claims would have been of a more lofty character, for he would have become the founder of what we have long wanted, a national school of music.

Let me not be taxed with exaggeration when I state this, for I do it under a full and earnest conviction. George Aspull was, more than any living being, qualified for this task. He had something beyond his genius; he had a most acute sense of appropriateness in whatever related to his art. His mind was peculiarly English; and its best energies were devoted to the advancement of English music, which he hoped to raise to the same level of perfection as that of Germany, and impart to it the stamp of nationality. He felt what has struck few, if any, of the composers in this country, that each language has its peculiar cadences and inflections, and must therefore have its peculiar melody; that an air adapted, for instance, to Italian words, would ill suit either the German or English. His pure and beautiful melodies, therefore, wherever he applied them to English words, were always characteristic of the genius of that language, and became identic with it. Hence they were ever appropriate, and nothing marred their effect.

This principle is well understood by the German composers. Their melodies swerve not from the peculiar inflections and accentuation of their own language. Nothing resembling either Italian melody, or that of any other country, is to be found in their dramatic and vocal music. If we compare the operas of Mozart, written originally in Italian, with those translated from the German into Italian, a striking difference will be found in the character of the melodies; and on com-

paring the beautiful Italian *scene* by Beethoven, with his German opera of *Fidelio*, the difference will appear still stronger. With regard to our own language, it bears a certain affinity to the German, but none whatever to the Italian; therefore the music of Germany has a more powerful effect than the Italian upon the untutored English mind. But certainly the dramatic music, both of Italy and Germany, must lose their appropriateness of character, and consequently their true effect, when applied to any other languages than those for which they were originally composed; and this is the reason why the thrilling strains of Mozart and Rossini seem so cold, and so much less beautiful when represented in English at our national theatres. We may add, that our native composers commit a sad solecism in good taste when they attempt to imitate Rossini, or the Italian school, in their adaptation of melody to English words. It is quite as bad as when they discard all but the mannered vulgarity of English song. Both the imitation of what accords not with our language, and the adaptation of what is vulgar in national melody, would be equally repudiated by true genius; the one as cold, unmeaning, and inappropriate, the other as degrading to the art.

George Aspull's intuitive perception of this principle gave to his genius a distinct character, which would have raised him to proud pre-eminence as the founder of a genuine English school of music. But I am by no means blind to the difficulties he would have had to encounter ere he reached this consummation.

I have already alluded to the mistaken assumption that the English are not a musical people. Is warmth of imagination—is the appreciation of the beauties of

its workings in any art, confined to particular climes? No such thing. There is as fine a musical taste prevalent among the opulent families scattered through our island, as exists in any country. Among them are even to be found amateur composers, who might put to the blush many of our most eminent professors. We need only designate the Earl of Mount Edgecombe, Lord Burghersh, Mr. Monck Mason, and Mr. Barham Livius. We could name many others. And is not our countryman George Onslow likewise an amateur? and has not his musical fame spread through every country of the civilised world? Moreover, the general musical taste of the British community is infinitely superior to the state of the art among us, and to the talents of its leading professors. If much false taste still prevails, it is due to the latter, under whose "guide and governance" the art is unfortunately placed. I speak, however, with exceptions; for though few there be, still there are some. This body of professors forms a sort of aristocracy among musicians, crushing with the weight of their influence every bud of genius that shoots forth. They belong to a past generation, and have managed to retain the influence they possessed when the people of England were less enlightened in matters of art. There is an immensity of rising musical talent in this country; but the moment it begins to emerge from obscurity, they force it back again into inaction. They mislead the public taste, propagate old and vulgar errors, and keep down every young and aspiring composer, who might either injure their monopoly, or expose their want of talent. We are, therefore, driven to the works of foreign composers, which, under the arrangements and adaptations of these men, through which they reach us, produce

those sickly and unmeaning effects which our sapient professors would fain force us to admire against our better judgment.

What I have just said serves to show that George Aspull, at the outset of his professional career, would most probably have had to encounter a determined hostility from the most influential of his professional brethren. But the force of his mighty genius must ultimately have borne down all opposition; and the more so, when his talents were already known, as they have been for several years past, to many of the most enlightened families in the kingdom, who were fully competent to appreciate them. I repeat it, George Aspull must at last have carried everything before him, and established a record of his genius which time could not have effaced whilst music flourished upon earth. But he was cut off before his time, like a budding flower under the mower's scythe, and with him perished the hopes which his talents had generated. About two years since, when he was scarcely seventeen years old, some zealous friends in the metropolis, eager that the public should appreciate him as they did, persuaded him, much against his own opinion and that of his father, to give a concert at the concert room of the King's Theatre. This was the first time he had appeared before a London audience since his infant performances eight years previously. Although labouring under indisposition, and thus deprived of a portion of his energies, he played in a manner to astonish and delight the most fastidious. With a defective orchestra, wretchedly out of tune, his own beautiful performance covered every blemish. After executing a concerto, by Hummel, in a style that would have won the unqualified applause of even that great master him-

self, he performed a trio of his own composition, for piano-forte, violin, and violoncello. This latter piece, admirable for its elegance and pathos, was nevertheless felt and done justice to only by himself. He terminated with an extemporisation on a subject handed to him by Mr. Field, who happened to be in the room. This subject, being part of a Russian air, led only to descending harmonies, and from its very monotony was extremely difficult to render interesting. Nevertheless, under his hand it acquired life and interest; and what is more, he concluded by working it up into a fugue, without departing from its character; a *tour de force* to be appreciated only by musicians, few of whom would previously have admitted the possibility of giving it that form. Yet it was simple and beautiful—nothing strained or overdone; and the answer to each proposition, to speak technically, was graceful, flowing, and natural.

But few of the public prints deigned to notice the concert of George Aspull. The only two which did him any thing like justice were the *Times* and *Athenæum*; the one a political, the other a literary journal, and both distinguished by high talent, unshaken integrity, and honest independence. The *Times*, however, was wrong in its statement that George Aspull had been a pupil of the Royal Academy of Music; the sole merit of his instruction lies with his father.

There is another journal as famed for the sarcastic virulence of its criticisms as for its ignorance in matters of art, which, when it cannot comprehend the matter, libels the person, and disgraces its columns by malevolent attacks upon private character. George Aspull fell under its lash. The cruel irony used towards the young musician was as unmanly as it was unjust. But the

shaft, under God knows what influence, was aimed with deadly intent, and it took effect. The victim was stricken to the heart. Poor George Aspull read the fatal paragraph; it checked his young ambition, and stamped discouragement upon his brow. With a broken spirit he quitted the metropolis; care fixed her canker upon his heart, and he drooped like a withering flower. His body became emaciated, and disease fed upon its life-springs. An inflammatory complaint settled upon his lungs, and after a few fleeting months, a broken-hearted father wept upon the sod which covered George Aspull's grave.

We have little to add. Some compositions by this interesting youth\*, remain to show what he would have been had he lived to have given his country the benefit of his genius. His death is a cruel loss to the art he cultivated, for nature is chary of forming minds like his; they appear but at distant intervals, like bright meteors, sent to warm and delight the imagination of ordinary men.

\* We understand that a very interesting biography of George Aspull is about to be published by his father.—Ed.

## OPHELIA.

BY CHARLES WHITEHEAD.

## A DIRGE.

SOFTLY to the earth restore  
 One whom for an hour she gave ;  
 With gentle steps, as though ye bore  
 Virtue's self unto the grave ;  
 In this darkness cold and deep,  
 Lay her silently to sleep.

Pilgrims to a vacant shrine,  
 O'er the desert slow we toil ;  
 Busy workers in a mine,  
 Reaping but the barren soil ;  
 Care and grief besiege the breast,  
 Motion ever—never rest.

But this fairest girl hath won  
 Sleep that breeds no troubled dream,  
 And the earth we heap upon  
 Her virgin bosom ne'er shall teem,  
 However bright before it fade,  
 With sweeter flow'r than here is laid.

Water blind and brooding ooze,  
 Which, in silent death, conceive,  
 Yielded back what now we lose,  
 In the dumb still ground to leave ;—  
 Never more while Time shall be,  
 Earth, must she be rais'd from thee !

All the pleasure thou canst give,—  
 All the bliss thou tak'st away ;  
 Springs still flowing while we live,  
 Lie frozen in that heart to-day.  
 Cold and dry may be their bed,  
 Yet warm as sunshine to the dead.



For virtue shall the mould perfume  
With odours of her sacrifice,  
And love shall shed his softest bloom  
On the verdure where she lies,—  
And peace, the child of hope and pray'r,  
Shall bend the knee, and worship there.





Statue of the Virgin Mary





## GENEALOGICAL MEMOIR OF COUNTESS COWPER.

EMILY, Countess COWPER, is the wife of Peter Leopold, present Lord Cowper, and daughter of Peniston, first Viscount Melbourne.

The immediate founder of the family of Melbourne, Peniston Lamb, Esq. of Lincoln's-Inn, dying in 1735, left two sons, Robert, afterwards Bishop of Peterborough, who died in 1768, and

MATTHEW LAMB, Esq., of Bocket Hall, in the county of Hertford, who was created on the 17th January, 1755, a baronet of Great Britain. Sir Matthew died on the 6th November, 1768, leaving issue by his wife, Charlotte, daughter of The Right Honourable Thomas Coke, of Melbourne, in Derbyshire, PENISTON, his successor, and Charlotte, who espoused Henry Bellasyse, the last Earl of Fauconberg.

SIR PENISTON LAMB, the second baronet, who succeeded his father, was born in 1748, and elevated to the peerage of Ireland on the 2nd May, 1770, as Lord Melbourne, Baron of Kilmore, in the county of Cavan. His Lordship was created Viscount Melbourne, 11th January, 1781, and was subsequently one of the gentlemen of the bedchamber to the Prince of Wales, and member of parliament for Malmesbury. On the 11th of August, 1815, he was enrolled among the peers of Great Britain as Baron Melbourne. His lordship (who died 22d July, 1828,) wedded Elizabeth, only daughter of

Sir Ralph Melbourne, of Hanlaby, in Yorkshire, whose ancestor was made a baronet on the 7th August, 1661. By this lady, who died 6th April, 1818, he left issue,

WILLIAM, present viscount, born 15th March, 1779. His lordship, now Secretary of State for the Home department, espoused the Lady Caroline Ponsonby, only daughter of Frederick, Earl of Besborough; and, by her ladyship, who died in 1828, has an only son, GEORGE AUGUSTUS FREDERICK, born 11th August, 1807.

Frederick-James, G.C.B., P.C., Ambassador at the court of Vienna, born 17th of April, 1782.

George, M.P., late under Secretary of State for the Home Department, born 11th July 1784, married 17th May, 1809, Mdlle. Caroline St. Jules, and died in 1833.

EMILY MARY, married, on the 21st July, Peter Leopold, present Earl Cowper, and has issue,

George Augustus Frederick, Viscount Fordwich, M.P., born 26th June, 1806.

William, born 12th December, 1811.

Charles Spencer, born 9th June, 1816.

Emily-Caroline, married 10th June, 1830, to Lord Ashley, eldest son of the Earl of Shaftesbury.

Frances Elizabeth.

The house of COWPER derives from JOHN COWPER, sheriff of the City of London in 1551, and alderman of Bridge ward, who left, with other children,

WILLIAM COWPER, Esq., of Rattling Court, in the county of Kent, who was created a baronet on the 4th March, 1642. Sir William was succeeded by his grandson, SIR WILLIAM COWPER, M.P. for Hertford, who had two sons—WILLIAM, his successor, and

Spencer, one of the judges of the Court of Common Pleas, who wedded Pennington, daughter of John Goodere, Esq., and had, with other issue, John, D.D., Rector of Great Berkhamstead, in Hertfordshire, father to the celebrated poet, WILLIAM COWPER. Sir William Cowper was succeeded by his eldest son,

SIR WILLIAM COWPER, Barrister-at-Law ; who, after a few years of great success at the bar, was chosen Recorder of Colchester, and returned to parliament (in 1695) by the borough of Hertford. In 1706, Sir William was elevated to the peerage as Baron Cowper, of Wingham, in the county of Kent, and the same year appointed one of the Commissioners to adjust the treaty of union between England and Scotland ; in the following (4th May, 1707), he was constituted LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR OF GREAT BRITAIN. Lord Cowper, a zealous supporter of the Whig Administration, retired with his colleagues in 1710, on the triumph of the party that brought in the treaty of Utrecht. He resigned office greatly in opposition to the wishes of Queen Anne, at whose decease he again accepted the seals. In 1716, his lordship sat as Lord High Steward of Great Britain, for the trial of the Jacobite lords, and the 18th March, 1718, he was advanced to the dignities of Viscount Fordwich, and EARL COWPER, but he soon afterwards finally retired from office. During the latter period of his life, Lord Cowper distinguished himself as the strenuous defender of religious liberty, and effected the overthrow of a bill by which those who impugned the doctrine of the Trinity were subjected to severe penalties. He was, however, accused of favouring the cause of the Chevalier, but without foundation, although he opposed the proceedings against Atterbury, and pro-



tested against a bill for imposing a tax upon Catholics. His lordship died at his seat at Herlingfordbury, in 1723. "By his death," says Smollett, "England lost a worthy nobleman, who had twice discharged the office of Lord Chancellor with equal discernment and integrity. He was profoundly skilled in the laws of his country; in his apprehension, quick and penetrating; in his judgment, clear and determinate. He possessed a manly eloquence; his manner was agreeable, and his deportment graceful." His lordship was succeeded by his elder son WILLIAM, second earl, who assumed the surname of Clavering before that of Cowper, in obedience to the will of his maternal uncle, Mr. Clavering, of Chopwell, in Durham. His lordship dying in December, 1764, was succeeded by his only son, GEORGE-NASSAU, third earl; at whose decease, in 1789, his eldest son, GEORGE AUGUSTUS, inherited as fourth earl. This nobleman dying unmarried, 12th February, 1799, the honours devolved upon his brother, PETER-LEOPOLD LOUIS-FRANCIS COWPER, F.R.S., present Earl Cowper.

## THE LAKE OF CANANDAGUA.

BY MRS. TROLLOPE.

TWENTY years ago, the pretty village of Canandagua, in the western part of the state of New York, with its white-washed cottages “bosomed soft” in acacias and roses, did not exist. But the shores of its beautiful lake had even then one sequestered mansion which might have vied in its sweet loneliness with the fairest dwelling that wood and water ever conspired to adorn. The spot is still one of the most admired in that land of bright air and sunny landscape; but then, it was lovelier still. No staring hotel rose to mar the soft harmony of the scene. The white cottage of Mrs. Hastings, with its festooned portico of flowering creepers, was the only object reflected from the bosom of the lake that showed a trace of human workmanship. The first feeling on looking at such a dwelling must have been unmixed admiration; the second, perhaps, wonder that any one possessed of the taste and familiarity with the luxuries of social life, which the air of the place indicated, could live so far remote from beings of the same order. But the situation of Mrs. Hastings was such as to make her choice of this residence perfectly natural. Three years before the date of the circumstances about to be related, she had banished herself from her native England, by contracting a marriage so imprudent as to offend every friend she had in the world. The extremely romantic turn of her mind caused her to find attraction in the very circumstances which,

to her more reasonable friends, made her choice peculiarly objectionable. Mr. Hastings was the natural son of parents who had never acknowledged him: all he possessed was a person pre-eminently handsome, an affectionate heart, and most sweet temper. Some one, he knew not who, had kept him at school till he was seventeen, and then given him a pair of colours. Miss Weyland unfortunately met the young man at a ball, while his uniform was in its first blush and glory. Emboldened by the consciousness of being the most distinguished figure in the room, the young officer ventured to request an introduction, which, under other circumstances, he would never have dreamed of. The consequence was a hasty marriage, and emigration to America. With better fortune than such imprudence deserved, the two years that their union lasted were like "one long summer's day of idleness and love." Her fortune, which the mature age of twenty-one had placed at her disposal exactly one week before her marriage, sufficed to purchase of the American government three hundred acres on the lovely borders of the Canandagua Lake; and it cleared them, as acres there are seldom cleared; it built them a fairy palace, bought half a score of slaves in the only free country in the world, and put them in possession of enough "American stock" to produce an income of a thousand dollars, which, with the produce of their little farm, made them quite as rich as they wished to be. Their neighbours were few, and widely scattered. At five miles distance, lived a magistrate, (in the language of the country, a squire,) who ground all the corn, and performed most of the marriages of the district. Three miles farther dwelt an attorney who, whether he could "help it" or not, was assuredly

“ a special ” one. He was appointed by the government to superintend the sale of land, and to collect the tax upon it ; he was, moreover, entrusted with the important commission of negotiating for the purchase of an extensive Indian reserve in the neighbourhood, with the chiefs of the nation to whom it belonged. A few backwoodsmen, the hardy and enterprising pioneers of the vast rush of population which has since spread over the district, were scattered here and there ; and amongst them “ the Store,” whence flowed the heterogeneous multitude of commodities which a hundred shops are thought hardly sufficient to furnish in a city. This important emporium raised an imposing front of yellow planks ; and close beside it, in all the splendour of red ochre, stood the no less necessary “ public ” offering to the hard-worked sons of the forest, their darling luxuries of whiskey and tobacco. Their nearest neighbours, however, were the inhabitants of the Indian village, which was the metropolis of the tribe above-mentioned. They never experienced the slightest inconvenience from the vicinity, but on the contrary carried on a very convenient traffic for venison, wild turkeys, and all the nameless varieties of forest dainties, which the Indians have at their command, with a certainty which might raise a sigh of envy in the most accomplished poachers of the old country. In a word, their existence might best be described by the expressive French phrase, “ *il menait une vie bien douce.* ” But, alas ! at the end of two years, Mr. Hastings died of the autumn fever, so often bred on the enticing shores of an American lake ; and his widow was left with nothing to console her, but the persuasion that she had given him two years of happiness in exchange for what seemed likely to have been a long life of anxiety and privation.

The first six months after she lost him were spent in heartfelt and unmitigated sorrow; and if those which followed were less melancholy, it was only chance that made them so, by awakening anew that spirit of romance which had placed her in the wilds of America. The winter had passed dismally away; both cold and sorrow had chilled the heart of the solitary widow, and she felt persuaded that nothing could ever again restore the life and lightness of her spirit. But who or what can resist the first burst of the American spring? It comes not, as elsewhere, timidly, fearing the last parting blast of winter; but, bold and vigorous, starts into life and power, and only yields before the scorching splendour of the summer sun. The first time Mrs. Hastings had quitted her solitary hearth since she returned from seeing her young husband laid beneath his favourite chestnut tree, was on a sunny morning, towards the end of April. Had she thought about going out, she would not have had courage to do it; but as she stood at the door of the pretty parlour that opened upon the lawn, she stepped out, rather from the animal instinct which led her to meet the soft breeze that rose from the lake, than from any premeditated hope of finding enjoyment. Yet still she wandered on, and, with a sort of dreamy pleasure, felt the warm air upon her cheek, watched the gentle ripple of the lake, as it almost reached her footpath, and listened, though unconsciously, to the chirping concert which every bough sent forth.

At last she reached a spot, too well remembered to be seen without a pang. It was a lovely nook, at the most distant point of their "clearing," where they had suffered a few acres to retain their original wildness, excepting that, at one point, close upon the border of the lake, poor

Hastings had reared a bower for his young wife, which he had delighted to make the prettiest toy in the western wilderness. It was here that, while he amused himself with his fishing-rod, she used to read to him, sing to him, talk to him. Often had the forest rung to the gay laugh of the married lovers; and often in that deep solitude had they repeated to each other the fond vow that they would not change their leafy paradise for the noblest palace in their native land. Never had she been more thoughtless and fearless of sorrow than the last evening they had passed together there—but within three hours after they quitted it, the young man was laid upon the bed from which he never rose again. Poor Mrs. Hastings sat down before the door, upon the very spot where last she had seen him sit, and her tears flowed abundantly. While thus sadly occupied, and utterly unmindful of every thing but her sorrow, the sudden sensation of most violent anguish caused her to utter a sharp, loud scream, and almost in the same instant she perceived that a snake had settled on the hand which hung by her side, and that a young Indian girl, springing from among the forest trees, had seized the reptile just below its head, and with gentle dexterity caused it to quit its hold. She saw this, but she saw no more: pain and horror overpowered her, and she fainted. On recovering her senses, she found herself on her own bed, with several of her slaves about her; but the figure which immediately fixed all her attention was that of the young Indian girl who had preserved her. It would be difficult to imagine a prettier picture. Her slight and delicate hands were crossed upon her bosom, her long, glossy, black hair was fastened back behind her head, so as to show the beautiful contour of her face and

bust; her features were small, and exquisitely regular; and her eyes, the loveliest in the world, were beaming with the very soul of gentle kindness. The wounded hand had been enveloped with some application that had already eased the pain; and it was evident by the manner in which the negroes stood apart, while the young Indian alone hung over her, that she it was, who had the charge of her at this critical moment. Had Mrs. Hastings not lived for two years on the borders of an Indian reserve, and thereby become familiar with the dress and figure of her neighbours, she might have been tempted to believe, during the first confused moments of returning reason, that the dark, but lovely girl was some spirit of the woods, who, by her magic touch, had stilled the throbbing agony, which had been the last sensation she was conscious of feeling. But she well knew that the reputation which the Indians bore for skill in herbs, was held in high reverence by the negroes, and doubted not that she now owed her life to the exercise of it. In a voice, feeble from recent suffering, she attempted to express her thanks; but her dark-eyed nurse pressed her finger on her lips, and, with a smile of delighted success, said in broken English, but of most gentle accent, "Lady, no speak." She then tendered her a draught already prepared, and, making a sign to the obedient negroes to leave the room, she closed the curtains around the bed, and placed herself beside it in silent watchfulness. The sure drug did not disappoint her; a long and quiet sleep was its effect; and in a few hours Mrs. Hastings awoke, with no other ill effect from the bite (though a most venomous one) than a trifling degree of stiffness in the arm. It was impossible to receive so important a service without wishing to reward the author of it; and of all

people living, Mrs. Hastings was the least likely to be deficient in such a wish. Her first feeling was the desire to heap favours upon the pretty Yarro, beyond the possibility of her hope or expectation. It was much more easy to do this with a being whose wishes were so humble, and whose knowledge was so limited, than to satisfy the enthusiastic gratitude of her own heart. Yarro was just sixteen, and being an Indian, and the belle of her tribe, may reasonably be supposed to have been fond of finery. She had a darling brother, too, the prince of hunters, the scourge of panthers, and the glory of his race. But Yarro had received more articles of dress than her wigwam could hold; and her brother, Hawkseye, more rifles and ammunition, than he could stow away; yet still Mrs. Hastings thought she had done nothing for them. There are some warm hearts, in whom the act of bestowing creates more affection than that of receiving favours. Our English exile was decidedly one of these. She had felt deeply grateful to the young Indian when she recovered from her accident; but after she had petted and loaded her with presents for a week or two, she became so fond of her, that she was never contented in her absence. This arose partly from her own generous and loving nature, and partly from the manifold attractions and amiable qualities of her young favourite. When, in addition to these causes of attachment, it is remembered that Mrs. Hastings was in a state of the most desolate solitude, it will hardly appear surprising, that she should resolve to adopt and educate the pretty Yarro. But here she encountered a difficulty which she did not expect. Hawkseye and Yarro had neither father nor mother—they were all in all to each other; and when she pro-



posed to take the young girl into her family, and treat her as her child, she was answered by two words only, "Hawkseye die!" When the young man was consulted, he steadily refused to give any opinion, and only repeated from time to time, in an accent of perfect tranquillity, "Yarro choose!" Too affectionate in her own nature to be displeased by the same temper in others, Mrs. Hastings abandoned her project, and contented herself, as well as she might, with a daily visit from her forest friend. Just at this time a circumstance occurred, which not only made a change in the destiny of Yarro, but in that of the whole nation to which she belonged. Mr. Mansel, the attorney who was commissioned by the government to purchase from the Indians the fine tract of country which had been reserved to them in the neighbourhood of Canandagua, had encountered many difficulties in the progress of his undertaking. The tribe he had to deal with were strongly attached to their lands; and he talked to them in vain of the hunters' paradise which the loving-kindness of their great father, the President, had prepared for them on the other side of the great river. Again and again he assembled their chiefs in council; they listened, with the most impenetrable gravity, to the long harangues which Mr. Mansel uttered, and which the accomplished Pawtawako faithfully interpreted; but still they only answered, "No."

Mr. Mansel, however, was not a man to submit quietly to seeing the unequalled government of the United States thwarted, contradicted, and discomfited by a few hundreds of Red Indians. If they would not be persuaded in one way, they must in another; the dignity of his country required it, as well as its exchequer; and, more-

over, he was to be paid handsomely for the job. At the next meeting in the senate grove of lofty beech trees, under whose shade all national measures were discussed, Mr. Mansel, after expressing his regret at the failure of a negociation so greatly for their advantage, informed them that he was now come to take his leave, previous to his departure for Washington, whither he was going for the purpose of informing their great father that they had thought proper to refuse his offers. He held out the hand of peace to the chieftains, and waved a courteous adieu to the young men who stood outside the circle of the elders. In return, he received their simple but sincere "Farewell!" He turned to go, and having loosened his horse from the tree to which he had fastened it, he asked two of the most distinguished among them to accompany him to the red tavern, to drink together a cup of peace and good-will, before he set off. To refuse this would have been uncourteous, and, truth to say, unnatural, in an Indian. Two horses were immediately prepared for them, and they set off with the friendly white man. Though Mr. Mansel did not speak their language with sufficient fluency to use it for an harangue uttered within the shade of the Senate Grove, (for Mr. Mansel was a distinguished member of Congress, and would not, even among savages, compromise his reputation as an orator,) yet he was sufficiently acquainted with its quaint and simple idiom, to enable him to converse freely with his companions. He did so in a manner the most satisfactory. He spoke of the fame of their fathers, many of whom he mentioned by name; of their skill in the chase, their fleetness in the course: and, as he did it, he looked at the gentle expression of their dark faces, marked the simple and innocent triumph

that beamed from their deep-set eyes, listened to the kind feelings of their grateful hearts, and then laughed to think inwardly that such a race should strive to cope with him.

The Indians are said to be cruel in war; and their ferocity is the more conspicuous, because it is exercised in a way unknown in European warfare. It might, perhaps, be difficult to show that war, under any system, did not expose those concerned in it to the same charge. That increasing civilisation introduces many courtesies, which, when the field is over, calm the terrors of conquest, is most certain; but were this graceful gilding removed, (which Heaven forbid!) the European soldier would not be much less terrible than the Indian. In peace, no beings, acting from the unchecked impulses of nature, can show more amiable propensities; and were they suffered to remain on earth till the slow, but steadily advancing march of Christianity reached them, they might be added to the fellowship of the nations, giving another proof of the power and the blessings of its influence. But this is not to be. They are driven from their forest kingdoms, like the beasts that perish—not like men who wear the image of their Maker—and this too by a race, who do not (even in fable) pretend to trace their origin from the “great spirit.” Another fault attributed to the poor Indians, is their proneness to intoxication. It is hardly fair that this should be urged against them by those who not only offer the cup, but do it with a hand that trembles from the use of it. Most true it is, that intoxication and the art of blasphemous swearing, is all of education that the Red Indians have gained by the proximity of white men. The system pursued by Stephano for the civilisation of Caliban, has been adopted and acted upon, without the slightest devi-

ation, by the citizens of the United States, in their intercourse with the aboriginal possessors of the soil. But these reflections are foreign to the story, and must cease. Before the party reached the red tavern, Mr. Mansel had succeeded in opening completely the easy hearts of his companions, and they followed him into it, with all the fearless confidence of brothers. Rum, whiskey, and tobacco, soon united to entrance their faculties; Mansel continued his cajoleries, and the poor Indians listened to him, till they could hear no more. Soon after the debauch had reached this point, the door of the room was suddenly opened, and the figure of a young Indian, with his hatchet slung across his shoulder, and his rifle in his hand, appeared at it. Hatred and suspicion glared from his dark eye as he fixed it on the startled Mansel. A table stood before him, where, amidst the bottles, pipes, and glasses, he perceived paper, and the implements of writing. A suspicion of the truth flashed upon him. "What you do with this?" he said, taking up the pen, which, still wet with ink, lay upon the table. "I have been writing a letter to my wife, that she may not expect me home to-night," replied the lawyer. "Take some rum: Hawkseye, your uncle there lies fast asleep, you see; but he'll be none the worse when he wakes up, I expect: come, take some rum." Hawkseye stood silently holding the pen in his hand; the fierce expression of his countenance sunk into a look of the profoundest melancholy. He looked from the pen to his uncle, and then back again to the pen; he took no notice of Mansel, or his offered cup; he spoke not a word, but with the air of a man conquered and heart-broken, he turned, and left the room.

Mrs. Hastings had just entered her breakfast parlour,

and was looking from the window in hopes of seeing her young favourite approach, to share, as she had often done, her morning meal, when she perceived—not the light figure she was looking for, but the tall and stately form of Hawkseye. Another glance showed that Yarro followed him, and the next moment they entered the portico together. Yarro looked pale and agitated; but her brother's brow betrayed no passion whatever. "Lady!" he said, "do you love Yarro still?" "Indeed I do, Hawkseye; I love her better every day." "And will you take her for your child?" "Gladly! if you will let me have her." Yarro stood behind him, but said not a word. He turned, and took her hand. "Take her, good lady—love her." The muscles of the firm savage trembled. He turned to go. Then Yarro waked from the trance which seemed to have fallen on her, and, laying her head on his bosom, she uttered in her native tongue some hurried words, whose meaning seemed almost to choke her. Hawkseye saw the wondering look of Mrs. Hastings, and, difficult as it was to him, answered his sister in English. "We must go, Yarro, they have sold the land. Hawkseye not see Yarro's feet torn in the long way. Good lady loves you. The father's bones lie near. Yarro weep by them."—"What does this mean?" said Mrs. Hastings; "are your people going, Hawkseye?" "With to-morrow's sun, or the great father of Washington will hunt them." A livid paleness spread over his face, but it was from passion, not weakness. "Lady! you not the child of that great father; love Yarro! I go with my people; but in six moons come back to see poor Yarro." So saying, and as if fearing longer parley with the weeping girl, he left them. From Yarro, who was beginning to speak

English with facility, Mrs. Hastings soon learnt the meaning of this scene. Mansel had contrived to get the mark of the two chieftains affixed to the deed of sale, before credible witnesses; nothing more was necessary to legalise the expulsion of the tribe by violence; and should they refuse to go, they would speedily, as Hawks-eye expressed it, be hunted from their grounds. The manner in which this signature had been obtained, being neither new, nor even uncommon, the young Indian had interpreted the scene at the tavern without difficulty.

Before daylight the next morning the chiefs returned to their village, and were soon followed by official information of the deed they had done. It was impossible for an English heart not to mourn over such a transaction, but the success of her darling scheme soon drew Mrs. Hastings' thoughts from every thing but the happiness of having obtained the object of her wishes; nor was it possible that the young Yarro should not soon find consolation amidst the many new pleasures that surrounded her. Great, indeed, was the change in her destiny. Every day, some new acquirement drew her nearer to her patroness, and further from the untaught wildness of her forest home. With what eagerness did she enter upon her new, strange, but most delightful studies. She began learning to read, to write, to sew; but what was far beyond all else, as to the progress she made, and the delight she received from it, was the study of music. Of all Mrs. Hastings' numerous young-lady-like acquirements, music was the only one which she had not abandoned; and to teach the docile Yarro how to modulate her sweet and powerful voice, now became almost her only occupation.

It was about two months after Yarro had taken up

her residence with Mrs. Hastings, that Colonel Weyland, her youngest brother, and the only one of her family who had taken any notice of her since her marriage, arrived with his regiment in America. At the conclusion of the peace, which soon followed, he obtained leave of absence, and set off from New Orleans to visit his widowed sister on the Canadagua lake. He arrived at her remote but beautiful residence on the evening of a sultry day, and meeting a negro servant at the gate which opened upon the lawn, he dismounted, and commending his weary horse to his care, directed his steps to the open windows of an apartment through which a stream of light issued. The sound of a rich and most sweet female voice singing, caused him to pause for a few moments in the portico before he entered. His sister sung, and sung well, but that voice was not hers. He drew near to the open window, and, sheltered by the profuse foliage of a magnolia, ventured to reconnoitre the apartment, in the hope of seeing the female whose voice had so enchanted him. Immediately opposite the window was his sister, seated at the piano-forte, with her fingers on the keys, as if in the act of playing—but no sound proceeded from the instrument. She was looking up in the face of Yarro, who stood beside her, pouring forth such a volume of delicious sound, as appeared either to defy her attempt at accompaniment, or so completely to engross her attention as to rob her of the power of continuing it. And the person of her who sung—how did it strike him? Perfectly unlike any form of beauty with which the young officer was familiar, yet, as he fancied, lovelier far than all others, she stood before him more like the creation of a dream, than an object seen in the sober reality of day.

Mrs. Hastings, who had not yet lost the fanciful romance of her character, delighted to dress her favourite so as best to set off her uncommon beauty, and at the same time, by the whimsical style of the costume, to give her that foreign air, which, by shewing she was not of the same race as her fair countrywomen, should prevent any comparisons being drawn to the disadvantage of her olive skin. Many an idle hour had she amused in planning and making the dresses of Yarro, and many more in admiring her young and graceful figure, after she had adorned it according to her fancy.

Some minutes elapsed before Colonel Weyland could break the spell that held him. At length the song ceased; Mrs. Hastings exclaimed with the energy of real pleasure, "delightful," and her brother entered, repeating with equal sincerity, "delightful indeed!" "Dearest Harriet," he continued, "it is indeed a pleasure to see you once again, and still more to see you looking so well, and engaged so pleasantly."

Mrs. Hastings knew that it was her brother's intention to visit her before he returned to England, but she had not expected him so soon. The sudden emotion occasioned by his unexpected entrance, and the many sad recollections that crowded upon her as she looked at him, for a few moments quite overpowered her. She rose to meet him, but her limbs would hardly support her, and she dropped upon a sofa, not fainting, but trembling and hysterical. The frightened Yarro knelt before her, and loosened her dress, while Colonel Weyland sat down beside her, and by his affectionate caresses endeavoured to restore her composure. While they were thus occupied, Yarro looked up anxiously to the face of her friend, and in doing so encountered the gaze



of her brother. One must have seen the melting softness of young Indian eyes to conceive their power. Not all the dazzling fairness of an English skin, not all the blue brilliance of an English eye, nor yet the graceful ringlets of the light brown hair, could send to the soul such a sense of beauty, as one glance of Yarro's full dark eye.

Tales of love have been so often told, that they will grow tedious, notwithstanding the endless variety of circumstances which may make each one appear something unlike the rest. Colonel Weyland scarcely remained a month with his sister, but that short period sufficed to create, nourish, and ripen to the strength of passion, the unbounded admiration he had conceived for the young Indian the first hour he saw her. Mrs. Hastings was not slow to perceive the state of her brother's heart; but far from opposing an attachment which the rest of his family would have treated as the vilest degradation, or the most wild insanity, she used her utmost efforts to promote it. Her fanciful brain immediately suggested the idea of her brother's marrying her protégée, and continuing with her for ever. With much unnecessary skill she displayed all the thousand nameless graces of her innocent Yarro. She made her dance, she made her sing, she made her utter in her matchless voice, and in tones of the deepest feeling, the most impassioned poetry. It was her hand that scattered over the breakfast table the richly-scented flowers of the garden; it was she who presented to him, beneath the shadow of the locust trees that bordered the lake, the cool sangaree, or the refreshing water-melon. The young soldier felt as if spell-bound in a fairy palace. Every object seemed to aid the intoxication of his senses. The

soft well-shaded lawn, the bright and tranquil lake, the sedulous attention of the quiet slaves, the music, the poetry, the beauty of Yarro, for ever before him; the gentle kindness, and renewed affection of the long-lost companion of his childhood, all seemed to "lap him in Elysium." Perhaps the very consciousness of the seductive softness of the scene awakened in Colonel Weyland a salutary fear of himself. He was completely a gentleman and a man of honour. The first prevented him from ever thinking for a moment of making the young Indian his wife, and the last gave him strength to fly, before he had poisoned for ever his own peace, by destroying her innocence. Yet it was not without a most painful struggle that he tore himself away. His prudence had not always been so much stronger than his feelings, as to prevent his sometimes forgetting for a moment the restraint he had imposed upon himself. He feared, and with reason, that he had not always concealed his passion from the object of it, and it was almost impossible not to look into those gentle eyes to discover if it were returned. Alas! he could not doubt it, and his wayward but generous heart felt as much pain as pleasure in the discovery. He felt that it was time to go, but could not endure to pain a sister, whom he should probably never see again, by shortening the period he had named for his stay. Five days only of it remained, when the brother of Yarro was seen by Mrs. Hastings crossing with his firm and measured stride the path to the house. His appearance was much changed. He no longer wore the dress and the arms of his tribe, but was wrapped in a garment, something between a coat and a jacket, which, from being much too large, gave him the appearance of thinness and misery. His

lank and sable locks hung down below an old beaver hat, which was pulled forward over his eyes, and his whole person spoke poverty and suffering. Mrs. Hastings made an exclamation which caused Yarro to raise her eyes from her work: they followed those of her friend, and met the object which had produced it. For one short moment the change baffled the partial eye of affection. "No! it could not be Hawkseye," but the next saw her spring through the open window into the arms of her brother. Mrs. Hastings stepped out to greet him; the Colonel followed. Yarro, with that feeling so constantly found in affectionate tempers, of wishing that all they love should love each other, took the hand of her brother, and led him to Colonel Weyland. There was much that was excellent in Colonel Weyland, but there was also a little touch of the world's hardness. He did not take the hand of Hawkseye, though he saw that the innocent Yarro expected that he should—but he knew not the sick pang of wounded affection which this slight would give her. She turned from him, and still holding the hand of her brother, went up to Mrs. Hastings and said, "The wigwam still stands, and I pass the day with Hawkseye." She kissed the hand of Mrs. Hastings, and still holding fast to her brother, retreated by the path which led to the forest. It is not necessary to repeat the sad occurrences of poor Hawkseye's life since he left his home, it is enough to say that the gentle Yarro forgot herself, and all her own engrossing feelings, while listening to him.

Meanwhile, Colonel Weyland took a solitary walk, in which he communed deeply with himself. The parting glance of Yarro pierced to his very heart—so

fond, so gentle, yet so reproachful. And oh! that dreadful brother! The very moment that he felt her power most, was that in which he was more than ever revolted by the idea of her condition. "I must see her no more," he exclaimed; while the life-blood almost stopped, as he made the resolution. "To bid her farewell would kill me!" With a hurried step he hastened back to his sister. "Harriet! forgive me the two days I take from my promised month; but reasons of great importance oblige me to leave you directly; it is better for us both that our parting should be shortened. Would I could persuade you to return to England with me." "Talk not of it, Frederick," she replied, "I am here, if not monarch of all I survey, at least of the one only spot that is dear to me. Already forgotten by the world, why should I force myself and my sorrows upon its sympathy; and Yarro, Frederick, do you think that I too could leave her?" The young man turned his head aside, but could not avoid the searching eye of his sister: he therefore took courage to meet it, and looking steadily, but mournfully at her, he replied, "I will not blame you, Harriet, for the fearfully strong temptation you have thrown in my way, neither do you blame me for having resisted it; rather join me in thanking heaven that I alone am the sufferer; and now farewell! God bless you, dear sister, and since you will not return to us, may you find all the happiness in the society of Yarro—that I could dream, but dare not think, of." Having uttered these words, he quitted the room, and leaving all other cares of departure to his servant, mounted his horse, and rode sadly and heavily away.

The eyes of Mrs. Hastings were still wet with the tears this parting had cost her, when Yarro returned.

She looked round the room anxiously. "Where is he?" she said. "Gone, Yarro, gone for ever!" Bitterly did the feeling of self-reproach follow this hasty avowal. The poor girl turned deadly pale, and, after the struggle of a moment, fell senseless to the ground. With tenderest care the imprudent Mrs. Hastings watched her returning senses, and conscious, too late, of the mischief she had caused, sat silently rubbing her temples, and pressing her cold hands, determined to utter no word that should pain or delude her farther. A very few moments sufficed to restore the startled faculties of this child of the forest. The sudden blow had stunned her, but she had nerves, strong to endure; and kissing the hands which caressed her, she rose from the ground, and stood motionless and calm, like the silken lily after the hurricane has swept over it. She meant to speak, but for a minute or two felt it was impossible. A short low sob struck the ear of Mrs. Hastings. "Yarro, dearest Yarro!" she said, in accents of the tenderest pity. "I have walked far with my brother," she replied, "and I am weary; but I shall be better when I have slept. May I lie down on my own dear little white bed?" "I will lead you to it, my love," said her repentant friend. "No, no, not so, I must go alone." She did so, and did not appear again till her usual hour of descending on the following morning. She then employed herself in executing her daily task of placing fresh flowers in the room. This done, she approached Mrs. Hastings, and laying a hand on either shoulder, "she fell to such perusal of her face, as she would draw it." Then she kissed her forehead once, twice, thrice. "I must go to see my poor brother," she said. "Bring him here, dear Yarro," replied her friend. Yarro shook

her head. "I will tell him," she said, and departed. She sought the sacred spot that sheltered the bones of their father, and Hawkseye stood there, not in his usual attitude, which was leaning upon his rifle, but with his arms "folded in that sad knot," which marks a dejected spirit. She sat down on the ground beside him, and made a sign that he too should sit. He did so, and the tender and pitying glance with which each read sorrow in the eyes of the other, softened their hearts. The tears of both flowed freely. "You look ill, Yarro," said her brother. "Yes, Hawkseye, I am ill—sick, sick to death; come with me, Hawkseye, to the water's edge;" and hand in hand they reached the water's edge. They climbed a rising bank, one point of which jutted out over the lake; and here again the brother and sister sat down, side by side. For some time they sat looking at the beautiful expanse in silence. There is a passive quietness in the manners of the Indian race, both male and female, which lead many to believe that they are passionless and cold in temperament. But this manner is like the snow that covers Etna. Yarro loved the young Englishman with a fervour which happily his fair-haired country-women are not very apt to feel, and of which, in her case, he had not the slightest idea. Had he suspected it, his task would have been more difficult. She worshipped the ground over which his feet passed: the air he breathed was hallowed; the words he had spoken, and the songs he had listened to, were incantations of most blessed power, muttered a thousand times through the long nights that parted them. She had watched, with beating heart, the passion that flashed brighter and brighter from her lover's eyes, and smiled aside as her heart foretold

the rapture of the moment when his tongue should find courage to utter it. No shade of fear mixed with her fond impatience. He loves as I do, sounded within her heart, every time their eyes encountered—and that was so often, that confidence was only strengthened by delay. The destruction of this delicious dream withered her very soul: she could not bear it . . . . Yarro turned her eyes from the bright bosom of the placid lake, to the melancholy face of her brother. “Son of my father,” said she, pointing to the water, “let me rest in peace!” The stout hunter trembled, and springing to his feet, caught his sister in his arms, and endeavoured to carry her from the spot. “Hawkseye!—I cannot go! Brother! a gnawing serpent eats my heart—will you not help me?”

“Yarro! my dear Yarro!” “Look at that cool, smooth water, brother, and let me rest beneath it.” “No, Yarro! no.” “By our father’s spirit, deny me not—I pant—I thirst for it. Farewell, my father’s son!” With sudden quickness she eluded his grasp, and the next moment the parting waves received her. He heard the splashing sound, and bent over the cliff from whence she sprung; but already had the peaceful waves closed over, and the aching heart of Yarro beat no more. The Indian watched the spot, till the last ripple of the waters died away; then turned away, to begin again the weary pilgrimage, which was to take him to a dwelling that was not his home, and to a land he loved not.

Mrs. Hastings returned to England with Colonel Weyland. She soon after married; so also did her brother. But neither of them ever forgot the Lake of







